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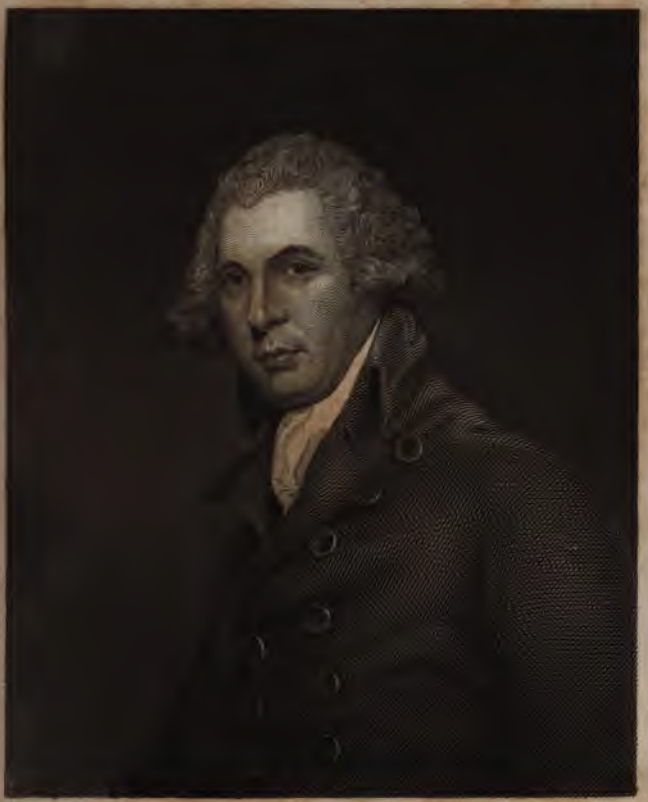

MEMOIR OF SHERIDAN.

Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan (for so he was christened, after Brinsley Butler, second Earl of Lanesborough, though he dropped the latter name in his signature), was born in Dorset street, Dublin, in the month of September, 1751. He was the son of Thomas Sheridan, actor and elocutionist, and grandson of Dr. Sheridan, a celebrated schoolmaster, the friend of Swift. His mother was Frances Chamberlaine, authoress of "Nourjahad" and "Sidney Biddulph." He went to school, first in Dublin, and afterwards at Harrow; and was so careless at both places, and acquired so little, that his Irish schoolmaster pronounced him "an impenetrable dunce," and the masters at Harrow, though they discerned his capacity, conld do nothing with it, either by severity or indulgence. When he left Harrow, he could not spell; and he seems to have pronounced as badly, if we are to judge from his writing *think* for *thing*; but his aristocratic schoolfellows surpassed him in vulgarity of mind, for they taunted him with being the son of a player.

On leaving school he did not go to the University, probably because his father was poor. Early in life, Sheridan married Miss Linley, the singer, a beauty, then only sixteen, with whom all the world were in love. Sheridan ran away with her to a secret marriage in France. He then fought a duel on her account, and finally, on her return to England, by the extorted permission of her father, repeated the nuptial ceremony by licence, in the year 1773.

The approaches of want of money, or more likely the pressure of it, appears to have hastened the composition of our author's first drama, "The Rivals," which was brought out at Covent Garden in January, 1775. Though it failed on its first night, judicious pruning made it the favorite which it has since remained. The gayety of success, and, some say, gratitude to

the good actor, who was substituted for the bad one in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, produced in the ensuing spring the farce of "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant," which turns upon an amusing trick *à la Molière*, and met with the like prosperity. The "Duenna" followed.

Our author now became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre; how, nobody can tell, for nobody knew where the money came from. On the production of the "School for Scandal," which was in the year 1777, he reached the height of his brilliant career. It was preceded by the re-fashionment, not worth more than alluding to, of Vanburgh's "Relapse," under the title of "A Trip to Scarborough." He was at this period six-and-twenty, an age at which many prose comic writers have produced their best, though Shakspeare himself could hardly have given us "Lear" and "Hamlet." But this apparent precocity has excited more admiration than it deserves; for the truth is, that the "great world" of artificial society is a very little world to become intimate with, compared with Shakspeare's. Passions there, like modes, run very much in patterns, and lie on the surface; and folly, which is the object of satire, is by its nature a thing defective, and therefore sooner read through than the wisdom of the wise, or the universality of nature. A man, like Sheridan or Congreve, may very well know all that is to be known in the circles of conventional grace or absurdity, by the time he has spent more than half his life. Feeling, he needs but little; imagination, not at all. The stars might be put out, the ocean drunk up, almost every thing which makes the universe as it is might vanish, including the heart of man in its largest and deepest sense, and if a single ball-room survived, like some foolish fairy corner, he might still be what he is. A little fancy and a good deal of scorn, a terseness, a polish, and a sense of the incongruous, are all the requisites of his nature—admirable in the result, compared with what is superior to them—nothing (so to speak,) by the side of the mighty waters, and interminable shores, and everlasting truth and graces, of the masters of the dramatic art *poetical*.

The "School for Scandal," with the exception of too great a length of dialogue without action in its earlier scenes, is a

very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear, and compact, in the materials of prose comedy; as elegantly elaborate, but not so redundant or apparently elaborate as the wittiest scenes of Congreve, and containing the most complete and exquisitely wrought-up bit of effect in the whole circle of comedy—the screen scene.

The year 1779 produced "The Critic;" and, after a long political interval, Sheridan's contributions to the stage concluded in the years 1798 and 1799, with adaptations of other people's versions of "The Stranger" and "Pizarro."

In the year 1792, Sheridan lost his first wife; and in 1795, being then in his forty-fourth year, he married his second, Miss Ogle, daughter of a Dean of Winchester, a lady, young, accomplished, and ardently devoted to him. Miss Ogle brought him a fortune, also, of five thousand pounds; and with this sum and fifteen thousand more, which he contrived to raise by the sale of Drury Lane shares, an estate was bought in Surrey. But, alas! he had long been in difficulties, and knew not how to retreat. This unhappy and brilliant man dragged out a heavy remainder of existence, between solaces that made him worse, and a loyalty to his Prince which did him no good. He died near a dying wife, amidst the threats of bailiffs, and forsaken by that Prince, and by all but his physician and a few poetic friends, (God bless the imagination that leaves men in possession of their hearts!) on Sunday, the 7th July, 1816, in Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age. When his accounts were settled, it was a surprise to everybody to find for how small a sum, comparatively speaking, improvidence had rendered him insolvent. His death should never be mentioned without adding the names of his physician, Dr. Bain, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Thomas Moore, and Lord Holland, as those of his last, and, we believe, only comforters.

"Sheridan," says Hazlitt, "was not only an excellent dramatic writer, but a first-rate parliamentary speaker. His characteristics as an orator were manly, unperverted good sense, and keen irony. Wit, which has been thought a two-edged weapon, was by him always employed on the same side of the question—I think, on the right one. His set and more laboured speeches were *proportionably abortive* and unimpressive; but

no one was equal to him in replying, on the spur of the moment, to pompous absurdity, and unravelling the web of flimsy sophistry. He was the last accomplished debater of the House of Commons."

In person, Sheridan was above the middle size, and of a make robust and well-proportioned. In his youth, his family said he had been handsome; but, in his latter years, he had nothing left to show for it but his eyes. "It was, indeed, in the upper part of his face," says Mr. Moore, "that the spirit of the man chiefly reigned; the dominion of the world and the senses being rather strongly marked out in the lower." Sheridan had by his first wife a son, Thomas, who died in the prime of life, and is said to have inherited his mother's sweetness of nature, as well as his father's wit.

We have been indebted principally to Mr. Leigh Hunt's critical and biographical sketch of Sheridan for this brief memoir.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LVI.

THE CRITIC:

OR,

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

A Dramatic Piece

IN TWO ACTS.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE "Critic" was obviously suggested by the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," of which, indeed, it is a very palpable imitation. But in its adaptation to the stage, it is a great improvement on its clever prototype. Although many attempts have since been made in the same vein, it holds its place as the best "dramatization" of the humors of the green-room and the *coulisses*. In his double capacity of Manager and Author, Sheridan had abundant opportunities for detecting many of those characteristic absurdities and unrehearsed stage-effects, which he has ingeniously introduced in this piece.

The character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary* is generally believed to have been intended for Cumberland, author of "The West Indian," and one or two more successful, and some dozen unsuccessful plays. The surmise is probably not unfounded. A day or two after the production of one of Sheridan's Comedies, it is said, a friend met the author, and told him he had seen Cumberland at the theatre on its representation. "Ah, well," replied Sheridan, "what did he say to it?" "He wasn't seen to smile from the beginning to the end of the Comedy," said the friend. "Come, now, that's very ungrateful of him," retorted Sheridan; "for I went to see his *tragedy* the other evening, and laughed through the whole of it."

"Mr. Puff's history of the art and mystery of puffing," says a London theatrical critic, "like Touchstone's several degrees of the lie, is humorous and legitimate satire. Sheridan, from his promiscuous and unrestrained intercourse with society, high and low, literary and illiterate, had a perfect knowledge of life in all its singular varieties, from the six-bottle *bon vivant* to the mere newspaper hack, who *dives* for a dinner. Our author took the hint of the *auctioneers* from Foote's farce of 'The Minor,' (Foote having the *original before* him in the celebrated Lang-

ford,) which Morton, considering as fair game, has made excellent use of in Sir Abel Handy's scene with Farmer Ashfield, in the comedy of 'Speed the Plough.' *Dangle* and *Sneer* are introduced chiefly for the purpose of shewing up *Sir Fretful* and *Puff*. Dangle, who is said to have been intended for a Mr. Thomas Vaughan, author of 'The Hotel,' is one of those theatrical amateurs, who besiege a manager with impertinent flattery and gratuitous advice—one of those green-room loungers,

'Who for a *play-house* freedom sell their *own*;'

while *Mr. Sneer* is one of those carping characters, who inherit wit in the same degree with the ape,—he has just sufficient to make him mischievous. It would seem that 'The Critic' was intended as a good-humored advertisement to the tragedy-writers of that day, not to offer any more of their productions to the manager of Drury Lane. We have for some time past been wanting just such another seasonable hint to stop the importation of certain *tragedies*, the authors of which are gentlemen of very violent words with very timorous meanings; who load their language with fustian and finery, to hide the poverty and nakedness of their sentiment.

"It is impossible to conceive any thing in comedy finer than the original cast of 'The Critic.' Dodd, Parsons, Palmer, King, Bannister, and Miss Pope! Acting never went beyond Parsons in *Sir Fretful*. Farren is good---Matthews is better---but Parsons was supreme. Tom King, as *Puff*, had an unceasing vivacity, a true comic spirit, a neat and rapid delivery---every word told. This attention to a clear and distinct enunciation made him one of the best prologue-speakers on the stage. King, to an unblushing effrontery, added considerable smartness and whim. In impudent, pragmatical varlets, he was unrivalled. Liston hardly came up to Bannister in *Don Ferolo Whiskerandos*. His acting was certainly inferior. But then Liston's countenance—the *antipodes* of tragedy—became a thousand times more comical from its outré association with daggers and blank verse. The very idea that Liston was going to be pathetic was enough to convulse an audience. We have seen him *die* in a very droll manner,—but his queer expostulation with Mr. Puff, that '*he couldn't stay dying all night*,' was, perhaps, his most ludicrous

effect. It was when Liston felt his dignity offended, and he endeavored to appear *hurt*, that he was most irresistible. Miss Pope, in *Tilburina*, never had an equal. Her ample hoop—her costume—(stark mad, in white satin!)—her love-lorn ravings were the tip-top of burlesque tragedy. Often have we been delighted with the humor of this exquisite actress, of whom Churchill so truly prophecied. Hers was a style, of which modern play-goers can have not the least idea. It was of the *old* school, the result of genius, study and observation. Mr. Fawcett's performance of *Puff* savors too much of his *Caleb Quotem* —he repeats the good things, as it were, *by rote;* Mr. Jones is more of the *author*, who feels some anxiety for the success of his tragedy. He has a fidgety impatience about him, to which the peculiarity of his face and figure gives great effect. He looks like a gentleman who lives by his wits, and who seldom dines, but at other people's expense. Of the history of his mendacious arts, we believe every word; we are certain, in *this instance*, that he is not telling us a lie! We may here remark, that an actor of Moody's genius did not disdain the character of *Lord Burleigh*, in which

'More is *meant* than meets the ear:'

but Moody could do more by a single *shake of the head*, than many who, in the present day, are accounted good comedians, can do by chattering and grinning for an hour upon the stretch."

From this description it will be seen of what consequence the smallest characters in this admirable farce were considered in the palmy days of the theatre. The starring system has broken up the old *schools* of acting; and now, in order to see a prominent part well played, we must be content to have all the others of a play indifferently represented. The *Critic* was first acted at Drury Lane in the year 1779; and it is always a favorite piece upon the American stage.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1779.	*Arch, Phil.*, 1847.	*Park*, 1847.
Dangle	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. C. Smith.	Mr. Chanfrau.
Sneer	" Palmer.	" J. C. Dunn.	" Stark.
Sir Fretful Plagiary	" Parsons.	" Thayer.	" Bass.
Prompter	" Phillimore.	" Jervis.	" Jones.
Puff	" King.	" G. Barrett.	" G. Barrett.
Mrs. Dangle	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Rogers.	Miss Gordon.
	Characters of the Tragedy.		
Lord Burleigh	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Jervis.	Mr. Gallot.
Gov. of Tilbury Fort	" Wrighten.	" Greene.	" Anderson.
Earl of Leicester	" Farren.	" Wright.	" A. Andrews.
Sir Walter Raleigh	" Burton.	" Eberle.	" McDouall.
Sir Christ'r Hatton.	" Waldron.	" Rae.	" Matthews.
Master of the Horse	" Kenny.	" Warden.	" Milot.
Beefeater	" Wright.	" Burke.	" Sprague.
Whiskerandos	" Bannister.	" Burton.	" Fisher.
Sentinel	" Heath.	" Stewart.	" Heath.
First Niece	Miss Collet.	Mrs. Dunn.	Miss Flynn.
Second Niece	" Kerby.	" Ribas.	Mrs. Burrows.
Confidant	Mrs. Bradshaw.	" Hughes.	" Dyott.
Tilburina	Miss Pope.	" Greene.	" Vernon.

COSTUMES.

DANGLE.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, a pumps.

SNEER.—Blue coat, waistcoat, and breeches, ditto silk stockings, pumps a latchets, and cocked hat.

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.—Brown coat, with steel buttons, embroidered sat waistcoat, brown breeches, white silk stockings, shoes. buckles, powdered wig a tail, three-cornered hat, lace frill, ruffles, and gloves.

PUFF.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, pump gloves, and cocked hat.

Characters of the Tragedy.

LORD BURLEIGH.—Dark velvet old English dress, with trunks, cloak, and h with feathers, red stockings, and russet shoes.

GOVERNOR OF TILBURY FORT.—Crimson velvet robe, body, and trunks, rich ly spangled, crimson stockings, russet boots, hat and feathers, sword, belt, a gauntlets.

EARL OF LEICESTER.—Blue or purple velvet body, trunks, and cloak, bl stockings, russet shoes, sword, hat and feathers, and gauntlets.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—Brown velvet shape, with cloak, red stockings, ru set shoes, hat and feathers, sword, belt, gauntlets, ruff, &c.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.—Light blue shape, cloak and belt, hat and fe thers, blue stockings, shoes, ruff, and gauntlets.

MASTER OF THE HORSE.—Grey shape, blue stockings. cloak, hat and fe thers, sword, belt, gauntlets, and russet shoes.

BEEFEATER.—Dark velvet shape, yeoman-of-the-guard's coat over, red stocl ings, russet shoes, round, flat, black velvet hat and ribbons, and large ruff.

WHISKERANDOS.—Black velvet body and trunks, with white silk puffs, and si ver buttons, large ruff, white shoes with red ribbons, cross-belt and sword, suga loaf hat, and large plume of various coloured feathers, and ruffles.

MRS. DANGLE.—Neat white muslin morning dress.

TILBURINA.—Brocade silk dress, with hoops, elbow sleeves, with lace ruffles, dre open in front, showing white satin richly embroidered petticoat, jewelled stomacl er, gloves. and large fan. Queen Elizabeth's frill, crimson satin high-heeled shoe embroidered, full-powdered head-dress ornamented with lace, lappets, and jewel *Second dress:* White satin. white shoes, &c.

CONFIDANT.—Old satin hooped dress of silk, powdered head-dress, with lappet high-heeled shoes, &c.

NIECES.—Crimson and green satin robes, white satin dresses, richly spangled, a veils.

THE CRITIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Breakfast table, with coffee-equipage, two chairs,* MR. (L.) *and* MRS. DANGLE, (R.) *discovered at breakfast, reading newspaper.*

Dan. [*Reading.*] PSHAW!—Nothing but politics—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where's the Morning Chronicle?

Mrs. D. Yes, that's your Gazette.

Dan. So, here we have it.—

"*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.*"—*We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre, called the 'Spanish Armada,' said to be written by Mr. Puff, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world: if we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.*"—So! I am very glad my friend Puff's tragedy is in such forwardness.—Mrs. Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy—

Mrs. D. Lord, Mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun, I shall have no peace.—Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teazing me to join you? Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?

Dan. Nay, my dear, I was only going to read—

Mrs. D. No, no, you will never read anything that's

worth listening to;—haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business? Are you not called a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

Dan. True; my power with the Managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest?—From lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements.

Mrs. D. Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

Dan. I am sure, Mrs. Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it: mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? And doesn't Mr. Notter let you take places for a play before it is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season? And didn't my friend, Mr. Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you, at my particular request, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. D. [*Rising.*] Yes, but wasn't the farce damned, Mr. Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature.

Lan. Mrs. Dangle, Mrs. Dangle, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse!

Mrs. D. Ridiculous!—Both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions. The Public is their Critic—without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

Dan. Very well, madam, very well.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

Dan. Oh, show Mr. Sneer up. [*Exit Servant*, L.] Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

Mrs. D. With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are.

Dan. You are enough to provoke—

Enter MR. SNEER, L.

Ha, my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you. My dear, here's Mr. Sneer; Mr. Sneer, my dear; my dear, Mr. Sneer.

Mrs. D. Good morning to you, sir.

Dan. Mrs. Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers. Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury Lane theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

Sneer. Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept, I can tell you that, for 'tis written by a person of consequence.

[*Gives Dangle two manuscripts.*

Dan. [*Reading.*] "Bursts into tears, and exit." What, is this a tragedy?

Sneer. No, that's a genteel comedy, not a translation—only *taken from the French;* it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

Mrs. D. Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage; there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr. Sneer.

Sneer. [*Crossing*, C.] I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle.

Dan. [*Looking at the other MS.*] But what have we here?—This seems a very odd—

Sneer. Oh, that's a comedy, on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is called "The Reformed Housebreaker;" where, by the mere force of humour, housebreaking is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

Dan. Egad, this is new, indeed!

Sneer. Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society are subjects unworthy notice of the Comic Muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbetting capital offences in five acts, and pillorying petty larcenies in two.—In short, his idea is to dramatize the penal laws, and make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

Dan. That is to unite poetry and justice indeed!

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dan. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant*, L.] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. D. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Never! He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty.

Dan. Very true, egad—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks, like scorched parchment, from the fiery ordeal of true criticism.

Dan. There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan. Oh, yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—He's here—[*Aside.*] finished and most admirable perform—

Sir F. [*Without*, L.] Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL, L. *He crosses to* L. C.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. (R. C.) You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir F. (L. C.) You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. D. (R.) They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful, for it was but just now that—

Dan. (L.) Mrs. Dangle! Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend, Sneer, was rallying just now—He knows how she admires you, and—

Sir F. Oh, Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—[*Aside,*] A damned double-faced fellow!

Dan. Yes, yes—Sneer will jest—but a better humoured—

Sir F. Oh, I know—

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. [*Aside.*] No, egad—or I should wonder how he came by it.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F. No, no, I thank you; I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought, now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it,) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. Oh, lud! no—never send a play there while I live—harkee! [*Whispers Sneer.*

Sneer. "*Writes himself!*" I know he does—

Sir F. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—But this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F. Besides—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir F. Steal!—to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and he, you know, never—

Sir F. That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything.—Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole—

Dan. If it succeeds.

Sir F. Aye—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more—

Sir F. How?

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir F. Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir F. Hey!—Sir!

Dan. Oh, you know, he never means what he says.

Sir F. Sincerely, then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to—

Sir F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good God!—Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir—

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you.—No, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. D. (R.) No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. [*Crossing to Mrs. Dangle.*] Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. D. Or, if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece! but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. D. Oh, lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy—very happy, indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play: I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. D. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. [*Crosses,* L., *and back to* R. C.] Oh, if Mr. Dan-

gle read it, that's quite another affair! But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole, from beginning to end, with the Prologue and Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit*, R.

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. [*Crosses*, C.] The newspapers!—Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them! no! I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. (L.) You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No!—quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it, of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. (R.) Why, that's true—and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. Oh, so much the better—Ha! ha! ha!—I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious!

Sir F. Oh, lud, no!—anxious—not I—not the least. I —But one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do you recollect?—[*Aside.*] Make out something.

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray, now—not that it signifies, what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste: but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your most serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's Page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it—I am diverted—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha! very good! very good!

Sneer. Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dan. A severe rogue! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure—for, if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another!

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv Mr. Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

Dan. That's true—I shall certainly be at home. [*Exit Servant*, L.] Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer—Egad, Mr. Puff's your man.

Sir F. Pshaw! sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

Dan. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr. Sneer—

Sir F. Zounds! no, Mr. Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

Dan. Nay, I only thought—

Sir F. And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damned affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

Sir F. Gadslife! Mr. Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle: how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damned nonsense you have been repeating to me!—And let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen—and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms—and I shall treat it with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt—and so, your servant.

[*Exit*, L.

Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir Fretful! Now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors. But, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

Dan. I'll answer for it, he'll thank you for desiring it.

Re-enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir.

Dan. My dear Puff!

Enter PUFF, L.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dan. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this? [*Crossing to Sneer.*] Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman, whose critical talents and transcendant judgment—

Sneer. Dear sir—

Dan. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer; my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors; Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *vivâ voce.*—I am, sir, a Practitioner in Panegyric, or, to speak more plainly—a Professor of the Art of Puffing, at your service—or anybody else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging!—I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town—Devilish hard work all the summer—Friend Dangle never worked harder!—But, harkye—the Winter Managers were a little sore, I believe.

Dan. No! I believe they took it all in good part.

Puff. Aye! Then that must have been affectation in them; for, egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at.

Sneer. Aye, the humorous ones. But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why, yes—but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends? No such thing. Nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers, now—the auctioneers, I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—Take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as cata-

logues!—No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the bidders in their own auction-rooms! From ME they learned to enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by ME, too, their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by ME they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruit—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage, without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dan. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Egad, sir, sheer necessity, the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention; you must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that, for some time after, I led a most extraordinary life, indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes?

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortune!

Puff. Harkee!—By advertisements—"To the charitable and humane!" and "To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!"

Sneer. Oh—I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! Then, sir, though a

very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times! I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs! That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dan. Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me—

Puff. What, in November last?—Oh, no! When I called on you I was a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend! I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption! I was then reduced to—Oh, no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

Puff. Why, yes,—though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se;* but as I did not find those *rash actions* answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, sir—at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishments, through my favourite channels of diurnal communication—and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative, indeed. But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery! Sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule, before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. Oh, lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid. —Yes, sir—Puffing is of various sorts:—the principal are—the Puff direct—the Puff preliminary—the Puff collateral—the Puff collusive—and the Puff oblique, or Puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances

require, the various forms of—Letter to the Editor—Occasional Anecdote—Impartial Critique—Observation from Correspondent—or Advertisements from the Party.

Sneer. The Puff direct, I can conceive—

Puff. Oh, yes, that's simple enough—for instance—A new Comedy or Farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though, by the bye, they don't bring out half what they ought to do): the author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author—and only add—Characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt!—Then for the performance—Mr. Baker was astonishingly great in the character of *Sir Harry!* That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Egerton, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the *Colonel:* but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. Jones!—Indeed, he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! In short, we are at a loss which to admire most—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!

Sneer. That's pretty well, indeed, sir.

Puff. Oh, cool, quite cool, to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. Oh, lud! yes, sir; the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

Dan. Ha! ha! ha!—'gad, I know it is so.

Puff. As to the Puff oblique, or Puff by implication, it is too extensive, and branches into so many varieties, that it is impossible to be illustrated by an instance; it is the last principal class of the Art of Puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity.

Sneer. Sir, I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, sir,

there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your new trage—

Puff. Hush, for Heaven's sake.—*My* tragedy!—Egad, Dangle, I take this very ill; you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

Dan. 'Ifaith, I would not have told; but it's in the papers, and your name at length—in the Morning Chronicle.

Puff. Ah! those damned editors never can keep a secret! Well, Mr. Sneer—no doubt you will do me great honour—I shall be infinitely happy—highly flattered.

Dan. I believe it must be near the time—shall we go together?

Puff. No; it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre: besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go. [*Looking at memorandums.*] Here is 'a Conscientious Baker, on the Subject of the Army Bread,' and 'a Detester of Visible Brick-work, in favour of the new-invented Stucco;' both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow.—Here is an invention for the running our mail-coaches by steam, and lighting them by gas.—I have also a very ingenius design for a self-acting air-pump, to be fixed in the confined streets, which is to supersede the necessity of country excursions for the benefit of the health. Here are likewise many other valuable memorandums, most of which, I have no doubt, but I shall render equally practicable, and of the greatest importance to the nation. So, egad, I have not a moment to lose. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter Dangle, Puff, *and* Sneer, L., *as before the Curtain,—three chairs on* L.

Puff. (C.) No, no, sir; what Shakspeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays: *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the times.' Therefore when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes anything like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it; so, sir, I call my tragedy, 'The Spanish Armada;' and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

Sneer. (R.) A most happy thought, certainly!

Dan. Egad, it was; I told you so. But pray, now, I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

Puff. Love!—Oh, nothing so easy: for it is a received point among poets, that where history gives you a good heroic outline for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion: in doing which, nine times out of ten, you only make up a deficiency in the private history of the times. Now I rather think I have done this with some success.

Sneer. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

Puff. Oh, lud! no, no. I only suppose the Governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish Admiral.

Sneer. Oh, is that all?

Dan. Excellent, 'ifaith! I see it at once. But won't this appear rather improbable?

Puff. To be sure it will—but what the plague! a play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that though they never *did*, they *might* happen.

Sneer. Certainly, nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

Puff. Very true—and, for that matter, Don Ferolo

Whiskerandos—for that's the lover's name—might have been over here in the train of the Spanish Ambassador; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with, or for any other good female reason. However, sir, the fact is, that though she is but a knight's daughter, egad! she is in love like any princess!

Dan. Poor young lady! I feel for her already!

Puff. Oh, amazing!—her poor susceptible heart is swayed to and fro, by contending passions, like—

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.

Under P. Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin, if you please.

Puff. 'Egad, then, we'll lose no time.

Under P. Though, I believe, sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

Puff. Hey! what?

Under P. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence. [*Exit Under P.*, L.

Puff. Well, well! They are in general very good judges; and I know I am luxuriant. Gentlemen, be seated. [*Sneer and Dangle sit*, L.] Now, Mr. Woodarch, [*To Leader of the Band,*] please to play a few bars of something soft, just to prepare the audience for the curtain's rising.

[*The Band strike "Bobbing Joan,' very forte.*

Puff. [*Having stopped them with much difficulty.*] Now, really, gentlemen, this is unkind. I ask you to play a soothing air, and you strike up Bobbing Joan! [*To Sneer, &c.*] These gentlemen will have their joke at rehearsal, you see. [*To Orchestra.*] Come, gentlemen, oblige me. [*The Band play a few bars of soft music.*] Aye, that's right—for we have the scenes and dresses; egad, we'll go to it, as if it was the first night's performance; but you need not mind stopping between the acts. Soh! stand clear, gentlemen. Now, you know there will be a cry of down!—down!—hats off!—silence!—Then up curtain—and let us see what *our painters* have done for us.

SCENE II.—*The curtain rises, and discovers Tilbury Fort. Two Sentinels asleep on the ground,* c.

Dan. Tilbury Fort!—very fine, indeed!

Puff. Now, what do you think I open with?

Sneer. Faith, I can't guess—

Puff. A clock.

Sneer. A clock!

Puff. Hark!—[*Clock strikes four.*] I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.

Dan. But, pray, are the sentinels to be asleep?

Puff. Fast as watchmen.

Sneer. Isn't that odd, though, at such an alarming crisis?

Puff. To be sure it is; but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that's a rule. And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them; so, egad, I must either have sent them off their posts, or set them asleep.

Sneer. Oh, that accounts for it!—But tell us, who are these coming?

Puff. These? They are—Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Christopher Hatton. You'll know Sir Christopher, by his turning out his toes—famous, you know, for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character. Now, attend.

Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH, R.

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!'

Dan. What, had they been talking before?

Puff. Oh, yes; all the way as they came along. I beg pardon, gentlemen, [*To the Actors,*] but these are particular friends of mine. Mr. Sneer and Mr. Dangle, Mr. Keeley and Mr. Meadows, both very promising gentlemen in their profession, I assure you. [*The Actors take off their hats, and bow very low.*] I know it's against the rule to

introduce strangers at a rehearsal, but as they are particular friends of mine, I thought you would excuse. Don't mind interrupting these fellows when any thing strikes you. [*To Sneer and Dangle.*

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!
'But oh, thou champion of thy country's fame,
'There *is* a question which I yet must ask;
'A question which I never asked before.
'What mean these mighty armaments?
'This general muster? and this throng of chiefs?'

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

Puff. What, before the play began? How the plague could he?

Dan. That's true, 'ifaith!

Puff. But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

'*Sir C.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold'—

Puff. [*Interrupts him.*] My good friend, you entirely forget what I told you the last rehearsal—that there was a particular trait in Sir Christopher's character—that he was famous, in Queen Elizabeth's time, for his dancing—pray, turn your toes out. [*With his foot, he pushes Sir C.'s feet out, until they are nearly square.*] That will do—now, sir, proceed.

'*Sir C.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold
'Yon tented plains in martial symmetry
'Arrayed—when I count o'er yon glittering lines
'Of crested warriors—
'When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp
'Of martial preparation, and stern defence,
'I cannot but surmise. Forgive, my friend,
'If the conjecture's rash'—

Puff. [*Interrupting.*] A little more freedom,—if you please. Remember that Sir Christopher and Sir Walter were on the most familiar footing. Now, as thus—
[*Quotes the line flippantly.*

'*Sir C.* [*Imitates his manner.*] I cannot but surmise.
Forgive, my friend,
'If the conjecture's rash—I cannot but
'Surmise—the state some danger apprehends!'

Sneer. A very cautious conjecture that!

Puff. Yes, that's his character; not to give an opinion, but on secure grounds.—Now, then.

'*Sir W.* Oh, most accomplished Christopher.'

Puff. Keep up the Christopher! 'Oh, most accomplished Christopher.' He calls him by his Christian name, to show that they are on the most familiar terms.

'*Sir W.* Oh, most accomplished Christopher, I find
'Thy fears are just.

'*Sir C.* But where, whence, when, what, which, and whose,
'The danger is—methinks, I fain would learn.

'*Sir W.* You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns'—

Puff. [*Stopping him.*] Suit the word to the action, and the action to the word.

'You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns.'

[*Passes his hands one over the other, with a circular motion.*

'*Sir W.* [*Using the same action.*] You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns,
'And three revolving moons,'—

Puff. No, no: send your moons the other way, or you'll bring about an eclipse! [*Repeats the same lines again the second time, turning his hands the contrary way.*

'*Sir W.* [*Using Puff's action.*] You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns,
'And three revolving moons, have closed their course,
'Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,
'With hostile hand hath struck at England's trade.

'*Sir C.* I know it well.

'*Sir W.* Philip, you know, is proud Iberia's king!

'*Sir C.* He is.

'*Sir W.* You know, beside, his boasted armament,
'The famed Armada, by the Pope baptized,
'With purpose to invade these realms—

'*Sir C.* Is sailed:
'Our last advices so report.

'*Sir W.* While the Spanish Admiral's chief hope,
'His darling son, by chance a prisoner hath been ta'en,
'And in this fort of Tilbury'—

Puff. [*Mocking his tone.*] '*Tilbury!*' Don't speak of Tilbury Fort, as if it was a gin-shop! Keep up its consequence. 'And in this fort of *Tilbury!*'

[*Sir Walter repeats the line after Puff's manner.*

'*Sir C.* Is now confined.

'*Sir W.* You also know'—

Dan. Mr. Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does Sir Walter go on telling him?

Puff. But the audience are not supposed to know any thing of the matter, are they?

Sneer. True, but I think you manage ill: for there certainly appears no reason why Sir Walter should be so communicative.

Puff. Foregad, now, that is one of the most ungrateful observations I ever heard; for the less inducement he has to tell all this, the more I think you ought to be obliged to him; for I am sure you'd know nothing of the matter without it.

Dan. That's very true, upon my word.

Puff. But you will find he was not going on.

'*Sir C.* Enough, enough—'tis plain—and I no more
'Am in amazement lost!'

Puff. Here, now, you see, Sir Christopher did not, in fact, ask any one question for his own information.

Sneer. No, indeed: his has been a most disinterested curiosity!

Dan. Really, I find, we are very much obliged to them both.

Puff. To be sure you are. Now, then, for the Commander-in-Chief, the Earl of Leicester! who, you know, was no favourite but of the Queen's. We left off 'in amazement lost!'—

'*Sir C.* Am in amazement lost.
'But see where noble Leicester comes! supreme
'In honours and command.'

Sneer. But who are these with him?

Puff. Oh! very valiant knights; one is the governor of the fort, the other the master of the horse. And now, I think you shall hear some better language: I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it; but now, 'ifaith, you have trope, figure, and metaphor, as plenty as noun-substantives.

Enter EARL OF LEICESTER, GOVERNOR, *and* MASTER *of the* HORSE, R.

'*Lei.* How's this, my friends! is't thus your new-fledged zeal

'And pluméd valour moulds in roosted sloth?
'Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,
'Whose reddening blaze, by patriot spirit fed,
'Should be the beacon of a kindling realm?
'Can the quick current of a patriot heart
'Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,
'Or freeze in tideless inactivity?
'No! rather let the fountain of your valour
'Spring through each stream of enterprise,
'Each petty channel of conducive daring,
'Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath
'O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!'

Puff. [*Runs up and embraces him.*] Allow me to introduce Mr. Horrebow to you—Mr. Dangle and Mr. Sneer. [*Returns to* L.

'*Sir W.* No more! the freshening breath of thy rebuke
'Hath filled the swelling canvass of our souls!
'And thus, though fate should cut the cable of [*All take hands.*
'Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line,
'We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,
'We'll fall in Glory's wake! [*They part hands.*

'*Lei.* [*Slowly.*] There spoke Old England's genius!'

Puff. No, no, sir: Old England's genius never spoke in that way. She must be a devilish queer genius if she did. No, sir, keep it up. [*Quotes with heroic bombast.*]
'There spoke Old England's genius!'

'*Lei.* [*With Puff's manner.*] There spoke Old England's *genius!*
'Then, are we all resolved?

'*All.* We are—all resolved.

'*Lei.* To conquer—or be free.

'*All.* To conquer—or be free.

'*Lei.* All?

'*All.* All!'

Dan. Nem. con., egad!

Puff. Oh, yes, where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

'*Lei.* Then, let's embrace—[*They embrace,*] and now'— [*Kneels.*

Sneer. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Puff. Yes, hush! In great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer!

'*Lei.* Oh, mighty Mars!'

Puff. Stop, my dear sir! You do not expect to find Mars there. No, sir: whenever you address the gods, always look into the upper gallery.

'*Lei.* [*Looking up to the gallery.*] Oh, mighty Mars!'

Dan. But why should he pray to Mars?

Puff. Hush!

'*Lei.* Oh, mighty Mars, if, in thy homage bred,
'Each point of discipline I've still observed;
'Nor but by due promotion, and the right
'Of service, to the rank of Major-General
'Have risen;'—

Puff. Keep up the Major-General! [*Repeats the line with force.*] 'To the rank of *Major-General* have risen!' Tip them the Major-General, pray.

'*Lei.* [*After Puff's manner.*] To the rank of Major-General
'Have risen; assist thy votary now!

'*Gov.* [*Kneels on Leicester's* R.] Yet do not rise—hear me!

'*Mast. of H.* [*Kneels on Governor's* R.] And me!

'*Sir W.* [*Kneels on Leicester's* R.] And me!

'*Sir C.* [*Kneels on Sir W.'s* L.] And me!'

Puff. [*Kneels,* L.] And me! Now, mind your hits;—pray all together.

'*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
'That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;'—

Puff. No, no, gentlemen, the emphasis is upon the word *all.* Thus:

'Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
'That thou wilt deign to grant them *all* they ask!'

Now, gentlemen.

'*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
'That thou wilt deign to grant them *all* they ask;
'Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
'And sanctify whatever means they use
'To gain them!'

Sneer. A very orthodox quintetto!

Puff. Vastly well, gentlemen, indeed, for persons who are not much in the habit of praying. Is that well man-

aged or not? I believe you haven't such a prayer as that on the stage.

Sneer. Not exactly.

Lei. [*To Puff.*] But, sir, you haven't settled how we are to get off here.

Puff. You could not go off kneeling, could you?

Lei. Oh, no, sir, impossible!

Puff. It would have a good effect, 'ifaith, if you could "exeunt praying!" Yes, and would vary the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit.

Sneer. Oh, never mind: so as you get them off, I'll answer for it, the audience won't care how.

Puff. Well, then, repeat the last line standing, and go off the old way.

'*All.* And sanctify whatever means we use to gain them.' [*Exeunt*, R.

Dan. Bravo! a fine exit.

Sneer. Stay a moment.

The SENTINELS *get up.*

'1*st. Sen.* All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.

'2*d. Sen.* 'Tis meet it should.' [*Exeunt Sentinels*, R.

Dan. Hey!—why, I thought those fellows had been asleep?

Puff. Only a pretence; there's the art of it; they were spies of Lord Burleigh's. But take care, my dear Dangle, the morning gun is going to fire.

Dan. Well, that will have a fine effect.

Puff. I think so, and helps to realize the scene. [*Cannon, three times from battery*, L.] What the plague!—three morning guns!—there never is but one! Aye, this is always the way at the theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no more cannon to fire?

Promp. [*From within*, L.] No, sir.

Puff. Now, then, for soft music.

Sneer. Pray what's that for?

Puff. It shows that Tilburina is coming; nothing introduces you a heroine like soft music. Here she comes.

Dan. And her confidant, I suppose?

Puff. To be sure: here they are—inconsolable—to the minuet in Ariadne! [*Soft music in Orchestra.*

Enter TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT, R.

'*Til.* Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
And, blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.
The striped carnation, and the guarded rose,
The vulgar wall-flower, and smart gilly-flower,
The polyanthus mean—the dapper daisy,
Sweet William, and sweet marjorum—and all
The tribe of single and of double pinks!
Now, too, the feathered warblers tune their notes
Around, and charm the listening grove—The lark!
'The linnet! chaffinch! bullfinch! goldfinch! greenfinch!
'—But, oh! to me no joy can they afford!
'Nor rose, nor wall-flower, nór smart gilly-flower,
'Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,
'Nor William sweet, nor marjorum—nor lark,
'Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!'

Puff. [*Holding his handkerchief to his eyes.*] Your white handkerchief, madam—there, if you please.

Til. I thought, sir, I wasn't to use that 'till 'heart-rending woe.'

Puff. Oh, yes, madam—at 'the finches of the grove,' if you please,

'*Til.* —Nor lark,
'Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!' [*Weeps.*

Puff. Vastly well, madam!

Dan. Vastly well, indeed!

'*Til.* For, oh, too sure, heart-rending woe is now
'The lot of wretched Tilburina!'

Dan. Oh! 'tis too much.

Sneer. Oh!—it is, indeed.

'*Con.* (R.) Be comforted, sweet lady—for who knows,
'But Heaven has yet some milk-white day in store.

'*Til.* Alas, my youthful—gentle Nora,
'Thy tender youth as yet hath never mourned
'Love's fatal dart.

'*Con.* But see where your stern father comes;
'It is not meet that he should find you thus.'

Puff. Hey, what the plague! what a cut is here!—why, what is become of the description of her first meeting with Don Whiskerandos? his gallant behaviour in the sea-fight, and the simile of the canary bird?

Til. Indeed, sir, you'll find they will not be missed.
Puff. Very well—very well!
Til. The cue, ma'am, if you please.
'*Con.* It is not meet that he should find you thus.
'*Til.* Thou counsel'st right, but 'tis no easy task
'For barefaced grief to wear a mask of joy.

Enter GOVERNOR, R.

'*Gov.* How's this—in tears?—O—'
Puff. There's a round O! for you.
Sneer. A capital *O!*
'*Gov.* Tilburina, shame!
'Is this a time for maudlin tenderness,
'And Cupid's baby woes?—hast thou not heard
'That haughty Spain's Pope-consecrated fleet
'Advances to our shores, while England's fate,
'Like a clipped guinea, trembles in the scale!
'*Til.* [*Seizing Governor's hand.*] Then, is the crisis of *my* fate at hand!
I see the fleet's approach—I see'—
Puff. Now, pray, gentlemen, mind. This is one of the most useful figures we tragedy-writers have, by which a hero or heroine, in consideration of their being often obliged to overlook things that *are* on the stage, is allowed to hear and see a number of things that are not.
Sneer. Yes; a kind of poetical second-sight!
Puff. Yes.—Now, then, madam.
'*Til.* —I see their decks
'Are cleared!—I see the signal made!
'The line is formed!—a cable's length asunder!
'I see the frigates stationed in the rear;
'And now, I hear the thunder of the guns!
'I hear the victor's shouts—I also hear
'The vanquished groan—and now 'tis smoke—and now
'I see the loose sails shiver in the wind!
'I see—I see—what soon you'll see'—
[*Swoons in the Governor's arms.*
Puff. [*In rapture, taking Tilburina's hand.*] Mrs. Gibbs, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Dangle and Mr. Sneer. This is Mrs. Gibbs, one of the very best actresses on the stage, I assure you, gentlemen.
'*Gov.* Hold, daughter! peace! this love hath turned thy brain:

'The Spanish fleet thou cans't not see—because
'—It is not yet in sight!'

Dan. Egad, though, the Governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

Puff. No; a plain matter-of-fact man; that's his character.

'*Til.* But will you, then, refuse his offer?
'*Gov.* I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.
'*Til.* His liberty is all he *asks.*'

Puff. His liberty is all *he* asks.'

Sneer. All *who* asks, Mr. Puff?—Who is—he?

Puff. Egad, sir, I can't tell. Here has been such cutting and slashing, I don't know where they have got to myself.

Til. Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

'*Til.* A retreat in Spain!
'*Gov.* Outlawry here!
'*Til.* Your daughter's prayer!
'*Gov.* Your father's oath!
'*Til.* My lover!
'*Gov.* My country!
'*Til.* Tilburina!
'*Gov.* England!
'*Til.* A title!
'*Gov.* Honour!
'*Til.* A pension!
'*Gov.* Conscience!
'*Til.* A thousand pounds!
'*Gov.* [*Starts.*] Hah! thou hast touched me nearly!
'*Til.* Canst thou—
'Reject the *suppliant*, and the *daughter*, too?
'*Gov.* No more; I would not hear thee plead in vain;
'The *father* softens—but the *Governor*—
'Is resolved! [*About to exit.*

Puff. My dear sir, give that a little more force, if you please—'but the Governor's *resolved!*'

'*Gov.* [*Imitating Puff's manner.*] The father softens—
but the governor
'Is resolved! [*Exit, quickly,* L.

'*Til.* 'Tis well—hence, then, fond hopes—fond passion hence;
'Duty, behold I am all over thine—

'*Whis.* [*Without*, R.] Where is my love—my—behind!'

Puff. My what?—What's that, Mr. Penson?

Enter WHISKERANDOS, R.

Puff. Have the goodness to let me hear that line again.

'*Whis.* Where is my love—my behind?'

Puff. No, no, sir!—'Where is my love—my—behind the scenes'—*spoken* behind the *scenes.*

Whis. Oh, I beg pardon, sir, but I assure you it is written so in my part. [*Exit*, R.—*Puff crosses to Sneer and Dangle.*

Enter WHISKERANDOS, R.

'*Whis.* (R.) Where is my love—my—beauteous enemy,
'My conquering Tilburina! How! is't thus
'We meet? Why are thy looks averse? What means
'That falling tear—that frown of boding woe?
'Hah! now, indeed, I am a prisoner!
'Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these
'Disgraceful chains—which, cruel Tilburina!
'Thy doating captive gloried in before.
'But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone!

'*Til.* Oh, no; how little dost thou know thy Tilburina.

'*Whis.* Art thou, then, true? Begone cares, doubts, and fears,
'I make you all a present to the winds;
'And if the winds reject you—try the waves.'

Puff. The wind, you know, is the established receiver of all stolen sighs, and cast-off griefs and apprehensions.

'*Til.* Yet must we part?—Stern duty seals our doom:
'Though here I call yon conscious clouds to witness,
'Could I pursue the bias of my soul,
'All friends, all rights of parents I'd disclaim,
'And thou, my Whiskerandos, should'st be father
'And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,
'And friend to me!

'*Whis.* Oh, matchless excellence! And must we part?
'Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case
'The less is said the better.'

Puff. Heyday! here's a cut!—What! are all the mutual protestations out?

Til. Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here; you ruin our feelings!

Puff. Your feelings!—but zounds, my feelings, ma'am!

'*Whis.* (R.) One last embrace.

'*Til.* (L.) Now—farewell for ever!

'*Whis.* For ever!

'*Til.* Aye, for ever!' [*Going,* R. *and* L.

Puff. S'death and fury!—Gadslife! Sir! Madam, I really can't suffer this—if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out—Here!

'For ever! Aye, for ever!'

[*Holding forth his arms, as to embrace.*] Give them the last puff of your tragedy bellows!

'*Whis.* [*With arms extended.*] For ever! Oh!

'*Til.* Aye, for ever, oh!' [*They rush into each other's arms, then reluctantly part and exeunt, Whiskerandos,* R., *Tilburina,* L.

Con. But pray, sir, how am I to get off here?

Puff. *You!* pshaw! what the devil signifies how you get off! [*Pushes the Confidant off,* R.—*Drop scene lowers; Sneer and Dangle rise.*

Dan. Oh, charming!

Puff. Hey!—'tis pretty well, I believe. You see, I don't attempt to strike out any thing new—but I take it I improve on the established modes.

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.

Under P. Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the Park scene yet.

Puff. The Park scene! No—I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

Under P. Sir, the performers have cut it out.

Puff. Cut it out!

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. What! the whole account of Queen Elizabeth?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. And the description of her horse and side-saddle?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. So, so, this is very fine, indeed! Mr. Prompter, how the plague could you suffer this?

Prompter. [*From within,* L.] Sir, indeed, the pruning knife—

Puff. The pruning knife—zounds! the axe! Why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the

bare trunk of my play left presently. Very well, sir—the performers must do as they please; but, upon my soul, I'll print it every word.

Sneer. That I would, indeed.

Puff. Very well, sir—then, we must go on. [*Exit Under Prompter*, L.] Well, now, if the scene is ready—we'll go on. [*The Drop scene rises, and discovers a Wood scene. A carpet spread on the stage, and a chair in the centre.*] So, now for my mysterious yeoman.

Enter a BEEFEATER, L. S. E.

'*Beef.* Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!'

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not. Where, pray?

Dan. Yes, I think there is something like it in "Othello."

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence—all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit—that's a rule.

'*Beef.* Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
'It never can endure a rival's bliss!
'But soft'—

Puff. Put your finger to your head when you say that—and don't gallop off—steal cautiously off.

'*Beef.* But soft—I am observed.'

[*Exit Beefeater; stealthily*, R.

Dan. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff.

Puff. Harkye—I would not have you to be too sure that he *is* a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter—I only give you a hint. But now for my principal character—here he comes—Lord Burleigh in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

Enter BURLEIGH, L. S. E., *goes slowly to the chair and sits.*

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush! vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dan. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that. Yes, it is a very likely thing, that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk! But hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say anything?

Puff. There's a reason! Why, his part is to *think:* and how the plague do you imagine he can *think,* if you keep talking?

Dan. That's very true, upon my word!

[*Burleigh comes forward,* C., *shakes his head.*

Puff. Shake your head more—more—damn it, man, shake your head as if there was something in it.

[*Burleigh shakes his head extravagantly, and exit,* R.

Sneer. He is very perfect, indeed. Now, pray what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No, I don't, upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand, that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures, yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil!—Did he mean all that by shaking his head?

Puff. Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

Sneer. Oh, here are some of our old acquaintance.

Enter HATTON *and* RALEIGH, R.

'*Sir C. My* niece, and *your* niece, too!
'By Heaven! there's witchcraft in't. He could not else
'Have gained their hearts. But see where they approach;
'Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!

'*Sir W.* Let us withdraw, and mark them.

[*They retire* up.

Enter the Two Nieces, R. *and* L.

'1*st. Nie.* (L.) Ellena here!
'But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
'Revenge is all the good I've left. [*Asi*
'2*d Nie.* (R.) He comes, the false disturber of my qu
'Now, vengeance, do thy work!' [*Asi*

Enter Whiskerandos, L. S. E.

'*Whis.* Oh, hateful liberty—if thus in vain
'I seek my Tilburina!
'*Both Nei.* And ever shalt! [*Sir Christopher and Walter come forward,* R. *and* L.
'*Sir C. & Sir W.* Hold! we will avenge you.
'*Whis.* Hold *you*—or see your nieces bleed.'
[*The two Nieces draw their two daggers to st Whiskerandos; the two Uncles, at the instant, u their two swords drawn, catch their two Nieces' ar and turn the points of their swords to Whisker dos, who immediately draws two daggers, and h them to the two Nieces' bosoms.*

Puff. There's situation for you! there's an her group! You see, the ladies can't stab Whiskerando he durst not strike them for fear of their uncles—the cles durst not kill him because of their nieces. I h them all at a dead lock! for every one of them is afr to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then, they must stand there for ever.

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contriva for't. Now, mind—Beef!

Enter Beefeater, *with his halberd,* R.

'*Beef.* In the Queen's name, I charge you all to dr
'Your swords and daggers!'
[*They drop their swords and dagge*

Sneer. That is a contrivance, indeed.

Puff. Aye—in the Queen's name.

'*Sir C.* Come, niece!

'*Sir W.* Come, niece!
[*Exeunt with the two Nieces,* R. *and*

'*Whis.* (L.) What's he, who bids us thus renounce c guard?

'*Beef.* (R.) Thou must do more! renounce thy love!
'*Whis.* Thou liest, base Beefeater!
'*Beef.* Ha! Hell! the lie!
By Heaven, thou'st roused the lion in my heart!
'Off, yeoman's habit! base disguise! off! off!
[*Discovers himself, by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine shape dress.*
'Am I a Beefeater now?
'Or beams my crest as terrible as when
'In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop?
'*Whis.* I thank thee, fortune! that hast thus bestowed
'A weapon to chastise this insolent.
[*Takes up one of the swords.*
'*Beef.* I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank
'Thee, fortune, too! [*Takes up the other sword.*
'*Whis.* Vengeance and Tilburina!
'*Beef.* Exactly so! [*They fight, and, after the usual number of wounds given, Whiskerandos falls.*
'*Whis.* Oh, curséd parry! The last thrust in tierce
'Was fatal! Captain, thou hast fencéd well!
'And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
'For all eter- -
'*Beef.* —nity, he would have added, but stern death'—
Puff. Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow: now mind me. Sir, shall I trouble you to die again!
Whis. Certainly, sir! 'And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
'For all eter— [*Rolls himself up in the carpet.*
'*Beef.* —nity, he would have added'—
Puff. No, sir, that's not it: once more, if you please, and I'll kill you myself.
Whis. [*Unrolling himself.*] I wish, sir, you would practice this without me: I can't stay dying here all night.
[*Exit,* L.
Puff. Very well, we'll go over it by and by. I must humour these gentlemen!
'*Beef.* Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when next'—
Puff. Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech, as the body has walked off.
Beef. That's true, sir; then I'll join the fleet.
Puff. If you please. [*Exit Beefeater.*] Now, enter Tilburina!

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir: now she comes in stark mad, in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin?

Puff. Oh, Lord, sir, when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin—don't she, Dangle?

Dan. Always—it's a rule.

Puff. Yes, here it is. [*Looking at the book.*] 'Enter Tilburina, stark mad, in white satin, and her Confidant, stark mad, in white linen.'

Enter TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT, R., *mad, according to custom.*

Sneer. But what the deuce! is the Confidant to be mad, too?

Puff. To be sure she is: the Confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad. Now, madam Confidant—but keep your madness in the background, if you please.

'*Til.* The wind whistles—the moon rises—[*Screams,*] see,
'They have killed my squirrel in his cage!— [*Kneels.*
'Is this a grasshopper?—Ha! no, it is my
'Whiskerandos. You shall not keep him—
'I know you have him in your breeches pocket—
'An oyster may be crossed in love!—Who says
'A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?—
'He's here!—He's there!—He's every where!—
'Ah me! he's no where!' [*Exit Tilburina,* R.—*The Confidant imitates Tilburina, and exit,* R.

Puff. There! do you ever desire to see any body madder than that?

Sneer. Never, while I live! And, pray, what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea, to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes, yes; you know my play is *called* the *Spanish Armada,* otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the

battle at all. Now, then, for my magnificence! my battle! my noise! and my procession! You are all ready?

Promp. [*Within*, L.] Yes, sir.

Puff. Very well. Now, then, change the scene, and then for our grand display.

[*The scene changes to a view of the Spanish Armada, in close action with the British fleet. Music plays "Britons strike home." Spanish fleet destroyed by fire-ships &c. English fleet advances—Music plays "Rule Britannia." During this scene, Puff directs and applauds everything: then,*]

Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect; so, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again on the first opportunity. [*Curtain drops.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

R. PUFF. SNEER. DANGLE. [L.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. IV.

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151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE "Loan of a Lover" is one of those Vaudevilles which, on account of its intrinsic merit, must necessarily retain possession of the stage for a very long period. It is one of Mr. Planché's best efforts. There is a quiet repose about the piece, which is truly charming; yet, when well played, it is the occasion of abundant merriment. The plot is artistically laid, though so skilfully is it done, and so easily and necessarily does it develope itself, that it almost appears as if there were no plot at all. But the great beauty of the piece is in the perfect truth, the simplicity of the hero and heroine. They are unmistakable creations of Nature. We cannot fail to recognize that they are living fellow beings.

This piece was originally produced at the Olympic Theatre, London, Mr. Keeley enacting the part of *Peter Spyk*, and Madame Vestris that of *Gertrude*. However well the lady may have performed her part, (and she was inimitable in any character where a touch of archness became necessary), it is certain that Mr. Keeley became identified with the piece; and he has ever since made it a prominent selection in his *starring* engagements. To those who have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Keeley as *Peter Spyk*, the remembrance of the quiet, quaint simplicity, with which he played the character, whilst yet he carefully preserved it from that of a mere simpleton, will not easily pass away.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	London Olympic,	*Park.*
Captain Amersfort	Mr. J. Vining.	Mr. Wheatley.
Peter Spyk	" Keeley,	" Keeley.
Swyzel	" William Vining.	" Fisher.
Delve	" Wyman.	" Povey.
Gertrude	Madame Vestris.	Mrs. Keeley.
Ernestine Rosendaal	Miss Fitzwalter.	Miss Cushman.

COSTUMES.

CAPTAIN AMERSFORT.—Officer's uniform.

PETER SPYK.—Nankeen jacket, flowered vest, full trunks, blue stockings, and Dutch hat.

SWYZEL.—Buff coat and trunks, figured vest, blue stockings, and hat.

DELVE —Brown jacket and trunks, striped stockings, and russet hat.

GERTRUDE.—Neat peasant's dress, with broad hat.—Second dress: Wedding dress of white muslin, trimmed with flowers.

ERNESTINE.—Silk spencer, white muslin dress, scarf, and Swiss straw hat.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Gardens of a Villa on the Canal near Utrecht. The tower of the Cathedral is seen in the distance. In one corner of the Garden, overlooking the Canal, is a Summer House,* R., *in the Dutch taste.*

Enter SWYZEL *and* DELVE, R.

Swy. Do as you're bid, and no reflections. Don't you know the mistress is the master?

Del. Well, but now really, Mynheer Swyzel—to put out the orange-trees before the white frosts are over—is that common sense?

Swy. What have you to do with common sense? Nothing at all—or you would not pretend to have more than your mistress. It is Mamzelle Ernestine's pleasure to turn the orangery into a ball-room, and turned it must be.

Del. But the trees will die.

Swy. Let 'em die, then—that's their business—yours is to clear the place out, according to order. About it, without more words! If she told me to fling all the Schiedam in the cellar into the canal, I should do so, without hesitation.

Del. You'd fling yourself after it, I'm sure.

Swy. Not when it was mixed with water, you rogue! or while the Baron has money enough to buy more. Come—to work! to work! or you'll not get the room ready by midnight.

Del. Oh, my poor orange trees—they'll die, every one of them! [*Exit,* R.

Swy. Silly fellow, to trouble his head about what does not concern him. If his employers take no care for their

own interests, why should he fidget about them? He hasn't the slightest notion of service! Ah! here's Peter Spyk.

Enter PETER, L.

Well, Peter.

Pet. Good morning, Master Steward.

Swy. So, you've been to Amsterdam, to buy cattle, I hear!

Pet. Ay, and fine beasts they are, too, Master Steward. But, talking of beasts, how do you find yourself to-day? you were rather poorly when I left.

Swy. Oh! I'm better, thank you; but I'm not so young as I was thirty years ago—I find that, Peter. Ah! I envy you, you rogue! Three-and-twenty—stout-timbered—light-hearted—and rich, I may say; for old Jan Spyk, your father, left you a pretty round sum, I take it?

Pet. Why, it might have been less, and yet worth having, Master Steward.

Swy. Well, and why don't you get a wife, now? All the girls in the neighbourhood are pulling caps for you.

Pet. Why, I don't know; they do look at me, somehow, but I'm not smitten with anybody in particular. However, I don't wish to prevent them—they may fall in love with me, and then I can choose, you know.

Swy. Well, perhaps that's the best way.

Pet. Yes, I think so—as Gertrude said to me the other day—you don't love anybody in particular, Peter, so you can look about you.

Swy. Gertrude—what, our Gertrude? The simpleton that has the run of the house and gardens by permission of the Baron, because she's the orphan daughter of his old bailiff, and who is always so mighty busy, doing nothing at all, by way of earning the living allowed her! Is she your counsellor?

Pet. Oh, she and I gossip now and then, when we meet. She's a sort of relation of mine—my brother-in-law's aunt stood godmother to her.

Swy. Well, that is a sort of relation, certainly.

Pet. And then, you see, simpleton as she is, she has now and then an idea, and that's the only thing I want—I never have an idea. It's very odd, but I never have what

you can really call an idea—of my own, that is—for I'm quick enough, if a person only just—and yesterday, now I saw her but for two or three minutes, and I'll be hanged if she didn't give me a capital idea! and that's what has brought me here this morning. You've a Captain Amersfort staying here, haven't you?

Swy. Oh, yes; one of our young lady's score of lovers—and the best of 'em, too, to my mind; but she's too capricious to make up hers. He's a fine fellow—handsome, clever, gallant—

Pet. And landlord of the fine farm of Appledoorn—so Gertrude says.

Swy. Ah! and you want to be his tenant, no doubt?

Pet. Why, Gertrude thinks—

Swy. Well, she's right there—it's pretty property; but there are several farmers offering.

Pet. So she tells me; but she says that if you were to speak to the Captain in my favour—

Swy. Well, she's right there, too. If I were to speak—

Pet. And will you?—will you, Master Steward? I've a keg at home of the finest flavour, which I should be too happy—

Swy. Pshaw! pshaw! you know, if I do anything, it's never with a view to benefit myself, Peter; [*Crosses*, R.] so send me the keg, if it will serve you, and we'll see what can be done about it.

Gertrude. [*Without*, L.] Mynheer Swyzel! Mynheer Swyzel!

Swy. Here comes Gertrude.

Enter GERTRUDE, *running*, L.

Ger. Mynheer Swyzel! Mynheer Swyzel!

Swy. Well, don't bawl so—you young baggage. [*Crosses*, C.] What do you want?

Ger. [*Out of breath.*] You're to go directly—I've been looking for you everywhere, to tell you—there's Peter Spyk.

Swy. To tell me that?—why, I know that.

Ger. No; to tell you—to tell you—how d'ye do, Peter? are you very well? [*Crosses*, C.

Pet. Ay, ay!

Swy. Will you tell me what you mean to tell me?

Ger. Law! I'd almost forgotten—I'd run so fast. How well Peter looks this morning—don't he?

Swy. Do let Peter alone! and tell me who wants me—and what for. Is it the wine for breakfast?

Ger. Yes, that's it—you've got the keys of the cellar, and the Baron wants some of the best Moselle, to give Captain Amersfort.

Swy. Good morning, then, Peter. I'll take an opportunity of speaking to the Captain, depend upon it. I must go now for the Baron.

FRENCH AIR.—GERTRUDE.

Well, but make more haste about it,
Master wants to treat his guest.

SWYZEL.

Oh, I'll please him! never doubt it;
Of his wines I know the best.
He shall own, that down his throttle,
Such has seldom found its way.

GERTRUDE.—[*Aside.*]

Then you'll get him up a bottle
Of what you drink every day. [*Exit Swyzel,* L.

Ger. [*Aside.*] An old rogue, I am sure he is; and he always snubs me and scolds me. So does everybody, indeed, except Peter. Peter never snubs me, at any rate; but that's because he hardly ever speaks to me. Now only look at him this moment! there he stands, puffing away with his pipe, and turning up the whites of his eyes. Now, what can he be thinking about?—that is, if he is thinking—suppose it's about—[*Aloud, and taking hold of his arm*]. —Peter!

Pet. Eh!—Oh! you're here still, are you?

Ger. [*Aside.*] How civil! [*Aloud.*] Yes, I'm here still; and if I had kept still, you'd never have known it, seemingly. What are you thinking about so deeply?

Pet. Thinking about? Why, I was thinking about Mother Wynk's tavern, where I breakfasted this morning.

Ger. What an interesting subject!

Pet. Rather. The old vrow worried my life out with—"Why don't you get married, Farmer Spyk?"—"Why do you live alone, in that old house, like an owl in an ivy-bush?"—"Why don't you take a wife? you've got money

enough to keep one, and you are your own master; you've only to please yourself."

Ger. Well, and haven't I told you so over and over again?

Pet. Well, so you have; and I do think, if I should get the Appledoorn Farm, I'll sign a lease and a contract the same day.

Ger. But, if you don't get the farm, what does it signify?—you might marry all the same for that. You've enough without. You needn't wait—that is, if you like anybody well enough to marry them.

Pet. Ah, but then I don't know that I do. Now, who is there, in your opinion, that would suit me?

Ger. Oh, I don't know. I dare say, if I were to choose, I could name somebody.

Pet. Well, but let's see, now. To begin with the neighbourhood:—I know all the girls here, and I am sure I can't say.—[*Suddenly.*] What d'ye think of Mary Moerdyke, to begin with?

Ger. Very bad to begin with, and much better to have done with as soon as possible. She is the worst tempered girl in all Utretcht, and as tall as the tower yonder—a great, gawky, sulky thing, just like it.

Pet. Ah, well, I don't think she would suit me, certainly. But there's her cousin, Judith—she's very good-natured?

Ger. Ah, Judith's a pretty girl, if you please, and very good-natured, as you say,—perhaps a little too good-natured.

Pet. No, really, humph!—I shouldn't like that. What do you say to Anne Stein?

Ger. Everybody says she's a great coquette. See her on a Sunday, that's all! or at a dance at the fair! She's always changing her partner.

Pet. Oh, if she's always changing her partner—well, they can't say that of the little Barbara?

Ger. No, because she's lame, and can't dance at all.

Pet. That's very true; poor thing, she's lame, so she is. Well, I declare, then, Vrow Wynk herself!

Ger. Old enough to be your grandmother.

Pet. And Rachael, her daughter?

Ger. She's engaged to young Maurice.

Pet. The devil! Then I must go farther a-field, for there's nobody else that I know of in this place.

Ger. [*Aside.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear! how blind he is, to be sure.

Pet. Ah!—stop! What a fool I am, never to have remembered—

Ger. Well, who?—what?

Pet. Why, that to-morrow will be market-day here, and that there'll be plenty of pretty girls from all the villages round about—so I can choose without the trouble of a journey.

DUTCH AIR.—PETER.

To-morrow will be market day,
The streets all thronged with lasses gay
And from a crowd so great, no doubt,
Sweethearts enough I may pick out.
In verity, verity, &c.

GERTRUDE.

Be not too bold, for hearts fresh caught,
Are ne'er, I'm told, to market brought;
The best, they say, are given away,
Nor left to sell on market day.
In verity, verity, &c.

Pet. Well, at any rate, I'll take my chance of to-morrow. But yonder's Mamzelle and some of the gentlefolks, so I'll go and hear what the steward has done for me. Good bye, Gertrude. I say, mind, if you can find me a nice, little, good-tempered wife, I'll make you a present the day I'm married, and you shall dance at the wedding. [*Exit*, R.

Ger. Now, isn't it provoking? He can think of every body but me; and unless I were to say to him, plump, "Peter, will you marry me?"—and then, if he should say, "No!" oh, I should die with shame and disappointment. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how vexatious it is! And it's not only Peter, but nobody seems to think me worth marrying at all—nobody ever says a civil thing to me of any sort! I never had a sweetheart in all my life, and I do believe that's the reason. If I only had one to being with, I shouldn't wonder if they swarmed afterwards.

SONG.—("*A Temple to Friendship.*")

I don't think I'm ugly!—I'm only just twenty—
I know I should make a most excellent wife:

The girls all around me have lovers in plenty,
But I not a sweetheart can get for my life!

It isn't because I am not worth a penny,
For lasses as poor I've known dozens to win;
That I should have none, and the others so many,
I vow and declare it's a shame and a sin!

[*Retires up the stage, sobbing*, R.

Enter ERNESTINE *and* CAPTAIN AMERSFORT, L.

Amer. Why, you proposed the ride yourself, Ernestine.

Ern. Perhaps I did; but I've changed my mind.

Amer. Will you walk, then?

Ern. It's too hot.

Amer. By the side of the canal—under the trees?

Ern. By the side of the canal? I wonder you don't propose that I should tow the passage-boat.

Amer. I shouldn't wonder if you proposed something equally extravagant. For myself, I have done—I shall suggest nothing else. Please yourself, if possible, and you will please me.

Ern. Now he's out of humour.

Amer. No, not out of humour, but you are the most capricious creature!

Ern. Well, well, sir, if you are tired of your allegiance, renounce it at once. I have plenty of slaves at my footstool, who will serve me with oriental obedience!

Amer. (R.) If they really loved you, they would not encourage you in your follies.

Ern. (C.) My follies! How dare you talk to me of my follies, sir? Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue, directly! There's Gertrude, and I want to speak to her. Gertrude! [*Calling.*

Ger. (L.) Yes, mamzelle. [*Drying her eyes.*

Ern. What's the matter, Gertrude? you've been crying.

Ger. (L.) Yes, mamzelle.

Ern. And what for? Has any one vexed you? some faithless swain, perhaps?

Ger. Oh, dear, no, mamzelle. I wish it was—but that's not possible! [*Bursts out afresh.*

Ern. How d'ye mean—not possible, child?

Ger. Because I haven't got a swain of any sort.

Ern. Bless the girl! What, no sweetheart, at your age?

Ger. No, mamzelle.

Ern. Then, perhaps, that's what you're crying about?

Ger. Yes, mamzelle.

Ern. Silly wench! you ought to rejoice at it rather; the men are nothing but plagues, Gertrude. Lovers, indeed! there's not one worth having.

Ger. I—I wish I had one, though, just to try. I was just saying to myself, it was a shame that some young women should have a score, and others none at all.

Amer. The girl is right enough there. It's a shame that some young women should have a score, and hold out equal hopes to all.

Ern. The sooner you lessen the number of mine, the better, then. I could manage to spare even the gallant Captain Amersfort—and—a capital thought! as you seem so concerned at the unequal division, I'll transfer you to Gertrude.

Ger. Law, mamzelle, you don't say so? Will you, really?

Amer. Ernestine! What folly!

Ern. I'm quite serious. As you have no admirer, Gertrude, and I have so many, I'll give you one of mine.

Ger. Oh, but I don't want you to *give* me one, mamzelle. If you'll only lend me a beau—just to encourage the others.

Ern. Ha! ha! ha! delightful! That's better still!—you hear, sir, I am not to give you up altogether, though you deserve it; I shall only try your obedience! We command you, therefore, on pain of our sovereign displeasure, to pay all proper attentions to our handmaid, Gertrude; you are her beau till further notice.

Amer. Ernestine, are you mad?

Ern. Mad or not, you will obey me, or take the consequences. I won't be charged with folly and extravagance for nothing.—[*Aside.*] Remember, I have promised my father to decide this day in favour of somebody. If you hesitate only, you are excluded from all chance.—[*Aloud.*] Gertrude, I lend you a beau, on your personal security, mind.

Ger. Oh, you needn't be afraid, mamzelle—I'll take the greatest care of him—and, besides—

DUTCH AIR.—GERTRUDE.

Think not I the heart would keep,
I'm content to borrow;
See, if I don't have a heap,
To pay it from, to-morrow.
Money, money makes, they say—
The job is to get any!
And lovers grow—so money may.

ERNESTINE.

Oh, yes, one fool makes many.

Ern. [*To Amersfort.*] One step, and you lose me forever. [*Exit.*

Amer. [*To himself.*] This passes everything. I am a fool, indeed, and love her like a fool, or I would never bear—

Ger. Only think! I've got a beau at last—and such a beau—-an officer! a fine, young, handsome officer! What'll Peter say to that?

Amer. And while I thus humour her caprices, she returns to the house to flirt with that puppy, Amstell, or that booby, Blankenburg.

Ger. But he takes no more notice of me than Peter, himself.

Amer. I will not endure it. I will follow her, and—

Ger. Stop! stop! you mustn't run away—you're only *lent* to me, you know—and if I should *lose* you, there'll be a pretty business!

Amer. [*Laughing in despite of himself.*] Upon my word, this is is too ridiculous. So you really look upon me as a loan, do you?

Ger. Yes, and I don't choose to be left alone. My stars! Peter could do that.

Amer. Peter! who's Peter? I thought you said you hadn't a sweetheart in the world?

Ger. Nor have I.

Amer. Come, come, no fibs! You've betrayed yourself. This said Peter, isn't he a sweetheart?

Ger. No, I don't think he is—at least, I don't know. What do you call a sweetheart—one whom you love, or one who loves you?

Amer. One who loves you, of course.

Ger. Well, then, I'm right, he is not my sweetheart; but I am his, for I love him dearly.

Amer. What a candid little soul! And so you really love Peter dearly, though Peter doesn't love you? But are you sure he doesn't love you?

Ger. I don't believe he ever thought about it.

Amer. Is it possible! Why, you are very pretty. [*Aside.*] Upon my soul, she is uncommonly pretty. I wonder I never noticed her before. [*Aloud.*] And so Peter has never thought about you?

Ger. No—

SONG.—("*Faut l'oblier.*")

I've no money; so, you see,
Peter never thinks of me—
  I own it to my sorrow!
Oh, could I grow rich, and he
Be reduced to poverty,
What sweet revenge 'twould be for me
  To marry him to-morrow!

Peter's thought almost a fool,
You have profited by school—
  Wit from you folks borrow!
Peter's plain—you handsome, gay;
But if you were both to say—
"Will you have me, Gertrude, pray?"
  I'd marry *him* to-morrow!

Amer. There's love!—there's devotion! What charming frankness!—what innocent enthusiasm! By Jove! if she wasn't so fond of another, I should be almost tempted—if it were only to punish Ernestine! I—I—[*Aloud.*] Confound that Peter! *Almost* a fool—he must be a downright idiot not to fall head over ears in love with such a sweet, dear, bewitching— [*Catches her round the waist; he is about to kiss her as* PETER SPYK *enters with* SWYZEL.

Swy. I beg your pardon, captain.

[*Both stop short—Peter staring at Gertrude.*

Ger. [*Aside.*] Oh, lud, there *is* Peter!

Amer. What the devil do you want?

Swy. Only to introduce Peter Spyk—an honest young farmer—who desires to be your honour's tenant.

Amer. Peter Spyk! What, is this *the* Peter?

Ger. Yes, that's Peter Spyk: and he wants to rent your

farm of Appledoorn; and I am sure you can't do better than to let him have it, for he's as good a farmer, and as honest a young man—

Amer. If you interest yourself for him, my dear Gertrude, that is sufficient.—[*Aside to Swyzel.*] Swyzel, come here—I am much interested about this girl!—I've taken a great fancy to her!

Swy. What, to our Gertrude?—to that poor, simple thing? Well, I thought just now you seemed rather—eh? You're a terrible man, captain! What will mamzelle say?

Amer. Oh, it's all in pure friendship, I assure you; but come this way, and tell me all you know about her. [*Aloud to Peter.*] I'll speak to you presently, young man.

[*Amersfort and Swyzel enter the summer-house,* R. S. E.

Ger. Peter, you'll have the farm!

Pet. No, shall I, though? Well, I thought he said something like it; and because you asked him, too! I say, you and he seem great friends—he'd got his arm around your waist!

Ger. Had he?—oh, yes, I believe he had.

Pet. Well, now, I've known you ever since you were that high, and I'm sure I never put my arm round your waist!

Ger. No, that you never did! But then, he's my sweetheart!

Pet. *Your* sweetheart?—yours? What, the captain? Pshaw! you're joking!

Ger. Joking!—indeed I'm not joking! What is there so strange in it, pray?

Pet. Why, in the first place, he's mamzelle's sweetheart!

Ger. Not now.

Pet. What, has he left her for you? Why, what can a rich officer like that see in a poor servant girl?

Ger. Don't be a brute, Peter! If you can't see anything to like in me, it's no reason that others should not.

Pet. Me!—oh, that's a different affair; because you and I, you know, there's not so much difference between us, and—oh, by the bye, talking of that—I've been thinking of what you said to me, and I wont wait any longer—not even till to-morrow—I've fixed on Anne Stein. Her mo-

ther was here just now, on some business with old Swyzel, and something was dropped about my having the Appledoorn farm; and Swyzel says, she gave him a hint that her daughter Anne was very fond of me, and that decided me at once.

Ger. It did?

Pet. Oh, yes; because, where a woman is really fond of one, you know—So, directly I've settled with the captain about the farm, I'll post off to Widow Stein's, and—well, what's the matter with you, Gertrude? Why, you are crying!

Ger. Nothing—nothing! I wish you may be happy—that's all, Peter.

Pet. Thank ye—thank ye! It's very kind of you to cry for joy about me, I'm sure—and I won't forget my promise.

Re-enter AMERSFORT *and* SWYZEL *from the summer-house,* R. S. E.

Swy. You can't be in earnest, Captain?

Amer. I tell you, there it is, in black and white! Put a wafer in that [*Giving a note*], and send it immediately to my lawyer's, as directed.

Swy. [*Aside.*] Two thousand crowns to portion off a wench like that. 'Gad, she wont want a husband long.

[*Exit,* R.

Amer. [*To Peter.*] Now for you, Farmer. I find there are writing materials in the summer-house, so we can—

Ger. Stop! stop!—one word.

Amer. What is it?

Ger. [*Leading him apart from Peter.*] You are my beau, you know, and you're to do everything I bid you!

Amer. Of course.

Ger. Well, then, I bid you refuse the farm to Peter Spyk!

Amer. Refuse!—Why, I thought you said—

Ger. It doesn't signify what I said!—I've changed my mind! I suppose I may do that as well as your fine ladies! You're to obey me!—Mamzelle Ernestine said so: and I don't choose you shall let Peter have the farm!

[*Speaking the last five words loud enough for Peter to hear.*

Pet. [*Aside.*] "*Let Peter have the farm!*" 'Gad, she's giving me a famous lift with the Captain.

Amer. Well, if you don't choose, he sha'n't have it, certainly; and I'm not sorry, for I don't think he deserves it. And now listen to me. I mean to help you to a good husband, and, in return, you must assist me in a little plot. I can't stay to tell you now; but meet me in half an hour's time at the sun-dial yonder. May I depend upon you?

Ger. That you may.

Amer. Enough! Now, [*Crosses*, L.] Master Peter Spyk, follow me. There's no occasion for writing: we can settle this business in two words.

Pet. [*Aside.*] The farm's mine! [*To Gertrude.*] I owe you a good turn for this! [*Exit with Amersfort*, L.

Ger. Indeed you do. If Anne Stein marries him now, I'm mistaken in the family altogether.

Re-enter SWYZEL, R.

Swy. I've sent Delve with the note; but I've made up my mind. I'm not a young man, certainly; and I had no idea of changing my situation; but two thousand crowns will suit me as well as anybody in the world, and so here goes—there's nothing like being first in the field. [*Aloud.*] Gertrude! Gertrude!—come hither, Gertrude; I want to say a word to you in private!

Ger. To me, Master Steward? [*Aside.*] Oh, dear, now he's going to scold me for something, I'm sure. A cross old patch!

Swy. Come here, I tell you! Nearer—don't be afraid—I'm going to propose something for your good, my dear!

Ger. [*Aside.*] "My dear!" Bless me, how kind he's grown all of a sudden!

Swy. I've known you a long while. Gertrude—from your cradle, in fact. I knew your poor dear father and mother, and I always had a great affection for you!

Ger. You, Mynheer Swyzel?—I'm sure you never showed it, then.

Swy. May be not—may be not! I was afraid of spoiling you, as a child; but now, you know, you are grown up, and very nicely you have grown up—I see it more and more every day—and, in short, Gertrude I've been think-

ing that, as I am a bachelor, I couldn't do better than marry a good, pretty girl like you, whose character and temper I have watched the growth of from an infant.

Ger. You—you, Mynheer Swyzel, marry me?

Swy. Why not—why not?—if you have no objection. I'm only fifty-five, and a hale, hearty man for that age. I have saved some money in the service, and—

Ger. But I haven't a doit in the world!

Swy. Nay; nay!—you are richer than you think for!

Ger. Eh!

Swy. In charms—in youth and beauty!—

Ger. [*Aside.*] So—so! here's a real, downright sweetheart at last!—and old Swyzel, too, of all men in the world! I shall die of laughing!

Swy. [*Aside.*] She's silent!—she hesitates! The two thousand crowns are mine!

DUTCH AIR.—SWYZEL.

My ears with sweet consentment bless!

GERTRUDE.—[*Aside.*]

The moon must, sure, be about full!
[*Aloud.*] I don't say *no*—I don't say *yes*.

SWYZEL.

Alack! that's rather doubtful!

GERTRUDE.

What proofs have I you mean me fair?
Your sex is of deceit, throughout, full,

SWYZEL.

Upon my honour, I declare!

GERTRUDE.

Alack! that's rather doubtful!

Ger. [*Aside.*] Here's Peter coming back. If I could manage—[*Aloud.*] Besides, that isn't the way to swear you love a body—you should go down on your knees!

Swy. There!—there, then! [*Knees.*] Charming Gertrude, on my knees I swear eternal love and constancy!

Enter PETER, L

Pet. Halloo!—why, Mynheer Swyzel, what are you doing there?

Swy. [*Scrambling up.*] Confusion! [*Aloud.*] I—nothing—only kneeling to—[*Aside to Gertrude.*] Don't say anything to that fool. Come to my room as soon as you've got rid of him. [*Exit*, R.

Ger. You here again, Peter?

Pet. Here again!—I believe I am, too; and just as I went away. Would you believe it?—Captain Amersfort won't let me have the farm after all!

Ger. Dear me!—you don't say so?

Pet. He wouldn't hear a word; and, to make matters worse, old Widow Stein, who saw me talking to him, waited to hear the upshot; and, when I told her, she as good as gave me to understand that I wasn't match enough for her daughter, and that Anne herself liked Groot, the miller, much better than she did me! A coquette!—you said she was a coquette!—and you were quite right. I don't know how it is, but you're always right!—you've got more sense than all of 'em put together; and, for the matter of looks, why, there's the captain's vows—and, talking of vows, what was old Swyzel about on his knees? I do believe he was vowing, too!

Ger. Between you and me, he was vowing all sorts of love to me!—and he wants me to marry him!

Pet. Marry him!—marry old Swyzel!—and will you?

Ger. I don't know!—what do you think? Would you like me to marry him, Peter?

Pet. Not at all! I don't know how it is, but I can't fancy your marrying anybody—that is, I never thought of *your* marrying anybody; and, now I do think of it, I think—

Ger. Well—What?

Enter DELVE, *with a note*, R.

Del. Oh, Gertrude, here you are; here's a note for you. It's very particular—they gave me a florin to run all the way!

Ger. A note for me?—who is it from?

Del. The clerk at Van Nickem's, the lawyer's. I took a letter there for the captain, and, as his master wasn't at home, the clerk opened it, and wrote this answer to the captain, and then scribbled that for you, and begged me to give you yours first—and so I have: and now I must find the captain. [*Exit*, R.

Ger. A note for me? Nobody ever wrote to me before; and, if they had, it would have been no use, for I can't read written hand. You can, Peter; so pray open it, and let's hear what it's all about.

Pet. [*Opening and reading.*] "*Mamzelle.*" Mamzelle, to you!

Ger. Go on—go on.

Pet. "*I have loved you above all earthly beings!*"

Ger. Bless us, and save us!

Pet. "*I dared not disclose my passion; but, believe me, my affection was equal to my silence.*"

Ger. Then it was great indeed!

Pet. "*I have at length summoned courage to address you, and if the offer of my hand and fortune*"—another proposal!—who is the fellow that writes this?

Ger. Van Nickem's clerk, Delve told you.

Pet. Yes; here's his ugly name, sure enough, at the bottom of it—Simon Sneek!

Ger. Ah! if I recollect, he's rather a good-looking young man!

Pet. Why, you don't mean to—

Ger. Surely, he's better than old Swyzel!

Pet. Well! but what does it all mean? Everybody wants to marry you?

Ger. I can't help that—can I? But I shan't be in a hurry; I shall do as you do—look about me; perhaps somebody may offer that I should like better. [*Clock strikes.*] Hark! that's two o'clock! [*Crosses,* L.]—and I promised to meet the captain at the sun-dial yonder. Good bye, Peter; and mind, if you can find me a husband that I should like better than any of these, I'll make you a present the day I'm married, and you shall dance at the wedding. [*Runs out,* L.

Pet. [*Stands staring after her, with the note open in his hand.*] Well, when she talks of Anne Stein always changing her partner—she's off to meet the captain now; and yet she says to me, "if you can find me a husband I should like better!" the idea of Gertrude having a husband!—a little girl, that was only a baby the other day, as it seems to me. I wonder if she'd like *me* better; because if she would—I want a wife myself—and I don't know why I didn't at first—But there goes that cursed captain, running

like mad to meet her!—'Gad! I begin to feel that I don't like it at all. Why can't he keep to his fine ladies, and let the others alone? I don't go and make love to Mamzelle Ernestine, do I? What business has he to talk a pack of stuff to Gertrude, and turn the poor girl's head? He'd better mind what he's about, though—I can tell him that! If he makes her unhappy, I wouldn't be in his shoes for something, for I should break every bone in my own skin!

Enter DELVE, R.

Del. What's the matter, Master Peter? you don't look pleased.

Pet. Well, I have been pleased better.

Del. Anything in that note?

Pet. This note?—no. This is the note you brought from Van Nickem's. There's that young rogue, Sneek, wants to marry Gertrude.

Del. To marry Gertrude! well, now, do you know, I think he might do worse.

Pet. Might do worse?—I believe he might, too!

Del. Gertrude's by no means ill-looking.

Pet. Ill-looking?—she's very-pretty.

Del. Well—yes—I think she is,—and very good-tempered.

Pet. The best humoured soul in the world.

Del. Do you know, Master Peter, if I thought there was any chance of our living comfortably together, I shouldn't mind making up to Gertrude myself.

Pet. You!—you be hanged!

Del. Hanged! what for, I should like to know? I question, now, if I couldn't afford to marry as well as young Sneek—he doesn't get much out of Van Nickem's pocket, I'll swear.

Pet. Well, you needn't trouble your head about it, because you shan't have her.

Del. Why, Farmer Spyk, what have you to do with it?—suppose I choose, and she chooses, you're neither her father nor her mother. If you put my blood up, I'll go and ask her at once.

Pet. And if you do, you'll put *my* blood up—and then I shall knock you down.

Del. Knock me down! Donner and blitzen!

Pet. Don't provoke me! I'm getting desperate—I mean to marry Gertrude myself, if she'll have me, and I'll fight anybody for her, with fists, knives, pistols—anything!

Enter ERNESTINE, R.

Ern. Heyday! heyday! what is all this noise about—and threat of fighting?

Del. It's Farmer Spyk here, and please you, Mamzelle, he threatens to knock me down if I go a-courting to Gertrude—and all in an honest way, too. I'll be damned if I don't go and ask her right away. [*Exit*, L.

Ern. To Gertrude!—why, how long have you taken this fancy into your head?

Pet. Why, not five minutes, Mamzelle, and he has the impudence to set himself up against me, who have been in love with her—more than half an hour!

Ern. And where is the fair object of your contention?—what does she say to these sudden passions?

Pet. I'm waiting to know what she'll say to mine—but she's a plaguy long time with the Captain. He's the only rival I'm afraid of; she seems deuced fond of him—and he raves about her.

Ern. [*Alarmed.*] He does! [*Recovering herself.*] But, of course—I desired him.

Pet. You desired him, Mamzelle?

Ern. Yes; I commanded him to make love to her.

Pet. Well, he won't be broke for disobedience, then—that's all I can say—for he does make love to her most furiously. I caught them myself with his arm round her waist, this morning; and I dare say it's round it now, if the truth was known; but I can't see, for that beastly holly-bush.

Ern. Why, where are they, then?

Pet. She was to meet him at the sun-dial, and I saw him slinking through the trees yonder; and just now I'm almost certain I caught a glimpse of them at the end of that walk.

Ern. [*Aside.*] I don't like this account: I'm afraid I've acted very silly. I repented of the freak almost as soon as I left them; but my pride would not suffer me to return. The girl's pretty—very pretty; and if Amersfort, enraged at my indifference, should, out of mere spite—

such things have happened—oh, dear! I do not like it at all.

Pet. There she goes! there she goes!

Ern. With the Captain?

Pet. No, by herself—and there's Delve after her as hard as he can scamper! I'll follow—I'll—no, I can't—I can't move—I—I feel very ill—my head spins round like a top. Here comes the Captain.

Ern. Amersfort! I am ready to sink!

Pet. Don't, don't, mamzelle—for I've no strength to catch you.

Enter AMERSFORT, L.

Amer. [*Aside.*] She is here—now for the trial.—Mademoiselle Ernestine, I came to seek you.

Ern. Indeed, sir: and for what purpose? I thought I had desired you to pay your attentions in another quarter for the present.

Amer. It is in perfect accordance with that desire, that I have sought this interview. I am anxious to express my gratitude for the blessing which you have so unexpectedly bestowed on me.

Ern. What do you mean, sir?

Amer. I mean, Mademoiselle Rosendaal, that the heart you treated with so much indifference has been accepted by one of the most lovely and amiable of your sex; and that, in the affection of Gertrude, it has found a balm for all the wounds you had so wantonly inflicted on it.

Pet. There! there! I told you so!

Ern. Upon my word, sir! and you have the assurance to make this confession to me?

Amer. Why not, Mademoiselle? We are not masters of our own affections, and therefore I will not reproach you. But can you be surprised that I should weary of loving one who did not love me? or that, stung to the quick by your contempt, I should be more sensible to the kindness and sympathy of another? Gertrude is lovely!

Pet. She is! she is!

Amer. The sweetest tempered—the most frank and affectionate of beings!

Pet. Too true! too true!

Amer. The possession of her heart is a blessing monarchs might *envy me.*

Pet. I shall go mad!

Amer. And monarchs have matched with maidens as lowly born, and far less deserving.

Ern. Enough!—enough, sir!

Pet. No, it's not enough! he can't say too much about her. She hasn't her equal upon earth.

Amer. You are right, farmer; and I thank you for the honest warmth with which you justify my choice.

Pet. Your choice! Don't touch me.

Amer. My sweet bride,—my affianced wife,—Madame Amersfort will thank you in person.

Pet. His wife! Madame Amersfort! Cruel, faithless Gertrude!

Amer. Faithless! why, did you ever propose to her?

Amer. No: but I meant to do so.—Oh, dear!

Ern. Your wife! your wife! And you really intend to marry this orphan girl?

Amer. I have desired my lawyer to prepare her marriage contract, which shall be signed this evening.

Pet. Oh!

Ern. Not in this house, sir! I will not be insulted to that extent. I go this moment to inform my father.

Amer. The Baron Van Rosendaal is already informed, and approves of my intentions.

Ern. Approves! We shall see, sir—we shall see!

AIR.—(*From "The Challenge."*)

ERNESTINE.

Such perfidy never was known—
I joy in its unmasking!

PETER.

Ch, Gertrude, you've a heart of stone,
To break a heart so true!

AMERSFORT.

Why, had she promised you?

PETER.

No, there's her falsehood shown!
So bent was she on jilting me,
She could not wait for asking.

AMERSFORT.

Well, there with you I must agree,
Such falsehood ne'er was known.

PETER.

I'm sure with me you must agree
Such falsehood ne'er was known.

ERNESTINE.

'Tis well, 'tis well, sir, we shall see.
Such falsehood ne'er was known. [*Exit*, R.

Amer. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, my fair tyrant, your father is in the plot! I think we have you now.—[*Aloud.*] Well, my good friend, I must say I pity you extremely:—you have lost a model of a wife.

Pet. Don't! don't!

Amer. But where is she?—where is my adored Gertrude?

Enter GERTRUDE, L. S. E., *dressed as a bride. Amersfort makes signs to her not to speak, and points at Peter, who stands in an attitude of comic despair, with his back towards them.*

I must hasten to find her. I cannot bear to be an instant from her sight. Oh, Peter! Peter! what a treasure has escaped you! [*Exit*, R., *exchanging signs with Gertrude.*

Pet. [*Soliloquising.*] Escaped me!—as if I was a mad dog, and it was an escape for Gertrude! An escape! and I have let her escape! Well, well, she wont be Madame Swyzel, nor Madame Sneek; and that rascal Delve hasn't got her—that's one comfort. Comfort! I talk of comfort? I shall never know comfort again! Oh, Gertrude! Gertrude!

Ger. [*Advancing*, R.] Did you call me, Peter?

Pet. Ha! what do I see? There's a dress—a wedding dress! It is! it is!

Ger. It is—it is a beautiful dress, as you say, and I don't wonder you start to see me in such a dress; but as the bride of a Captain, you know—

Pet. (L.) It is true, then, you are going—going to marry Captain Amersfort?

Ger. Ah, he has told you, then? Well, I was in hopes of giving you an agreeable surprise.

Pet. An agreeable surprise!

Ger. Why, are you not delighted, Peter, at my good fortune?

Pet. Delighted!

Ger. Only think—a poor orphan girl like me, whom nobody loved, and nobody cared about—

Pet. It isn't true. I cared about you—I loved you—I doated on you!

Ger. You, Peter! you! Mercy on me! And why didn't you tell me so, then?

Pet. Because I didn't know it myself, then; but I do now, Gertrude—I do now.

Ger. Now!—now that it is too late?

Pet. But is it?—Is it too late? You are not married yet.

Ger. No, but I have promised. The contract is ordered, and this beautiful dress was bought by the Captain on purpose. You would not have me behave so shamefully to one who loves me dearly?

Pet. But I—I love you dearly.

Ger. Ah, if you had but said so an hour ago! But you thought of everybody but me.

Pet. I know it—I know it. But then nobody thought of you; and now everybody does, and it proves to me that you—you are the only girl in the world that I ought to marry; and if you won't have me, I—I know what I'll do.

Ger. Dear me, Peter, what?

Pet. I'll fling myself into the canal.

Ger. Nonsense!

Pet. You see if I don't then. I'm not desperate till I take anything in my head; but then nothing can turn me.

AIR.—("Take care of the corner.")

PETER.

I rush to my fate,
And my funeral straight-
Way shall follow my latest transgression!
And in the church-yard
It shall go very hard,
But it meets with your bridal procession!
When my coffin appears,
You will melt into tears,
And your friends in your grief will be shares

GERTRUDE.

Oh, yes, not only I,

But my husband will cry—
"Stand out of the way," to the bearers!

Pet. Laughed at! I'll jump over the wall, here, into the canal, before your face.

Ger. Indeed you shan't. Peter, don't be a fool.—[*Trying to hold him.*]—Oh, dear, he will! Murder!—help!

Enter ERNESTINE, R.

Ern. What's the matter now?

Ger. Oh, Mamzelle, help me to hold Peter. He wants to drown himself.

Ern. He is sillier than ever I supposed him, if he would drown himself for so worthless a person. I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face.

Ger. I'm very sorry, Mamzelle. I know you only lent me a lover; but how can I give you him back, if he wont go?

Ern. Cease your impertinence. Your simplicity is all affected.

Ger. I'm sure, Mamzelle, if the Captain will only consent, I'll give him up with pleasure.

Pet. You will?

Ern. You will? Hark ye, Gertrude! Don't think that I care the least about Captain Amersfort—his behaviour has entirely destroyed any little affection I might have had for him; but only to vex him in my turn, if you will promise not to marry him—

Pet. Do, do.

Ern. I will settle a handsome income on you.

Pet. There! there!

Ern. Tell him that you do not love him.

Pet. Yes, yes.

Ern. That you love another—anybody.

Pet. Yes, me!—I'm ready to be loved.

Ger. [*Aside.*] I see him!—now's the time. [*Aloud.*] Well, Mamzelle, I believe it would be only the truth—I have a great respect for Captain Amersfort, but I certainly do not love him—and perhaps I do love somebody else.
[*Looking at Peter.*

Pet. Oh, Gertrude!

Enter AMERSFORT, *unseen by them*, L. U. E.

Ger. But how can I consent to make him wretched? If there was any chance of your making it up—if I thought you still loved the Captain, and would make him happy in the avowal—

Ern. Would that decide you?

Pet. [*To Ernestine.*] Oh, do, then!—do!

Ern. What would you have me say?

Ger. That you forgive him, and are willing to marry him, if I give him up.

Ern. Well, then, I am willing.

Amer. [*Taking her hand.*] And so am I!

Ger. And so am I.

Pet. Hurrah!

Ern. Captain Amersfort here? This was a plot, then!

Amer. Own that it was to secure your happiness, Ernestine, and you make mine forever.

Ern. Well, I believe I deserved this lesson.

Pet. And I'm sure I did.

Ger. You've made up your mind, then, that I shall marry you now?

Pet. To be sure I have.

Ger. Well, as you say, when you once *do* take a thing in your head, nothing can turn you, I suppose it's useless to say "No." There is my hand, dear Peter

Amer. And I suppose I may let him have the farm now

Ger. If you please, Captain.

Amer. And give him the two thousand crowns that I desired Van Nickem to settle on you as a wedding portion.

Pet. Ah! then that's why young Sneek—but no matter.

FINALE.—(*Trio, from "The Challenge."*)

PETER, GERTRUDE, AND ERNESTINE.

She / He } is mine. She / He } is mine. Let the stars work their will,
If our patrons approve, nothing now can go ill;
But the lover we lend must with them make his way,
Or our dealings will end with the devil to pay.

ERNESTINE.

Should they not then befriend us?

GERTRUDE.

I will hope for the best,
If one kind friend will lend us
His hands to move the rest.
Will you ask?

PETER.

No, do you.

GERTRUDE.—[*To the Audience.*]

Do you like it?

PETER.

Say do you.

ALL.

Oh, happy hour! Oh, joyous night!
Our patrons share in our delight.
She / He } is mine! She / He } is mine! Let the stars work their will,
Since our friends have approved, nothing now can go ill;
The lover we lent has with them made his way,
And their smiles of content all our toils overpay.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

ERNESTINE. GERTRUDE.

AMERSFORT. PETER.

R. [L.

THE END.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LVII.

THE APOSTATE.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

M. DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE STREET.

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This once popular tragedy is the production of the celebrated Irish Barrister, Richard Lalor Shiel, the author of "Adelaide," "Evadne," and "Bellamira." Mr. Shiel appears to have imbibed his dramatic inspiration from the transcendant powers of Miss O'Neill; for the whole series of our author's dramas were written expressly for that highly gifted actress. "The Apostate" was produced at Covent Garden theatre, in 1816, and was the first original part Miss O'Neill appeared in on the London boards. The array of tragic talent combined in the original cast, embracing, as it did, young Charles Kemble, Macready, the veteran Murray, and Egerton, with the exquisitely beautiful and thrilling personation of the heroine by Miss O'Neill, secured for the play a success, which its intrinsic merits could not singly have produced.

It is a dramatic incident worthy of record, that to this play Mr. Macready is indebted for the first decided appreciation of his peculiar and fine talents, by a London audience. The part of *Pescara* had been assigned to Booth, then a member of the Covent Garden company, and in the zenith of his fame. The eccentric and irritable tragedian resigned the part after a few rehearsals, considering it inferior to Charles Kemble's part of *Hemeya*, and Mr. Macready, in the exigency of the case, was entrusted with *Pescara*. His success in the part was little inferior to Miss O'Neill in *Florinda*. Our recollections of the original cast of this play, are still vivid; it was, indeed, an exhibition of concentrated talent, then common at the two great theatres in London, on which the lover of the drama still dwells with many a lingering reminiscence of the bye-gone glories of histrionic excellence.

The author's preface to this play will show the source from which he obtained his materials for constructing his plot. It is as follows:—

"Sismundi gives a detailed account of a tragedy by Calderon, called 'Love after Death; or the Mountains of Grenada,' and founded upon the revolt of the Moors against Philip the Second. It is an historical play, and embraces the principal events during a warfare of three years.

"The political condition of the Moors, as described by Calderon, appeared to the author to be highly dramatic. He has not consciously adopted a single incident in the plot, or line in the composition of the Spanish poet, but has endeavoured to catch his general tone and colouring in depicting the detestation which the cruelty of the Spaniards had naturally generated in the Moors. He mentions this to relieve himself from the imputation of having sought the illegitimate assistance of political allusion; and he hopes that, upon reflecting on the nature of the subject, the reader will consider the introduction of the Inquisition as unavoidable. It would be hard, indeed, to write a play upon *any* event in the reign of Philip the Second, without inveighing against the persecutor and the tyrant. It would be impossible in the *present* instance. If it be a fault, Schiller and Alfieri have fallen into it. It would be a very strange delicacy, indeed, were the author to spare the guilt, the ferocity, and the baseness of Philip, out of *respect* for such a man as the present king of Spain!"

That Shiel has skilfully availed himself of the hints which gave rise to "The Apostate," cannot be denied. The situation and incidents are strikingly dramatic in their character, and the leading personages in the drama are all sufficiently conspicuous, and contrasted enough to produce a well-concerted whole. As was usual with Shiel, his heroine is, perhaps, unduly prominent, but the powerfully drawn character of *Pescara*, as played by Macready, and subsequently with even greater effect by Booth, leaves an impression upon an audience fully equal to that produced by the woes and sufferings of *Florinda*.

The accumulation of intense suffering and overcharged horror with which this tragedy abounds, prevent it from sustaining its original position on the stage. From the London theatres it is entirely withdrawn; and in this country it only retains its place in the acting drama, from the superior powers of Booth, who occasionally "stars" it in *Pescara*. H.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Various the realms, and boundless are the views
Where fancy wanders with the Tragic muse.
What spot to-night, o'er that expansive sphere,
Wakes manhood's sympathy—asks woman's tear?
'Tis Spain—the land where oft, enthroned sublime,
Shone muse-loved chivalry in olden time!
'Tis Spain—where late Britannia's conquering hand
Unmanacled the genius of the land,
Glory's bright beacon lighted once again,
Bade prostrate Europe blush, and burst her chain;
And gave the world that noblest chivalry
Of reas'ning man—immortal liberty!
What time stern Philip's ruthless edict fell
With persecution, and her band of hell,
In frantic ruin o'er the Moorish race—
Our poet chose his fancied scene to trace.
He there presents, in virtue's bold relief,
A Moorish lover and a Moorish chief;
And shows a villain robed in guilt and shame,
Although the villain bear the Christian name;
Convinced, when man in virtue's light you view,
Alike the crescent or the cross to you!
But not alone those springs, whose strong control
With ruder force can wake and vex the soul,
He tries—but still, in softer strains, would prove
That dearer spell of mightier power to move—
A woman's sorrows, and a woman's love!
One praise at least he claims to bless his lays—
Nor scene immoral, nor offensive phrase,
Wounds the chaste ear of virgin modesty—
Quells the pure ardor of young beauty's eye,
Or spreads the crimson of ingenuous shame
On outraged innocence's cheek of flame!
Next—though a foreign land the scene supplied—
Think not he chose a foreign muse his guide:—
Spurning wild Germany's uncultured schools,
And self-pleased Gallia's boasted borrowed rules,
A native muse, to-night, by native arts,
Would please your judgments and subdue your hearts—
And this, her simple suit, by me she sends—
Give British justice!—Yet—as British friends!

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Park, 1836.	*Bowery*, 1847.
Pescara	Mr. M'Kinney	Mr Booth, Sen.
Hemeya	" Harrison.	" Clarke.
Malec	" Clark.	" Booth, Jr.
Hamet	" Keppell.	" Dennison.
Haley	" Nexsen.	" Venue.
Alvarez	" Blakely.	" Vache.
Gomez	" Collett.	" Milner.
Cadi	" Durie.	
Officer	" Harvey.	" Yeoman.
Spaniard	" Povey.	" Byrnes.
Moor	" Hayden.	" Rose.
Florinda	Mrs. Drake.	Miss Julia Dean.

Moors, Spaniards, Guards, Monks.

Scene—Grenada.

COSTUMES.

PESCARA.—Light brown tight pantaloons, trimmed with gold down the sides, jacket of marone and gold, same style as Iago's, trimmed with bright scarlet satin—round Spanish hat, white and scarlet plumes, sword, gauntlets, and russet boots.

HEMEYA.—Handsome Turkish fly of scarlet and gold, amber shirt of merino, reaching below the knee, white merino Turkish trowsers, russet boots, scimitar, scarlet turban, &c.

MALEC, HALY, ABDALLAH.—Turkish flys of different colours, moderately trimmed with silver and gold, breastplates underneath, plain white shirts, Turkish pantaloons, russet boots, white turbans, scimiters, &c.

ALVAREZ.—Black velvet jacket and trunks, puffed with yellow satin and gold, scarlet silk tights, russet shoes, red rosettes, gauntlets, Spanish hat, white plumes, lace collar, sword, &c.

GOMEZ.—Scarlet trunks and jacket, white puffs, lightly trimmed with gold, amber tights, russet boots, sword, hat, and gauntlets.

MOORS.—Similar to Malec's, &c., but perfectly plain.

INQUISITORS.—Long black gowns, Inquisitorial caps, black robes over the gowns.

SOLDIERS.—Steel breastplates, helmets, legs, and arms, russet boots, brown tights.

FLORINDA.—Scarlet velvet train, handsomely trimmed with gold, white satin petticoat, handsomely trimmed lace veil of Spanish shape, suspended from back of head.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

THE APOSTATE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Moorish Apartment in Grenada.*

Enter HALY, HEMEYA, *and* HAMET, L.

Hem. It is in vain—you talk to me in vain.
Ham. Have you forget that you are last of all
The race of famous kings who ruled Grenada
Before the Spaniard conquered? In their slavery,
The Moors still hold you for their righteous prince;
And, in return for kingly reverence,
You owe them kingly care.
Hal. Once, I remember,
The wrongs our Christian tyrants heap upon us
Could fire your soul with rage.—Aloud you cried
Against the treacherous breach of every right
That Ferdinand secured; but now, when fame
Has told abroad, that Philip will blot out
The very name of Moor, and has decreed
To rob us of our faith, our nation's rites,
Our sacred usages, and all that men
Hold dearer far than life—this fatal passion
Has bound you like a spell.
Ham. This Spanish woman
Has banished from your soul each nobler care.—
The daughter of Alvarez! she alone
Possesses all your being! you can think
And speak but of Florinda—when the Moors
Weep o'er their cruel wrongs, Aben Hemeya
Amid the assembled council sits inwrapt,
And, in a lengthened sigh, breathes out, "Florinda!"
Hem. Oh! blame me not, it is my cruel fate!
I feel this passion, like necessity,

Rule my o'ermastered soul. What can you say?
Is there a power in eloquence or reason
To cure the heart's deep malady?—ha! tell me.
Have you e'er seen her face? have you beheld
That rare assemblage of all nature's beauties?
Ha! have you ever seen her? where is the remedy
For passion like to mine?

Hal. You should have found it,
If not in duty, in despair.—You know
Our Spanish tyrants spurn, as well as hate us—
Would not Alvarez deem it infamy
That e'en a Moorish prince should wed Florinda?
When you approach his palace, ev'ry slave,
The menials of his threshold cry, in scorn,
"Behold the Moor!" and e'en the fair Florinda
Has ne'er confessed she smiles upon your passion.
And yet you love—

Hem. And must love on forever.
Love is a fire self-fed, and does not need
Hope to preserve its flame. Full well I know
I must despair! and yet, when I behold her
And her blue eyes are lifted—

Ham. What avails it?
Even if she love, she never could be yours—
Is she not promised to Grenada's governor?

Hem. Kind heaven, let not that fell Pescara clasp
Those beauties to his bosom, and profane
An angel's form in his accursed embrace!
Oh, no! it will not be—for she abhors him!
She shudders when she sees that man of blood,
Whom Philip sends to crush us. Well she feels
That he was once the Inquisition's satellite,
Till Philip plucked the cowl from off his front,
To raise him to his councils. Oh! Florinda,
Before I see thee his, may heaven's swift fire
Fall on my head!

Hal. Weak and degenerate passion!
How it unmans your nature! I perceive
Malec alone can break this fatal charm.
Would that the agéd Moor, to whom your father
Upon his death bed gave you, had returned!
Too long amid the Moorish mountaineers

He lingers from Grenada. Would he were here,
To wake your slumb'ring virtue!
Hem. [*Going.*] Fare you well! [*Crosses*, R.
Hal. Where wouldst thou go? 'tis midnight's silent hour.
Nightly you wander forth. No couch now strews
Repose and sleep for you; nor, till the morn,
Pale and aghast you come
Hem. This is my hour,
My only hour of joy. Haly, I go
To stand beside her lattice; there, sometimes,
I hear her distant voice, when up to heav'n
It goes in midnight melody. The moon
Throws sometimes, on her face, its tender beams;
And e'en when I no longer can behold her,
I see the light that from the casement shines,
And gaze upon it, as it were the star
Of lovers, till the morning. [*Shout*, R.] Hark!
Hal. A sound
Of far-off tumult murmurs on mine ear,
Like ocean's chafing surge—
Ham. Behold, the sky
Doth redden in the black horizon's verge;
A strong unnatural light streams o'er the dark,
And mocks the dawn of morn. [*Fire-bell heard.*

Enter a MOOR, R.

Moor. My lord, the palace of Count Alvarez
Stands inwrapt in fire!
Hem. Florinda? speak!
Moor. She has not yet been seen.
Hem. Oh, heavens, Florinda! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Street in Grenada.*

Enter ALVAREZ, L., *supported by two* SERVANTS.

Alv. Where is my child? where is my child, Florinda?
Where do you drag me? let me go! unhand me!
Let me go back and die! unnatural men,
You should not force the father from the child.
1*st Ser.* The thought is frenzy! from the rolling smoke
You scarce were ta'en alive! and here we lead you

To breathe the fresh'ning air; you shall not go;
For, should you pass the flaming gates again,
They would swallow you forever. [*Exit*, L.
Alv. Oh, my daughter!

Enter a SPANIARD, L.

Speak—tell me—speak!
Span. Your daughter has appeared
Amid the flames at last, and at her casement
Stands with her face and arms to heaven uplifted,
And seems a suff'ring angel—while below
The multitude in speechless horror stands.
Alv. [*Kneeling.*] Hear, and record my oath! he that shall bear
Florinda to my arms, shall win her hand,
And be inheritor of all my treasures;
And, if I break that oath, the heaviest curse
Fall on my head! [*A loud shout is heard*, L.
What's that I hear?

Enter a SPANIARD, L.—*after a short pause.*

Span. My lord, a desp'rate man with furious force
Bursts through the gathered thousands, scales the walls,
And plunges through the flame.
Alv. Oh, heaven reward him! [*Another shout*, L.
That sound sends life again through every vein,
And my heart bounds—
[*Voices without*, L.] She is saved! she is saved!
Alv. O heaven!
Lead me from hence, and let me see my child.
[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Garden adjoining the Palace of Alvarez part of which appears already consumed and blackened.*

Enter HEMEYA, L. U. E., *bearing Florinda in his arms.*

Hem. I feel thy pressure in my heart—I have thee—
I clasp thee here, while all my senses rush
In the full throb of rapture! all my being
Seems gathered in the pulse that beats to thee:
I am beloved, I am beloved!
Flor. Hemeya!
Heaven, let me thank thee, that this generous man

Has saved me! I will look on thee, Hemeya!—
My eyes will tell thee;—I am very faint;—
I cannot speak;—but I am grateful to thee.
Hem. Florinda! my beloved!
Oh, pardon me,
If for one moment of delirious joy,
I held thee to my heart; but here, behold,
A slave before thy feet; all that I ask
Is to gaze long upon thee, till my soul
Forgets all earthly sorrow: oh, Florinda!
What sleepless nights, what days of desperation,
Since first thy form came on my raptured sight,
And rested in my heart!
I did not know you loved me.
Flor. I confess that I am grateful to thee.
Hem. Do not talk
Of chilling gratitude; in the dread moment
When death hung hov'ring o'er thee, I did hear—
Oh! I did hear thee say, that death itself
Was welcome here! was welcome in my arms.
Flor. Don't look upon me! for within thy gaze
I sink into the earth.
Hem. Why would Florinda,
She who is made of gentleness and pity,
Deny that beam of dawning happiness,
That glimpse of op'ning heaven?
Flor. Because Florinda
Scarce to her shuddering heart had dared to tell,
What she has told to thee! I ne'er can wed thee,
And what a pang it is to love thee still!
Dost thou not know my father frowns upon thee?
Dost thou not know I never can be thine?
Yet, wretched that I am, I have revealed
What I must blush to think of.—But he comes,
My father comes: oh! I must dry these tears;
Within his arms forget my ev'ry grief;
And feel I am a daughter.—My dear father!

Enter ALVAREZ, L., *crosses*, C.

Alv. My child!
Hem. Yes, take her, clasp her to your heart,
And as that heart beats with a father's transport,
Moor as I am, don't blame me that I love her.

Alv. By heaven, I see thy mother in thy face!
Thou god-like man, what shall I say to thee?
Oh! let my tears fall on this noble hand,
And speak a burning soul!
Hem. I am rewarded.
Alv. Brave, generous man!
Hem. Nay, good my lord, you overpay
My poor desert, and grow my creditor:—
But you forget me—I am most unworthy—
I am the Moor.
Alv. No:—I remember well;
Thou art hateful to the Christian.—Yesterday
I did command Florinda, on the pain
Of heaviest imprecation, ne'er to gaze
Upon thy face again.
Flor. Oh, my dear father,
Florinda can be wretched, if you please,
But not ungrateful, too!
Alv. Give me thy hand:—you love the Moor?
Flor. My lord!
Alv. Come, you confess it;
Your looks reveal your heart: and Count Pescara
Interpreted the silent tear aright,
When first I bade you wed him.
Flor. Let my grave,
Oh! let a couch of lead, let the cold shroud,
And the earth's grass, be all my place of rest,
Ere Count Pescara, at heaven's awful shrine,
Claims from these lips the perjured oath to love
The man from whom my sinking heart recoils.
Hem. Howe'er you deal with me, let not
Florinda be wedded to that villain!—
Alv. Hear me, Moor!
Pescara is Grenada's governor,
And bears the sway of Philip;—long he loved
And wooed Florinda with her father's sanction.
Thou art a Moor—thy nation is a slave:
And, though from Moorish kings thou art descended,
The Christian spurns thee; yet it is to thee
I give Florinda's hand.
Flor. What do I hear?
Hem. Am I in heaven?—Oh, speak, speak, Count Alvarez,

Speak it again!—let me be sure of it,
For I misdoubt my senses.
Alv. She is yours!
Hem. Which of you shall I kneel to? let me press
Your rev'rend knees within my straining arms—
I shall grow wild with rapture; men will say
The madd'ning planet smote me with its power.
Florinda, thou art mine! my wife! my joy!—
[*Crosses to* C.
Thou exquisite perfection!—thou fair creature!
Who now shall part us?

As he embraces her, PESCARA *enters,* L.

Pes. I!—speak, Count Alvarez.
What is it I behold?—don't look upon me
As if you never had beheld my face.
I am Pescara—you have not to learn
What Count Pescara is?—who ever wronged me
That did not perish? I had come to greet you,
And, as I passed, the rascal rabble talked
Of some wild dotard vow, some graybeard's folly;—
I seized a wretch that dared to slander you,
And dashed him to the earth for the vile falsehood.
Alv. If gratitude be crime—
Pes. What do I hear?
Hem. What you shall hear again. [*Crosses to Pescara.*
Pes. Moor, not from thee;—
I would not let thee speak a Spaniard's shame.
[*Crosses to Florinda.*] You, madam, will inform me; you, whose eyes
Are bent upon the ground—whose yielding form
Doth seem like sculptured modesty; nay, tell me,
For I have tidings for *your* ear.
Flor. My lord, I do confess, my father's will
Unites me to the Moor.
Pes. And you obey him;
For here obedience is an easy virtue.
Flor. Yes; where my heart swells with the glowing sense
Of tender, thrilling gratitude!—my being
Owns in its deep recess the consciousness
That it is all his own: nay, think, my lord,

Can I behold his face, and not exclaim,
"This is the man who saved me!" can I feel
The pleasures of existence—can I breathe
The morning air, or see the dying day
Sink in the western sky—can I inhale
The rose's perfume, or behold the lights
That shine forever in yon infinite heaven—
Or can I taste one joy that nature gives
To this, our earthly tarrying-place—nor think
That 'tis to him I owe each little flower
I tread on in life's bleakness?
E'en now I place my hand upon my heart,
And, as it throbs, there is a voice within
That tells this throbbing heart it would be still,
Were not Hemeya brave.—This is my father—
[*Crosses to Alvarez.*
He gave that life Hemeya did preserve;
And when he gives my hand in recompense,
I cannot but obey.

Pes. I thank you, madam;—
And, since it seems that gratitude's the fashion,
Your pains shall be requited.—Know, fair maid,
The daughter of Alvarez never shall
Be wedded to a Moor; nay, do not start—
Never!

Hem. My lord!

Pes. No!—never!

Alv. Count Pescara! what is it that you mean?

Pes. I mean, my lord,
That others have more care of your nobility
Than you have ta'en yourself.—Ha! ha! a Moor!
One of that race that we have trodden down
From empire's height, and crushed—a damned Morisco,
Accurséd of the church, and by the laws
Proscribed and branded.—What, you choose a Moor
To swell the stream of your nobility
With his polluted blood?—in sooth, 'tis pleasant!

Hem. You have forgot me; you forget yourself.—
Through centuries of glory, on the heads
Of my great ancestors, the diadem
Shone through the world, and from each royal brow
Came down with gath'ring splendour;—and if here

It shines no more—'tis fate! but what art thou?
[*Crosses to Pescara.*
The frown of fortune could not make me base;
The smile of fortune could not make thee noble.—
Who knows not that Pescara once, within
The Inquisition's dungeons, toiled at torture?—
There Philip found you, and his kindred soul
Owned the soft sympathy.
Pes. My birth!—confusion—
And must I ever feel the reptile crawl,
And see it pointed at?—what if I rush,
And with a blow strike life from out his heart?
No—no! my dagger is my last resource.
[*Draws a roll of parchment from his bosom.*
Here, Moor, within thy grasp I plant a serpent,
And, as it stings, think 'tis Pescara's answer—
This very night it reached me from Madrid,
And thou art first to hear it. Look you here:
If Caucasus were heaped between you both,
With all his snows—his snows have not the pow'r
To freeze your amorous passion half so soon
As Philip's will.—Farewell—but not forever!
[*Gives the parchment to Hemeya, and exit,* L.
Alv. As Philip's will!—rumour went late abroad,
Spain's gloomy sovereign had decreed to crush
Your race to deeper servitude.—Florinda,
Be not so terrified.
Flor. Can I behold
The quick convulsive passions o'er his face,
And read his soul's deep agony, nor feel
A terror in my heart? [*Crosses to Hemeya.*] Tell me, Hemeya,
What heavy blow relentless fortune strikes—
What other misery is still in store
To fall upon our heads.
Hem. A Christian!—no!
Flor. Wilt thou not speak to me? wilt thou not chase
The dreadful fears that throng about my soul?—
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Hem. Accursed tyrant!
Florinda, wilt thou leave me?—can my fate—
Can kings and priests—e'er pluck thee from my soul?

Flor. No!
Hem. Then, Florinda, thus I spurn the tyrant!
They'd make a Christian of me—Philip proscribes
My nation and my creed; and on the pain
Of instant death, unless he publicly
Abjure his prophet's law, no Moor can wed
A Christian woman.
Flor. Well, dost thou renounce me?
Alv. Hear me, Hemeya!—will you yield obedience
To Philip's will, and swear yourself a Christian?
Hem. A Christian!
Alv. Ay! it is the law.
Hem. The law!
What law can teach me to renounce my country?
Alv. Then choose between your prophet and Florinda.
Hem. Wilt thou abandon me? [*To Florinda.*
Alv. Let my deep curse fall on her head—
Flor. Don't breathe those dreadful words—
Do I deserve that you should doubt me?—no!
In infancy I gazed upon your face
With an instinctive reverence, that grew
To reason's tender dictate: never yet
Have I offended you; and let me say,
My tears may flow from eyes long used to weeping—
My form may wither in the gripe of grief—
My heart may break indeed; love can do this;
But never can it teach Florinda's hand
To draw down sorrows on a father's age,
Or to deserve his curse.
Hem. This, this from thee?
Flor. You've found the dreadful secret of my soul!
But hold—what am I doing?—pride, where art thou?
Am I so fallen in passion?—oh, my father,
Lead me from hence!
Hem. Florinda, stay one moment—
Don't leave me—don't abandon me.
Flor. My father, lead me hence!
Alv. [*To Hemeya.*] You have heard Alvarez' will—
Take one day for decision: if to-morrow
You do not, in the face of heav'n, renounce
The faith of Mahomet, renounce Florinda! [*Exit, R.*
Hem. Oh, misery!—my Florinda, look upon me!

Flor. Yes, I will look upon thee, and perhaps
Shall never look again—for, from this hour,
You never may behold or hear me more.
Hem. Then let me die!
Flor. Hemeya, listen to me!
My heart has owned its weakness: yet, thank heav'n,
With all my sex's folly, still I bear
My sex's dignity: I've not the pow'r
To crush the fatal passion in my breast,
But I can bury it: yes, yes, Hemeya,
I feel my blood is noble, and Florinda
Shall never stoop before thee: from the world
I'll fly, from thee forever!—tears may fall,
But none shall see the blushes where they hang!—
Thou shalt not see me weep—thou shalt not have
The cruel pleasure; in religion's cells
I'll hide my wretchedness!—Farewell, Hemeya!
And, heaven, if I may dare to lift to thee
A pray'r of earthly passion, touch his heart,
Fill it with holy light, and make him thine:—
And, howsoe'er thou shalt decide my doom,
On him pour down thy blessings!
[*As she goes out, she looks back for an instant.*
Oh, Hemeya! [*Exit,* R.
Hem. She blest me as she parted; yet I feel
A curse fall on my heart! I am doomed to choose
Between despair and crime! my fate cries out,
Be wretched or be guilty; but, Florinda,
How could I live without thee?—can I see
That form, to which I stretched my desp'rate arms
In the wild dream of passion and despair,
Brought to my bosom in assured reality,
Nor rush to clasp it here?—would the faint traveller,
Who long hath toiled through Afric's sultry sands,
Droop o'er the fount that mid the desert gushed,
Even from the burning rock, and die with thirst,
While its clear freshness wooed him to be blest?—
No! he would drink, though there were poison in it.
[*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*The Exterior of the Inquisition.*

Enter Malec *and* Haly, L.

Mal. Renounce his people! Haly, I did not think,
As here I journeyed from yon ragged cliffs,
To hear these fatal tidings. Oh, Hemeya!
Hal. After long struggles of reluctant honour,
He promised to abjure his nation's creed.
To-day the public rite of abjuration
Is to be solemnized.
Mal. I have heard enough.
Hal. But when you tell what you had come to teach him;
And he has heard that on his brows shall shine
The crown his fathers wore; when you have told him—
Mal. I will not tell him, till he has deserved
He shall not wear a crown. A diadem
Shall never call him back to honour's road,
If honour could not do it. But I'll try
My wonted power upon him; from its ashes
'Twill not be hard to wake the expiring flame
That once burnt bright within him. Thou, meanwhile,
Call at the Cadi's house the noblest Moors,
That to their secret ears I may unfold
The cause of my return. [*Exit Haly*, L.
Renounce the faith
That suffering had endeared, when twenty thousand
Of his brave countrymen are leagued together,
To break the bonds of Philip's tyranny!
When freedom's flame from yonder mountain tops
Will blaze through Spain's wide realm, he basely falls
Before the tyrant's edict, and obeys!
But hold! he comes! there was a time, Hemeya,
When I had rushed to catch thee in my arms!

Enter Hemeya, R.

I charge thee not to touch my garment's edge!
Hem. Oh, Malec, this from thee! when I behold thee,
After long months of absence, dost thou scorn me?

Mal. Dost thou not scorn thyself? I know it all;
Fame has not kept thy baseness from mine ears.
What, for a wanton!—
Hem. Wanton!
Mal. Ay, a Spanish wanton!
Is she not one of those same melting dames,
Unlike the prophet's virgin votaries,
That let men's eyes blaze on unveiléd charms,
And are themselves the wooers? 'tis for a wanton
You choose to be a villain.
Hem. I permit you
To rail against myself; heap on my head
Your heaviest curse, your blackest reprobation:
Open my heart, and stab; drive in more deep
The arrow of remorse; but do not dare,
Though you're my father's friend—
Mal. What should I fear?
Away, slight boy! and speak not of thy father.
I'm glad he sleeps in unattesting marble,
Else hadst thou been a parricide.
Hem. I am guilty; I confess that I am guilty.
But if you felt what youth and passion feel—
If those soft eyes had ever beamed upon thee;
If long, like me, thou'dst withered in despair,
Till fresh'ning hope rose in this desert heart:
Oh, if, like me, thou'dst borne her in thy bosom,
While ruin flamed above—
Mal. Forbear, fond youth! my eyes are palled already.
Rein in thy wanton fancy; dost thou think
That I am made to hear a lover's follies?
Go, tell them to the moon, and howl with dogs!
Did she possess the charms of her who sleeps
Within the prophet's bosom, I would spurn
The man who had renounced, for her embrace,
His country and himself.
Hem. We have no country!
Mal. Thou hast, indeed, no country?
Hem. Are we not bound to earth? the lording Spaniard
Treads on our heads! we groan beneath the yoke
That, shaken, gores more deeply!
Resistance will but ope new founts of blood

To gush in foaming torrents. Dost thou forget
The Spaniard lifts the sword, and almost wishes
That we should give pretence to tyranny?
Look on yon gloomy towers; e'en now we stand
Within the shadows of the Inquisition.
Mal. Art thou afraid? look at yon gloomy towers!
Has thy fair union told thee to beware
Of damps and rheums, caught in the dungeon's vapours?
Or has she said those dainty limbs of thine
Were only made for love? Look on yon towers!
Ay, I will look upon them; not to fear,
But deeply curse them! There ye stand aloft,
Frowning in all your black and dreary pride,
Monastic monuments of human misery,
Houses of torment, palaces of horror!
Oft have you echoed to the lengthened shriek
Of midnight murder; often have you heard
The deep-choked groan of stifled agony
Burst in its dying whisper; curses on ye!
Curse on the tyrant that sustains you, too!
Oh! may ye one day, from your tow'ring height
Fall on the wretches that uphold your domes,
And crush them in your ruins! Oh, Hemeya!
Look there, Hemeya! think how many Moors,
How many of our wretched countrymen,
Are doomed to perish there, unless—
Hem. By heavens!
Thy burning front, thy flaming eyes, proclaim it!
Some glorious thought is lab'ring:—speak!—what mean'st thou?
I feel thy spirit's mastery; my soul
Fires in the glowing contact! Malec, speak!
Tell me, what can we do?
Mal. What can men do
Who groan beneath the lash of tyranny,
And feel the strength of madness? Have we not cimeters?
'Twas not in vain I sought those rugged heights,
Nor vainly do I now again return;
Amid the Alpuxerra's cragged cliffs,
Are there not myriads of high-hearted Moors,
That only need a leader to be free?

Thy voice would be a trumpet in the mountains,
That from their snow-crowned tops and hollow vales,
Would echo back the blast of liberty!
Dost thou not understand me?
Hem. Speak! can I free my people? can I rend
Our shameful bonds asunder, and revenge?
Mal. Canst thou?
Hem. Do not command me not to love;
But, if there be a road to liberty,
Provided death, with his uplifted dart,
Stand at its entrance—speak! is there a way?
Mal. And, were there not a way,
We'd hew one in the rock!—there is a way. [*Crosses*, L.
Hem. My soul hangs in thy lips—
Mal. I fear thee still. I fear thy wav'ring nature.
Hem. No, you wrong me; by heaven, you wrong me!
Mal. Fall upon the earth,
And by thy father's sacred memory—
By all thy people's wrongs—by Allah's name—
Swear—

Enter FLORINDA, R.

Flor. [*Interrupting him.*] Hold! what is it that I see!
Hem. A wretch!
Mal. Swear! quickly swear, before a woman's art
Turns thee to that a woman's self should spurn.
Flor. What should he swear?
Mal. Forever to renounce thee!
Flor. Ay! let him, if he will; let him renounce me.
I will not say that I am hardly used,
Nor load him with my love! I can bear all,
Except to see him perish.
Mal. Swear, Hemeya, never to be a Christian!
Flor. Hold, for heaven's mercy!
Hem. Bright angel, art thou come to save, or damn me?
Flor. I'm come to tell the perils that surround thee.
Cruel, unkind Hemeya! I perceive
The power that Malec holds upon thy soul.
But yesterday, e'en at the cloister's gates,
You vowed you would renounce the world for me.
Mal. Ay! what is worth much more than all the world,
More than the crescent diadem that shines
On Selim's turbaned brow! more than the heaven

The prophet's eye beheld; nay, more than thee—
His honour and his truth! Rightly thou hast said
'Tis I who snatch him from thee.
Flor. Not from me—
It is from life you snatch him! Let him leave me,
Never behold me more!
Hem. Can I do that?
Flor. Do anything but perish.
I reck not of myself; but I have heard,
Since last we parted, more than first I feared;
The King's decree hath armed Pescara's hand
With power omnipotent against the Moors.
Death hovers over thy head! Gomez, Pescara,
Are crouched to leap upon thee.
Hemeya, be a Christian, or you perish!
Hem. It is not hard to die; thou, thou alone
Art all that makes life worth the keeping to me.
Mal. I will not think a well-wrought tear or two
Can make thee base again.
Hem. [*To Malec.*] Within thy bosom
I'll bury all my face; for, if I dare
To gaze upon her charms, they will unman me.
Flor. And dost thou scorn to look upon Florinda?
And am I spurned so far? once 'twas otherwise;
Now I am fit for scorn!
Hem. Florinda!
Mal. Hold!
Weigh not your country with a woman's tears.
Flor. I am, indeed, a woman; and I feel
My sex's cruel portion, to be wooed,
And flattered, and adored, until at last
We own our nature's folly;—then you spurn,
Who wept and sighed before. You then pull down
The idol that you worshipped, and you deem,
Because a woman loves, she should be scorned!
I should not weep, and you would not despise me!
Hem. Malec!
Mal. Are you a man? are you his son
Whose heart ne'er felt a throb but for his country?
Hem. Look here, and pity me! behold this face,
Where shines a soul so pure, so sweet a spirit—
Can I renounce her? tell me if I can!

Look on him, my Florinda! lift those eyes,
So full of light, and purity, and love;
Look on him, and he'll pity me.
Flor. Hemeya,
Art thou so kind again, and wilt thou live?
Hem. Stay near my heart, and, as I press thee thus,
I shall no longer feel this agony:
I never can resign thee.
Mal. Worthless Moor!
Why does my poniard tremble in my grasp?
Woman!
Flor. You shall not tear him into death. [*Crosses*, c.
Mal. [*Aside.*] I cannot do it—yet, must I behold
The son of Moorish kings a woman's slave?
I'll try to rouse him still. Perfidious traitor!
Hem. Traitor!
Mal. Traitor! and, if there be a name more foul,
Apostate!
Flor. Spare him, spare him! dost thou see
How his frame trembles, and what agony
Is stamped upon his face? Oh, pity him!
Mal. I do, indeed, I spurn him for his weakness;
But, woman, have a care—leave him, renounce him,
Or else—
Flor. I can resign Hemeya's heart,
But cannot give his life; nay, tell me, Malec,
You who have loved him, watched his tenderest youth,
And hold him in your heart—would you consent
To yield him up to burning martyrdom,
And cast him in the raging furnace
That persecution lights with blasts of hell?
Mal. Better that he should perish—
Flor. Dost thou say so?
Wouldst plunge him in destruction? wouldst thou see him
In all the torments of a ling'ring death,
While Gomez and Pescara stood beside,
To glut themselves upon his agonies?
Mal. Woman, thou hast employed thy sex's cunning,
To make my friend a villain; but beware,
Else I will break thy spells; I will unloose
The charméd threads thou wind'st around his soul.

Flor. I will renounce him! you, perchance, desire,
That from your prophet's votaries he should choose
One fairer and more happy than Florinda!
Let him but speak it, and a cloister's cell
Shall be the refuge of her misery.
I ask for nothing but Hemeya's safety,
And that's too dear to part with.
Hem. Leave me! never!
Mal. [*Draws his dagger.*] Then it is done! prophet, behold the deed!
Strengthen my trembling hand; it is for freedom,
It is for Heaven I strike!
[*He pauses for an instant, and, after a struggle, exclaims,*
I cannot do it!
I am myself a coward.
[*Lets the dagger fall.—Hemeya and Florinda start.*
Hem. Abhorred, detested villain! [*Crosses, c.*
Mal. Call me coward,
For that I feel I am; 'twas Heaven itself
That bade me strike, and nature conquered me.
Hem. Cursed be the creed that can make murder holy!—
Thee! thee! Florinda—here, within my arms!
Ha! was it here thou would'st have plunged the poniard?
Fear not, sweet trembler! Shelter thee, my love!
Harm shall ne'er reach thee here. Avoid my sight!
Fanatic, hence! in him I once revered,
I see the reeking murderer—
Mal. Do not think
The blow was destined for her heart alone—
If, in obedience to the prophet's law,
I had been brave enough to do the deed
That Mahomet had sanctioned, from her heart
I would have drawn the steel to plunge it here,
And, as the life flowed forth, have told thee that
Which thou shalt never hear. I leave thee now,
But thou art sunk so deep, that 'twere in vain
To pluck thee from thy shame. I go to seek
Grenada's Moors, met for a noble purpose.
Know, thou hast lost a crown! Farewell forever!
Hemeya! Oh, Hemeya! [*Exit, L.*

Hem. I heed not what he says; I can but think
His curséd steel was aimed against thy life.
Flor. And that alone could blot thine image here.
Hem. But Murder trembled as it gazed upon thee;—
He could not strike; thy beauty, like a charm,
Unnerved his grasp! Heaven sets its seal upon thee,
And consecrates thy form! Oh! what bright wonders
Are gathered in thy face, when e'en the Prophet
Could not compel him to the bloody deed,
And Malec's hand could shudder.
Flor. Thou then wilt ne'er
Renounce Florinda for the cruel faith
That would have pierced a heart that beats for thee?
That look! I'm blest!—and see, my father comes,
To be the witness of Florinda's bliss.

Enter ALVAREZ, R.

Alv. [*To Hemeya.*] I come to seek you, for the gorgeous temple
Is kindled with the church's brightest pomp;
And thousands wait your presence, to begin
The rite of adjuration.
Hem. Is my fate so near its hard completion?
Alv. It is well
Thou hast consented, else the fiercest fires
The Inquisition kindles for the Moors,
Had been thy portion.
Flor. Then lose not an instant;
Take him, my father, else he will go back.
[*Crosses him over to Alvarez.*
Alv. To-night a priest shall join your wedded hands.
Hem. And let that thought alone possess my soul!
Upon the verge of ruin I will gaze
On the bright vision that allures me on,
And leads me to the gulf; I'll turn my eyes
Tow'rds the star-studded heaven, where still it shines
While I am sinking. Yes, when I behold thee,
Conscience is scarce a rebel to thy charms.
I go, Florinda; do not forget
That, if I dare be guilty, 'tis for thee!
[*Exeunt Alvarez and Hemeya,* R.
Flor. I am happy now—

A beam of angel-bliss falls on my heart,
And spreads Heaven's light about it.
[*The gates of the Inquisition open—the bell tolls twice.*
What do I see?

Enter GOMEZ, PESCARA, *and* INQUISITORS, *from the interior of the edifice*, U. E.

The Inquisition's servants—Gomez, Pescara!
[*Rushes up wildly and exultingly to the Inquisitors.*
He is a Christian! he has 'scaped your toils,
Heaven watches o'er his safety! you are foiled!
Stir not another step; back, back again—
Back to your cells and caverns. Do you not see
Faith, like an angel, hov'ring o'er his head?
Back, back, he is a Christian!
Gom. [*Advancing towards her.*] Who art thou,
That with loud adjuration has presumed
To interrupt the servants of the church?
Pes. Forgive her, holy father, for she seems
Touched with inspiring power.
[*Goes up to her.*] The fair Florinda!
I cry you mercy, madam.
Flor. Pardon me, I know not what I said.
Pes. Ay, but I know it. Stay, stay, fair maid!
[*To Gomez.*] Speed, Gomez, strike the blow,
Strike it at once! And, hark ye, as you go,
Think that Pescara will not be ungrateful.
[*Exeunt Gomez and Inquisitors*, R.
Flor. He sends him forth
Upon some dreadful purpose.
Pes. Do you deign
To look upon the wretch from whom your eyes
Were ever turned with loathing? but 'tis merciful.
This sun-set beam of hope—nay, do not tremble;
You should not fear the man that you despise.
Flor. My lord, 'tis not my purpose to offend you:
One poor request is all that I intreat;
Tell me, what cause has called these men of death
Forth from their dread abodes? whom do they seek?
What is their dread intent? teach me, my lord;
I do conjure you, teach me.
Pes. Ay, 'tis your sex's vice; when curiosity

Once stings a woman's heart, scorn will turn suppliant,
And hate itself will almost learn to woo.
Flor. Not against him?
Pes. Who is it that you mean?
I do not understand you?
Flor. His dark eye
Glitters with horrid meaning—"like the glass,
"Within whose orb the voice of magic calls
"The fiends from hell, within its fiery globe
"The demon passions rise!"
My lord, forgive me
That I have dared to ask: I take my leave.
Pes. [*Stopping her.*] Nay, do not go; although I am forbid
To tell the secrets of the Inquisition,
Yet something can I tell you.
Flor. Well, my lord?
Pes. 'Tis but a dream.
Flor. You mock me.
Pes. Do not think it;
You are a pious and believing maid,
And long within a convent's holy cells
Communed with Heaven's pure votaries.—I remember
When you did marvel what young virgins meant,
When all their talk was love; for on your heart
It fell like moonlight on a frozen fountain.
That heart has melted since;—but you, perchance,
Have still retained enough of true belief
Not to despise a vision! On my couch,
Last night, I long lay sleepless; I revolved
The scorns, the contumelies I have suffered
But will not brook; at last, sleep closed my eyelids,
And then methought I saw the am'rous Moor
In all the transports of exulting passion,
And I stood by, chained to a fiery pillar,
Condemned to gaze forever; while two fiends
Did grin and mow upon me.
Senseless I fell with rage. As thus I lay,
Forth from the yawning earth a figure rose,
Whose stature reached to Heaven; his robes appeared
Woven out of solid fire! around his head
A serpent twined his huge gigantic folds;

And on his front, in burning characters,
Was written "vengeance!"
Flor. Vengeance! oh, my lord,
You fright me! but I ne'er offended you;
What crime have I committed?
Pes. Listen to me:
He cried, "do not despair!" and bade me follow.
Flor. Let me depart— [*Crosses*, L.
Pes. I followed—
He led me to a bower of Paradise,
And held a cup of joy, which, he exclaimed,
Was mingled by himself;—I quaffed: twas nectar,
And thrilled within my heart—then, then, Florinda!—
Flor. Let me implore you— [*Struggling.*
Pes. Then, within my arms methought I pressed thee.
Flor. Hold! this violence—
Pes. Nay, do not talk of violence;
You seemed a willing and a tender bride,
And rushed into my bosom!
Flor. Count Pescara,
I must not hear this mockery! do not speak
Of what you should not think! this very day
Shall bind me, with an everlasting vow
To him!—ay, him! I do not fear to tell it,
To him my heart adores. 'Tis not to me
You should unfold your horrid fancies.
Pes. Mark me! there's oft a prophecy in dreams.
[*Exit*, R.
Flor. [*Alone.*] Ha! this means something. Well I know Pescara:
His voice doth sound like fate within my soul,
That answers back in faint and trembling echoes.
This horrid band of death, his fell commands,
The terrors of his eye, his looks of destiny,
All, all affright me! if I must be wretched,
O Heaven, don't let me know it; leave me still
The bliss of ignorance! What if Pescara,
Before Hemeya has adjured his creed,
Should treacherously seize him?
Would that the rite were done!
[*A distant symphony is heard.*
What seraph music floats upon my soul?

Methinks it is the organ's solemn swell,
That from the church's aisles ascends to heaven.
The holy rite proceeds! sweet sounds, awake!
Awake again upon my raptured soul!

[*A distant chorus sings.*

CHORUS.

The mystic light
Has dawned upon his sight:
He sees, and he believes. Rejoice, rejoice,
With one acclaiming voice!
Strike, seraphs! strike your harps, and through the sky
Swell the full tide of rapturous melody!

[*The Curtain falls, while Florinda kneels.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent Apartment in the House of the Cadi of Grenada.*

A number of MOORS *are assembled together—the* CADI, HALY, HAMET, *&c.*

Cadi. Haly, the noblest of Grenada's Moors,
Within the sacred walls where we are wont
To celebrate the Prophet's holy name,
Meet at your bidding.
Hal. You are called together
By the command of Malec; he returns
From the Alpuxerras, fraught with some great tidings,
And bade me summon you.
Cadi. We need his counsel
In this our hour of sorrow; when our prince
Turns recreant from his people, it is well
Malec is left us still; for his great soul,
Firm to the prophet, lifts its stubborn height,
And, by the storms of fate, more deeply still
Is rooted in his country.
Ham. See—he comes!—
But with disturbéd step.—

Enter MALEC, L.

Mal. He is a Christian!
Lend me thy aid, good Hamet!—ha! I am old—
What! do I weep?—dry—dry my tears in rage;
Do not despise me, Moors!—I am a man—
I am again a man; no more of him!
Moors, fellow countrymen—
Cadi. Speak, thou brave man! we wait the voice of Heaven—
Mal. The voice of Heaven
First waked the great design. Amid the mountains
I sought those untamed Moors, whose fathers fled
To nature's fortresses, and left their sons
Their freedom and their faith!—the Prophet smiled,
And gave me power to light within their breasts
The fire that glowed in mine!—Moors! if your souls
Are noble as the rugged mountaineers,
You will not brook to see your sacred rights
Robbed by the tyrant.—Philip's law proscribes
Our creed, our rites, our sacred usages;
Plucks off our silken garments from our limbs,
And clothes us in our slavery. If he could,
He'd blot the burning sunbeam from our faces,
And wash us into white and pallid Christians!
Would you not rather die?
Moors. We will die before it.
Mal. No, you shall live in freedom!
Know that already twenty thousand Moors
Are leagued by direst oaths;—[*Moors touch swords.*] ha!
I am glad
Your hands are laid upon your cimeters;—
Draw, draw them forth; and, as they blaze aloft,
Swear that you will be free!
Moors. We swear!
Mal. Then learn,
Through the Morisco towns a wide conspiracy
Has long been formed to raise on high
The standard of the Prophet;—the first blow
Shall be Grenada's capture!—be prepared
To join your countrymen. This very night
Their marshalled numbers, 'neath the auspicious moon,

Shall move upon the glorious enterprise!
And, ere the morn, the crescent shall be fixed
High on the Alhambra's towers!
Moors. We shall be free! [*They brandish their cimeters.*
Mal. God and the Prophet grant it!
Oh, Mahomet! look down from Paradise,—
Pity thy suffering people; raise again
Amid the land where once our fathers ruled,
Thine empire and thy faith!—kneel, fellow Moors,
For 'tis the hour of prayer; and tow'rds the east,
As low you bend, from 'mid the sacred shrine
Arise the hymn of holy melody,
For 'tis in heaven we trust! [*The Moors kneel.*

CHANT.

Allah! hear thy people's pray'r,
And lift thy votries from despair!
On empire's mountain-height replace
The children of a noble race!
And set us free!
Prophet of God! restore
The conqu'ring days of yore,
And set us free! [*A step is heard without.*

Cadi. Suspend your holy rite; let your hymns cease!
Behold a Spaniard with profaning step
Comes rushing tow'rds the shrine!
Mal. An infidel
Presumes to break on our solemnity!

Enter HEMEYA, L., *in precipitation, and in Spanish garments—the Moors all rise.*

What do I see? ha! does he come to blast me?
Hem. I know you wonder that I dare approach
This consecrated spot—but when you hear—
[*Moors turn away.*
Ha! now I feel my guilt.
Mal. Speak, noble Christian!
How are we honoured with your gracious presence?
Hem. Oh! hear my prayer—
Mal. You mean your high commands—
I am a Moor, a vile ignoble slave—
You are a Christian!
These costly garments that adorn your body
Proclaim your lordly rule:—What is your pleasure?

If you would buffet me, as many a time
I've seen it done, I'll bear it patiently.
Employ the privilege of your religion,
Right worthy, true, and honourable Christian!
Hem. Your ev'ry word stings like an aspic here!
But do not think that, with remorseless soul,
I dare to come where ev'ry voiceless thing
Proclaims my guilt aloud; it is your safety
That leads me here before thee; Malec, fly!—
The Inquisition—
Mal. Ha! the Inquisition—
Hem. Prepare to drag thee to their cells of death!
Mal. Are we betrayed? hast *thou* betrayed *us* too!
Traitor! accursed traitor! [*Seizes him—after a pause.*] I had forgot!—
'Tis well—I had forgot; I did not tell thee.—
Hem. Oh, use me as thou wilt; I will not pause
To search thy meaning:—hear me!—'twas e'en now
I met Pescara; with a face of smile
He came to greet me, and, with outstretched arm,
He grasped my hand in his; with that exclaimed,
"Here let our discord end: thou'st gained Florinda:
A generous mind towers o'er its enmities!"
And then, in pledge of friendship, bade me seek thee.
He bade me tell thee that the Inquisition
Had marked thee for their victim: I had doubted him,
And would have turned with scorn, but that I saw
Their bands of death move o'er Grenada's streets.
E'en now they come.
Mal. Why, let them come; I'm glad
They choose me for the torture! let them come,
And I will brave them:—[*Knock, c.*] Ha! I know you well—
The knock of death is there! [*A loud knocking.*
Hem. He is lost forever!
[*The Moors draw their cimeters.*
Mal. Let your cimeters
Shrink back within their sheaths. Put up your weapons.
Moors. They're drawn but to defend you.
Mal. Put them up!
Rumour, perchance, has reached their watchful ears,
And, doubtless, they are come, in hope to force.

Confession from my lips; but I will brave them.
Another, in their tort'ring wheel, might speak
What all their engines ne'er shall tear from me.
Nay, I command you hence!—put up your weapons—
Resistance now were vain; they would seize us all,
They'd put a hundred of us to the torture.
Fly hence! begone!

[*Knock—the Moors retire.—Hem. and Malec remain.—Chain falls.*

They burst the gates: I am prepared to meet them.

Enter GOMEZ *at the head of the* INQUISITORS, L. 3*d* E.

Gom. You stand the Inquisition's prisoner!
Invet'rate infidel, by thy example
The Moors shall learn—
Mal. That I'm beyond your power.
Gom. Beyond our power?
Mal. These old and palsied limbs indeed are yours,
But my eternal spirit is my own!
Then hear! I spurn as well as curse your power,
And the vile tyrant that upholds you!
Gom. Bear witness that he utters blasphemy
Against the anointed king.
Mal. Against the king! against the anointed king!
Oh, you profane that name, when thus you call
The villain who has shamed the diadem
On his perfidious brows; his gloomy throne
Is palled with black, and stained with martyr blood,
While superstition, with a torch of hell,
Stands its fierce guardian! monks, with holy rage,
Rule every council, prompt each barb'rous impulse,
And light their own ferocity within him!
Such is the monarch of your wretched Spain,
Abhorred in his unhappy realm, and spurned
By all the world beside.
Gom. Hold! or yon roof
Will topple on our heads! you have confirmed
The deadly guilt that you are charged withal,
And added heavier crime. You are accused
Of foul endeavour to seduce a Moor
Back to your cursèd faith.
Hem. A Moor! what Moor?

Gom. Thyself!
Hem. Me!
Gom. And Grenada's governor.
The Count Pescara, at our dread tribunal,
Stands his accuser.
Hem. What! Pescara? ha!
A light from hell flares o'er my yawning ruin!
My horrors break upon me! what! Pescara!
Gom. And gave in proof, that in this place of sacrilege
You would be found.
Hem. Why does the earth not burst?
Why do I live?—villain, abhorréd villain!
Caught in thy snares, and wrung within thy grasp!
Ingenious reptile, under friendship's shade
Who spun his toils, and from his poisoned heart
Wrought out the thread to catch me; here I stand,
Abused and fooled to ruin.
Mal. Lead me hence!
Hem. [*To Gomez.*] 'Tis false! 'tis false! there is not in the catalogue
Of all hell's crimes, a name to speak its falsehood!
'Twas he himself who sent me! [*Gomez smiles.*] What avails it?
I see the mockery grin upon thy brow:
Well may'st thou look upon me as a fiend
Glares on the damned below.
Gom. With proof before our eyes, one way alone
Remains to prove him guiltless.
Hem. Say, what means?
Show me one ray of hope.
Gom. 'Tis thy example—
He must renounce his prophet!
Mal. Lead me hence! [*Crosses, L.*
Hem. Oh, Malec!
Mal. Well!
Hem. Say, shall the fatal blow
Fall from my innocent hand?
Mal. It will but perfect
What thou hast done already. Well, speak on!
What wouldst thou ask? Why dost thou stand aghast?
Hem. From ravenous fires to save thy reverend head,
To save me from that horror—

Mal. What! have I struck thee dumb?—thou didst not dare—
By heavens! thou didst not dare to ask it of me!
Christian was in thy lip, but back again
I frighted the base word within thy heart.
There let it rankle—there let it be an adder,
And breed a thousand other reptiles there—
It was enough to come before my face,
Fresh from the mould of shame, just stamped with 'villain!'
Now get thee gone!
Hem. Must I behold thee—and I the cursed cause!
Mal. May'st thou behold me?—
Methinks I'll feel a joy in all my tortures,
Till they can tear thee, too:—ha! have I rooted thee?
There stand forever!
[*Exeunt Malec and Inquisitors*, L. U. E.

Enter PESCARA, L. S. E.

Pes. Now is he fit to gaze on,
And I am half revenged!—this is the time
To sink him deeper into desperation.—
Most noble Moor—Christian, I should have said!
Hem. Ha! villain, art thou here?
Pes. The Count Pescara,
Grenada's governor, your friend, is here.
Hem. We are alone; thou art come to give me vengeance!
Perfidious fiend!—nay, do not look astonished;
This is no time for mockery.
Pes. Mockery! those alone
Who feel the poignant consciousness of shame,
Should fear its chastisement; who is compelled
To spurn himself, will, in an idiot's eyes,
Seek the strong flashes of malignity,
And find scorn's fingers in an infant's hand!
You need not fear it; but I cry you mercy—
Moor sounded harshly in converted ears;
But I'll repair the wrong, and call you Christian,
And sure you are one.
Hem. Ay, I am, thank heav'n,

This sword proclaims it; once the cimeter
Hung idly at my side, and I was forced
To gnash a choked revenge; but now I am
A Spaniard, and your peer!—thou damnéd villain,
Whose baseness is but equalled by thy guilt—
If I did not abhor, I'd pity thee!
Pes. You'd pity me!—it is a kind return
For admiration. Sure those virtues most
Command our wonder, that we ne'er can reach,
And I confess I ne'er could win the top
Of wisdom thou hast gained!—On Afric's shore,
Were I thy pirate brethren's wretched slave,
I would not be a curséd renegade!
I would not be what thou art!
Hem. I confess
That I am fallen, since e'en a wretch like thee
Can tell it to me, too; and yet, Pescara,
One thing at least I've gained; the right of vengeance,
As thou shalt sorely feel! come on, Pescara.
Pes. I marvel at your wrath—what is my crime?
Indeed you wrong me.
Hem. Do not feign to wonder.—
Did not thy treach'rous falsehood win me here?
Didst thou not bid me fly to save my friend?
And then—
Pes. I did, but 'twas in kindness to thee.
This day I mean to celebrate your marriage
With a most new and curious spectacle—
There shall be music, too.
Hem. What dev'lish purpose
Lurks in thy words, and shows but half the fiend?
Pes. I tell thee, music; thou shalt have the groans
Of gray-haired Malec ringing in thy ears!
The crackling flames in which he perishes
Shall hiss upon thee when thou art softly laid
Within the bosom of the amorous fair!
Nay, put thy sword within its sheath again;
Grenada's governor will never stoop
Down to thy wretched level!
Hem. Stay, Pescara!
And take the recompense of cowardice! [*Strikes him.*
Pes. A blow from thee! my furious soul breaks loose,

And rushes on thee—I intended vengeance
More desperate and sweet;—but thou hast forced me
To shed thy life too soon. [*They fight.*

Enter FLORINDA, L. U. E., *and rushes between them.*

Flor. Forbear! forbear! or in Florinda's blood
Let fury quench her fires!
Pes. Fool that I was!
The sudden phrensy hurried me away—
I might have slain him, and a single blow
Had burst the complicated toils I weave.
[*Aloud.*] A woman's bosom be thy shield—he 'scapes
Pescara's arm to goad Pescara's vengeance. [*Exit,* L.
Hem. He goes, and bears life with him; fall to ashes,
Thou recreant hand, that did not pierce his heart!
[*Florinda stops Hemeya from going,* L.
Thou, too, Florinda, hast conspired against me—
See what I am for thy sake!
Flor. Oh, Hemeya!
Speak as thou wilt, thou canst not take away
The tender pleasure of beholding thee.—
E'en now 'twas rumoured that the Inquisition
Had seized and borne thee to the dread tribunal—
The sound was terrible; fear winged my steps;
I flew to find thee, and I find thee safe.—
E'en as I passed I saw that aged Moor
Dragged pitiless along; and oh, Hemeya!
I own a throb of joy, of fearful joy,
Burst here as I beheld it.
Hem. Joy, Florinda!
Flor. On thee they would have cast the clodden earth—
On thee they would have thrown opprobrium's stain—
On thee they would have trampled;—ev'ry blow
That fell on Malec's face would have been thine.
And, oh! to see what thou hast 'scaped—to feel,
To clasp the certainty within my heart—
Hem. The earth was cast upon his reverend face?
Flor. It had been cast in thine.
Hem. The populace?
Flor. They would have scoffed at thee, too.
Hem. Now, perhaps,
From their infernal caverns they bring forth

The glitt'ring engines of ingenious agony;
The fires—
Flor. The fires were thine;—his groans and tortures,
Their engines and their racks,—all, all were thine;
And I must have beheld it!
Hem. Coward! slave!
Thou traitor to thy people, with a lie
Stuck quiv'ring in thy heart!—here, here I stand,
Fest'ring in Christian garments, with my shame,
Like an envenomed robe, to scorch my limbs.
I dare lift up my brow, and mock the man!
Here is the place for me; here, on the earth,
Let ev'ry wretch tread on me as he passes! [*Falls.*
Flor. This is too much for any mortal creature!
But, since I am doomed to more than human wo,
Give me, just heaven, much more than human patience!
Hemeya! dear as thou art cruel to me!
I can bear all my sorrow; but to see thee
Phrensied in agony—think every pang
That breaks within thy heart must burst in mine.
Hem. Hark thee, Florinda! I am not so vile—
I'm not the very villain that you think me.
Now, by my natal star in yonder heav'n,
He shall not perish!
Flor. Speak—what wouldst thou do?
Hem. Where are you, Moors?—it is Hemeya calls!
Where are you? I would kindle in your souls
The brave and fierce despair that rages here,—
Or, if you dread to follow me, alone
I'll save or die with him!
Flor. You shall not rush on death!
Hem. The voice of heav'n cries out within my soul;
A power invincible swells in my arm;
Nothing can stay me now!—I'll save my friend;
And, when 'tis done, I've done with living, too.
Flor. Why is it that I live, then? oh, Hemeya!
Why did you save me from the kinder flames,
To make me curse the blesséd light of heaven,
And call on death?—but I shall call in vain,
When they have dragged me shrieking to the altar,
And fell Pescara—
Hem. Ha, the curséd name

That rakes up hell within me!—'tis Pescara—
Flor. Yes, 'tis Pescara that will tear me, too,
To his accursed embrace.
Hem. Show not that image
To my distracted thought.
Flor. When thou art gone,
What will become of me! who then will hear
My phrensied shrieks for death, for help, for mercy?
Who then will hear me? who will help me then?
Thou wilt not! no, thou wilt abandon me.—
"Oh! they will ring the marriage bell for me,
"And, mid their frantic merriment, I'll hear
"The toll of death for thee."
Hem. What shall I do?
Malec, can I desert thee?—and Florinda!—
Flor. Is he to be my husband? am I to be
The victim of his execrable love?
Hem. Thy husband! fall before the face of heaven,
And bid it witness, that, whate'er befalls me—
Flor. Behold me, then! before the face of heaven—
That heaven that does not pity me, I swear,
If I must choose between Pescara's love
And death's eternal bed, I will prefer
Death for my horrid bridegroom.
Now, then, tell me,
Am I to die? for Heaven, if thou forsake me,
Death only can preserve me.
Hem. No! this arm,
When I have done the deed, shall bear thee hence,
Far from Grenada's towers.

Enter HALY, L.

Hal. My lord! my lord!
Hem. Speak!—
Hal. Malec—
Hem. Malec!
Hal. Is condemned!
Hem. Condemned?
Hal. Already has the toll of death pealed out
Its dreadful notice; ere the sun descend,
In all the pomp of martyrdom he dies.
Hem. Where are the Moors? where are my countrymen?

Hal. Before the Inquisition's gate they stand,
And say he should not perish, if their prince—
Hem. Tell them he shall not perish!—from the pile
Of blazing fires I'll tear him. [*Draws his sword.*
Flor. Oh, Hemeya!
I see the fate that wings thee to perdition.
Hem. Wilt thou not follow me?
Flor. Throughout the world!
I'll fasten to thy fate, I'll perish with thee.
I stand upon the brink of destiny,
And see the deep descent that gapes beneath:—
Oh! since I cannot save thee from the gulf,
From the steep verge I'll leap with thee along—
Cling to thy heart, and grasp thee with my ruin!
[*Throws herself into his arms—he bears her off,* L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street—Bell tolls,* R.—*Procession of the Inquisition.*

MALEC, GOMEZ, HEMEYA, HAMET, *and* HALY, *in disguise,* U. E.

Gom. Here pause, and give his feeble frame repose,
Else, ere we gain the place of execution,
His aged limbs will sink upon the earth.
Mal. [*Very weak.*] Monks, have I reached your faggots?
Gom. Scarce ten paces
Divide thee from the bourne of earthly pain.
If thou hast power, look forth, and hence behold
The Villarambla, where ascends the pile,
Upon whose burning top thou'rt doomed to die.
Mal. [*Looking off.*] Let me behold!
Hem. Oh, Haly, look upon him!
Hal. Hold, my lord,
Or you create suspicion—all bespeaks
The prosp'rous issue of our enterprise.
I have disposed the bravest of the Moors

Around the pile of death.
Hem. Be it thy care
To lead him to the eastern gate; meanwhile
I fly to bear Florinda from the spot
Of safety, where I left her; then we mount
Our Arab steeds, and speed us to the mountains.
Gom. Fear shakes your frame—you seem to gaze appalled
On yonder glittering scene, where all Grenada
Has poured her thousands to behold thee die.
Mal. It is a spectacle that fills my heart
With terror for mankind,—not for myself.
Unhappy country! land of monks and martyrs!
Women, and men, and children; young and old;
The beggar and the noble,—all are there
To view the spectacle of human pain,
In laughing, horrid merriment! The mother
Comes with her little children, to behold—
Nay, some, perhaps, bear life within their bosoms,
Yet gaze without a shudder! there, young maids,
Who would have shrieked to see a spider crawl,
Are met to see a fellow creature burn!
And this you call religion! but your faith,
Spaniards! your faith doth tell you otherwise;
For He, who taught you, taught you mercy, too.
But, one day, Heaven will vindicate itself.
The blood of millions, that has drenched your earth,
In a red cloud doth gather round his throne,
Charged with the lightnings of eternal wrath,
To burst, at last, upon your guilty heads.
Peru shall be revenged, and Mexico
Shall be revenged, and I shall be revenged.
Gom. Perverse and hardened sinner, I intended,
When here we paused, that thou shouldst give the Moors
Example of repentance.
Mal. Prithee, monk,
Do not disturb me now; I am not worth it.
Grant me one poor request—
Gom. What wouldst thou ask?
Mal. Tell me, where is my friend?
Gom. I cannot tell thee.
Mal. I thought he would not have abandoned me
In my last hour. When I am dead, perhaps—

Hem. Oh, Hamet!
Ham. Hold, or you'll ruin all!
Mal. If there's a Spaniard here, to whom his creed
Does not forbid compassion, I intreat
That he approach, and bear a legacy
To one that still I love.
Hem. [*To Gomez.*] Let me approach him.
Gom. Then speed thee, for the hour of death draws on.—
Hem. I cannot speak.
[*He goes up to Malec, whose weakness prevents him from distinctly seeing him.*
Mal. Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee.
I have a friend, sir; you, perchance, have heard it:
He left his faith and he abandoned me;
E'en now, when you yourself have pity on me,
Hemeya left his friend; and yet I charge thee
To bear him my forgiveness; tell him, sir,
Tell him I love him still! wilt thou do this?
Hem. I'll tell him to revenge thee!
Mal. Hold! that voice!
Hem. Malec, no more! you wronged me.—Ha! he faints.
Gom. Come, let us on; support his feebleness.
Mal. You need not lend your aid,—a passing trance
Came sudden on me,—I shall die contented.
[*Bell tolls,* R.—*they move slowly out.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter PESCARA *and an* OFFICER, R.

Pes. Have you disposed the chosen band of troops
Where I commanded?
Off. In a narrow street,
That from the Villarambla eastward runs,
The bravest soldiers of the garrison
Await your orders.
Pes. It is well. [*Exit Officer,* R.] Oh, fortune,
Thy smile still follows me, and each event
Swells the deep rush of fate, in whose swift tide
I'll plunge the man I loathe. And did he think
The Argus Hate would close his hundred eyes,

And that he could deceive me?
[*A shout is heard, and drums beat*, R.
Ha! that shout
Halloos me on, and seems as if my fortune
Cried "triumph" from afar. Come forth, my sword!
Be true as fate to me. [*Shout.*] Again! [*Another shout*, R.]
I come!
Rise, Spaniards, rise! like crouchéd tigers start!
Rush on the slaves, and revel in their blood! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter HAMET *and* HALY, *supporting* MALEC, *and other* MOORS, R.

Mal. Give me a cimeter! let me go back,
Let me behold my brave, heroic Moor.
Hal. Soon as he plucked you from the raging flames,
He gave us orders to conduct you here;
This is the way to safety.
Mal. That to glory!
Let me go back, and fight till all my life
Flows from my swelling veins! shall I stand here,
While he confronts the fiery face of battle?
Hal. Your safety is our nation's common weal—
Ham. Behold, he sinks
Beneath the pow'r of torture; it is well!
Or back he would have rushed. To the eastern gate
Bear him with swiftest speed, while we return,
And share our prince's perils. [*Exit Malec*, L.] Come, my friends,
And plunge amid the tumult—that afar
Rolls like the mutt'ring thunder.
Hal. Hold! he comes—
And bears no happy presage.

Enter HEMEYA, R.

Hem. All is lost!
Fly—all is lost!
Ham. What means my glorious prince?
Hem. Pescara has foreseen our enterprise:
With all his veterans he falls upon us—
And piles up heaps of carnage. Fly! away! [*Drums.*

Hark—there! again! one moment, and my friend
Is drawn within my fate. Fly, follow him!
Preserve him, Hamet! and I charge thee, Hamet,
Watch o'er Florinda's safety—even now
To yonder gate a faithful Moor conducts her:
I will endeavour to defend this pass,
And gain some precious instants.

Ham. Shall we leave you
To perish here alone?

Hem. Ay, let me perish—
No matter what befalls me! here, alone,
I'll stem the tumbling torrent: hence, away!
See where it falls upon us; be it thy care,
Hamet, to save Florinda and my friend!

[*Exeunt Moors*, L.

Thou evil genius of my natal hour,
Thou dark presiding spirit of my fortunes,
Who madest me slave, then traitor; and at last
Hast made me wretch! here, here I bare my bosom:
Try if in all thy quiver there be left
Another shaft to pierce it. Ha, he comes!
Well, hast thou gorged thyself with blood enough?
Art satisfied with murder?

Enter PESCARA, R.

Pes. Yield thee, slave!
Yield, traitor and apostate! traitor Christian,
Apostate Moor! thy coward countrymen
Are scattered and dispersed—and not a hope
Is left thee now.

Hem. Thou liest! there is hope
To shed thy heart's black venom ere I fall. [*They fight.*

Enter SPANISH SOLDIERS, *who rush upon Hemeya*, L.

Pes. Alive! seize him alive!
My foe! the man I hate! and in my grasp!
I have thee.

Hem. Ay! thou seest me here before thee,
Surrounded by thy blood-hounds! Yet, Pescara,
E'en here, encompassed by thy power, Pescara,
I can defy thee still.

Pes. Defy me! dost thou?

Enter a SPANIARD, L.

My lord, the daughter of the Count Alvarez,
With Malec, borne on steeds of Arab race,
Fly through the eastern gate.
Pes. Perdition!
Hem. Destiny,
Art thou not powerless now? and thou, Pescara,
Speak! may I not defy thee? well may'st thou stand
As if the lightning rived thee! Now, Pescara,
I brave—I tread upon thee!
Pes. Fury! despair!
Love, rage, and madness seize upon my heart!
Fight for your prey, and rend it! Now revenge!
Revenge, where art thou? hast thou held thy cup
High to my burning lip, to mock my thirst?
Then, as I clutched, to dash it from my grasp?
Traitors and slaves! gone! fled are all my hopes!
Thus withered in an instant! tumbled down!
Hurled headlong from the height to which I toiled!
Do you stand here to gape upon my tortures,
And blast me with his sight? away with him!
Hence! let me not behold him! to the rack!
That joy is left me still! [*Crosses*, L.
Hem. Bind me upon your beds of burning pain,
Here on my limbs waste all your arts of agony,
And try some new experiment in torture—
Yet, even then, the pangs that rend my body
Will be heaven's bliss to torment such as thine.
Guilt's poisoned shaft shall quiver in thy heart!
And in remorse's fires thy scorpion soul
Shall writhe and sting itself!
Pes. Hence! from my sight!
This instant let him die!
Hem. And may'st thou live,
With thy eternal hell within thee—live,
And to be fully damnéd, be immortal!
[*Exit Hemeya, guarded*, R.

Enter GOMEZ, L.

Gom. My lord, I give you joy.
Pes. No, give me all the torments

That teem within thy brain: am I not foiled,
Dashed from my purpose, thrown upon the ground?
When I had hovered long, and pounced upon her,
She 'scapes me—she is gone!
Gom. She is o'ertaken:
The Moor has 'scaped—but she is yours again.
Pes. Mine! in my clutch! within my hate again!
Mine! vengeance! all thy joys have burst within me,
And detestation triumphs in my soul—
Mine! mine again! my friend, let me embrace thee.
What hoa! who waits there? ha! methinks I have her
Clasped in my arms already! on the wheel
Methinks I see him heave! what hoa? who waits there?
My star shall never set!—mine! mine again!

Enter a SPANIARD, R.

To that famed chamber in the Alhambra palace,
Where Moorish kings were wont to be confined,
Conduct the traitor. [*Exit Spaniard*, R.] Mine, indeed, again!
Gomez, she shall be mine!
You shall behold Pescara's master-piece.
Gom. You would not spare him?
Pes. Spare him! but hold, she comes to meet my purpose—
Let us retire, and, unobserved, I'll tell thee
The thought that labours here—

Enter FLORINDA, L.

Flor. Will none in pity teach me if he lives,
And pluck the frantic agonies of hope
From out my tortured heart?
Ha! here is one [*Gomez approaches her.*
That death has sent to tell me—
Gom. What wouldst thou learn?
Flor. No! I would still hope on;
Don't tell me: even now I would have given
The world to hear he lived; but do not speak,
Lest thou shouldst tell me that he breathes no more!
The sound would blast me!
Gom. He has passed the bounds
That limit earthly pardon—

Flor. He is dead!
Gom. 'Twere too much mercy
That he had perished in his impious deed;
Do not deceive yourself;
With its short glimmer hope deludes the heart,
Plays for a moment on the clouds of fate,
And leaves behind a blacker desolation.
No mortal arm can aid him!
Flor. Then you killed him—
You killed him in your dungeons—
You plunged your cruel hands within his breast.
Gom. Let not your fears thus hurry you away—
By Count Pescara's order he was led
To the Alhambra's palace: but I deem
That in the Inquisition's deepest cells,
Reserved for every torment—
Flor. Does he live?
Pes. [*From behind.*] He lives, and shall not die!
Flor. Thrice blessed sound!
Hope! thou art here! and never mother yet
Hugged her dear child with half the tenderness!
I feel thee here, and clasp thee to my heart!
He shall not die!
Pes. [*Advancing, after dismissing Gomez,* R. U. E.]
He shall not!
Flor. Let me see thee!
Let me behold the man who bids me hope!
And, though thy words be false, still speak them o'er,
And say he shall not die! [*Suddenly recognizes him.*
Pescara!
Pes. Yes!
Don't gaze upon me with misdoubting fears;
I know you marvel that Pescara's breast
Should own a single touch of pity's weakness;
But you mistake me:—nature did me wrong,
When on my face she laid her ruder hand,
And seemed to make me pitiless:—my heart
Is rich in tenderness; the Moor shall live—
I pardon him!
Flor. Heaven! is it possible?
Or has grief wrought upon my tortured brain
Until it grew to wild delirious joy,

And madness made me blest? It is, indeed!
It is Pescara! oh, my lord! once more
Tell me that he shall live—
Pes. He shall!
Flor. Let me embrace your feet, here let me fall,
And drop in helpless, clinging gratitude!
Oh! let me look upon you: gracious heaven!
I now no longer see the man I feared;
No! mercy sheds its light about thy head!
A glory beams around thee: ob, Pescara,
Art thou so great, so god-like, to forgive?
Pes. Hemeya shall be free! I spare my foe
To win Florinda's gratitude; to win
That look that melts me, and that smile that burns—
Flor. Once—will you not forget me when I tell it?
I shuddered when I looked upon your face,
And shrunk at your approach; I feared your eye;
But now you have compelled me to esteem you,
And with the gentlest, dearest violence,
Have won my admiration!
Pes. Once you hated me.
Flor. I did not know your virtue.
Pes. 'Tis in you;
'Tis in your heart I seek my recompense.
Flor. Your own heart will reward you. When you see
The man you spared—when you behold his face,
And watch him as he breathes the air of heaven,
And looks upon the sun, will you not feel
A transport in your bosom? when you awake
At midnight's hour, will you not be at peace,
And sleep again upon that blesséd thought!
And as you kneel to heaven, may you not ask
That mercy which you gave?
Pes. These are the gifts
Of self-rewarding virtue; but, Florinda,
A traitor's life deserves a larger price.
He shall be free;
But such conditions as on life I set,
Must be performed.
Flor. Speak what I am to do:
Command me something dire; something impossible

To any heart but woman's when she loves;
Barefoot o'er burning deserts bid me go
On some far pilgrimage; let every limb
Be wrapped within the sackcloth's galling fold—
I will endure it all, and bless misfortune!
Nay, I will fall in love with wretchedness,
If 'tis for him I bear it.
Pes. Do not think
That on your tender nature I impose
Such rude conditions.
You shall be the harbinger
Of freedom and of life: your steps shall seek
The dungeon where he lingers, and your hand
Unbar the pond'rous bolts. [*Crosses, R.*
Flor. Oh! let me fly!
Pes. But first the price of freedom must be paid.
Flor. My life, if you command it! with my life
I'll buy his dearer safety!
Pes. With yourself!
To-night you must be mine—my wife!
Flor. Your wife!
Pes. Ay, madam! is there thunder in the sound?
Flor. You do not mean it! no, you do not ask it!
You cannot think it!
Pes. I am resolved upon it.
What mean these shuddering looks, these trembling hands,
These heav'n-turned eyes, and these wild fits of horror?
Where is the desperate valour which o'erthrew
Nature herself, and mocked impossibility?
You would have given your life: I ask your love.
Flor. My life, but not my love! I cannot give
What I no longer have: my wretched heart
Lies in Hemeya's dungeon. Pardon me,
But rather than resign to other arms
A cold, reluctant, unconsenting form,
I'd fold a basilisk within my heart,
Bid its cold coil entwine my shuddering limbs,
And warm its icy flesh!
Pes. If you detest me as the serpent's coil,
Hear me, then, as its sting! my lifted hand
Folds death above his head.
Flor. Upon my knees

I called on heaven to witness—
Pes. Well?
Flor. I swore I never would be yours.
Pes. Rage, do not choke me!
Flor. I breathed a deadly oath, that in my tomb
I would lie down forever—
Pes. Do you dare?—
[*Aside.*] But hold! I must dissemble.—Do not weep,
Or if you do, like dew on morning roses
Your tears must dry in the warm light of love.
[*Attempts to embrace her.*
Flor. Forbear, my lord! I am a wretch indeed!
But, while my sorrows cast me at your feet,
Fall'n as I am to be your suppliant,
Learn that you have not yet the right of insult.
Pes. [*Aside.*] Curse on her pride!—Forgive me, fair Florinda,
If, through the blushing fence of modesty,
With hasty hand I dared to pluck its flowers.
The husband—
Flor. Husband!
Pes. Speak! will you be mine?
Flor. Never!
Pes. Damnation! when the bow is bent,
And to the head the winged arrow's drawn,
The string slips off—Florinda!
Flor. Well, my lord!
Pes. Will you be mine?
Flor. You fright me—you appal my every sense!
Pes. I have too long endured it. Gomez, hoa?

Enter GOMEZ, R. 3*d* E.

Gom. My lord, I wait your pleasure.
Pes. [*To Florinda.*] You shall feel
What 'tis to wake the furies in my heart—
Hoa! Gomez, art thou there? drag, drag him forth!
Begone, I'll follow thee!
Flor. Oh! monstrous! horrible!
Pes. I say, begone!
Flor. [*Rushing up to Gomez.*] Stay! In the name of heaven, whose priest you are,
Do not profane your office—do not stain

Your sacred robe with blood! [*Exit Gomez*, R.] Stay,
holy father!
Go not on hell's cursed errand!
Pes. Thou shalt see him
In madd'ning agony; thou shalt behold him,
And vainly think thou couldst have saved him, too—
Flor. How; save him! can I save him? [*Wildly.*
Pes. Be my wife!
Flor. Your wife! oh, no, it is too horrible!
Pes. I'll hunt for life in every trembling limb,
And chase it down! The driving steel shall plunge—
Nay, do not stop your ears—for his shrill screams
Shall pierce the solid deafness of the tomb!
Flor. They're in my brain already! oh, Hemeya
Let me not hear thy cries. Let, let me fly,
And 'scape from it. Oh, for some depth of earth,
Where I may plunge, to hear that scream no more!
[*Pescara seizes her as she attempts to fly.*
Unhand me, let me fly! 'tis in my heart,
My eyes, my brain—
Pes. Look there, look there! he dies! see where he
dies!
The wheel goes round—see, the red froth of blood!
His hair stands up, and drips with agony!
On thee, on thee he calls, and bids thee save him!
Look there!
Flor. Spare, spare him! villains, murderers!
Oh, spare him!
Hemeya! lo, they wrench his heart away!
They drink his gushing blood!—oh, God! oh, God!
[*Falls into Pescara's arms.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Grenada stands in Moonlight at some distance. Mosques and Palaces are seen in the perspective.*

Enter MALEC *and* HALY, *at the head of the* MOORS, R.—*The Moon appears in a crescent.*

Mal. Behold Grenada, Moors!
Hal. When the sun sunk
From yon high cliffs, we scarce beheld its tow'rs
Set in the bright horizon's golden round;
Now, ere the auspicious night has passed its noon,
We stand before the city of our fathers.
Mal. Hemeya's life has winged your rapid march,
And, though the drops of labour dewed your brows,
You triumph in the toil. Behold Grenada!
There stand the towers our fathers raised to heav'n,
To be the residence of Moorish kings:
Those silver spires, those magic palaces,
The work of Arab art, the Alhambra's dome,
Are now the tenements of infidels;
And 'tis not fitting, Moors—

Enter HAMET, L.

Well, faithful Hamet,
Have you secured the sentinels?
Ham. In sleep
We found them sunk, and from their lips have learnt,
That in Alhambra's prison lies our prince.
Mal. There then we speed to burst its pond'rous gates,
And lead him forth to glory!—not in vain
Pescara chose that dungeon, for its walls
Hold hidden murder in their hollow womb!
Ham. They tell, besides, that through Grenada's streets
There hath been joyance and wild revelry.
The garrison lies slumbering in debauch,
And will but wake to perish.
Mal. Let the cimeter
Be undefiled by blood of innocence.
Come on!—'tis heav'n conducts us! see, my friends,
In the pure azure, where the crescent shines,

And seems our glorious standard!—let us on;
And, as we go, let every patriot breast
Be filled with trust, to see the diadem
Shine on your prince's brow!—I long to clasp him,
To rush into his prison, burst his chains,
And from a dungeon lead him to a throne! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Dungeon of Saracenic Architecture.*

HEMEYA *discovered.*

Hem. 'Tis hushed!—a deep repose succeeds the murmur
Of their loud exultation, and my dungeon
Is still again:—it imitates the grave.
They triumph o'er my fate—and have, perchance,
Reserved me for to-morrow's spectacle.
It is for this I still am left to live!
Yet, they may be deceived—for now, I deem,
The hour is almost come which Malec marked
To fall upon Grenada. Hope, thou flatterer,
I cannot trust the voice that whispers me,
She still may be mine own! [*Noise of chains.*] What sound was there?
Or death or safety comes!—what heavenly form
Glides like a beauteous spirit on the night?
Still, still it comes upon me!

Enter FLORINDA, U. E., *in bridal garments, and with a wreath of flowers on her head.*

It is herself!
It is!—it is Florinda!
Flor. Oh! Hemeya! [*Falls fainting in his arms.*
Hem. My eyes behold thee, and my arms embrace thee!
I have thee here, here on this throbbing breast;
The resting-place of love! droop not, sweet flower!—
Oh, smile upon me!—tell me—ev'ry sense
Be charmed at once. Say, by what wond'rous ways
Thou'rt here before me: yet, I know it all;
Malec victorious comes. The Moors arise—
They burst their bonds!—and thou art mine forever!
Flor. I prithee, do not speak! thy words disturb me.
Hem. Thy looks but ill befit an hour so blest.

Flor. Thou'rt saved! 'tis all that's left of happiness—
I am not quite accursed.
Hem. Accursed! Florinda?
Flor. One moment, as I gazed upon thy face,
I felt a throb of joy within my bosom,
Such as I used to feel when I beheld thee.
The slumb'ring serpent wakes, it winds around,
And here it stings!—ah, how it stings me here!
Hem. Why, how is this? joy has no tears like these.
Flor. The gate stands stretched upon its hinge—I will—
Yes, I will look my last—[*After a long pause.*] Now, go forever!
Hem. Thy words are full of madness or despair.
Flor. Oh, question me no further, but begone!
Hem. By heav'n and earth, no power shall tear me hence,
Till thou hast satisfied the fearful thought
That rushes on my soul!—thou'rt here alone—
Why art thou here alone?—where, where is Malec?
Flor. [*Wildly.*] Malec!
Hem. Distract me not! I saw thee turn away,
Far from Grenada's gates. Shrink not, but hear me!
This night—this very hour, the Moors decreed
To seize Grenada!
Flor. Moors! Grenada!
Hem. Yes!
This very night the Moors had formed a project
To fall upon Grenada.
Flor. Gracious heav'n
Oh, God! what have I done? was it this night?
This curséd night of death, despair, and horror?
Was there another way to save thee from him?
Oh, God! what have I done?
Hem. Ah! frantic thought!
It grapples at my heart!—thy sight doth blast me!
This bridal robe!—these flow'rs—they're full of adders!
Flor. And are they here—to mock my wretchedness?
Off! off, I say! you should not blow for me!
Did not a blight fall on you as you grew
Around this curséd front? Off! off, I say!
And in your place let hemlock blacken here!
And from the yawning church-yard let them weave

A rancorous garland: let the roots of death
Bloom on this blasted front!
Ah! ah! Hemeya!
Had'st thou but told me, ere this wretched moment,
That Malec could have saved thee—thou wouldst ne'er
Behold a victim clad for sacrifice
Shudd'ring before thy sight, and thinking death
The only mercy left.—Then I had been—
I had been still thine own! But now, oh, God!
I do not dare to tell thee what I am.

Hem. Let me embrace thee once ere thou hast said
What will call down my curse, and make me fling thee
Like a detested creature from my heart!

Flor. Hold! for thy touch is guilt—unloose me!—spar me!—
I am—

Hem. What art thou?

Flor. I am Pescara's wife!

Hem. Thou art a woman!—that's another name
For falsehood, treason, perjury, and hell! [*Crosses*, L.

Flor. If I have wrongs to heaven, I've none to thee!

Hem. Where is thy oath to die?—thine oath, Florinda:
Where is thy oath that an eternal grave
Should be thy bed?

Flor. I have kept it; 'twas thy life
That dragged me to the shrine: to save that life,
To pluck thee from the rack!

Hem. No, 'twas to bind me
Down on a bed of fire!—ten thousand deaths
Were better than to see thee what thou art!
E'en from Pescara's arms—

Flor. No; at the shrine
I claimed aloud his promise, I was desperate;
And though he stamped, and in his mouth a curse
Frothed in its gnashing fury, from the altar
I rushed into thy dungeon. Oh, Hemeya!
I came to give thee freedom. Go, Hemeya,
And leave me here to die! Oh! prize that life,
I charge thee, prize it well, for which I paid
So large a price! Keep! keep it as the pledge
Of broken-hearted love! and, ere thou goest,
Hear my last words; for, wedded as I am,

Death will excuse the passion of my soul.
Since first I saw, I loved thee;—ev'ry day
But added to the fire thine eyes had kindled:
And now, e'en now, thou art more dear than ever!
There may be those as wretched as myself,
But none e'er loved so tenderly!

[*Pescara, who has gradually advanced during the last speech, rushes between them.*

Pes. Have I no other name? it is your husband!

Hem. Villain!

Flor. Do not speak to him—
Thou art still within his power.

Pes. I sent thee here
To liberate a traitor; opportunity
Should not have been abused. Why is he here?

Flor. He shall depart—oh, hold! [*To Hemeya.*] he shall depart!

Pes. He shall—and never shall return!

Hem. Pescara,
This blackest plot of hell was worthy thee!
Worthy the Inquisition, where thy soul
Was early trained to guilt.

Pes. [*Stamping.*] Behold my answer:

[*A cell opens in the wall, and executioners appear in it,* L. F.

Now let me look upon you!—this is well:
Thou art the man I hate: I wooed this woman,
And I was scorned for thee. If without love
I loved, I didn't hate without revenge!—
Thou'st told me I was tutored in the cells
Of the Inquisition: thou'rt in the right,
And I will prove that I have studied well
The science of infliction!

Hem. Dost thou think
Thy tortures fright me, then?

Pes. I do not think it; here is my victim!

Flor. Do you hear this, ye heavens?

Pes. And do you hear me—
E'en now the priest scarce breathed the marriage vow,
And passion fiercely burned; yet, even then,
You dared me with his name: you called aloud,
And bade me free him: love then died at once,

And hate reigned here alone!—I sent thee here,
I followed thee: I saw thee in his bosom;
Now hear—he dies!
Flor. O heav'n!
Pes. He dies before thy face!
Flor. No, 'tis impossible—
'Tis but to try, 'tis but to terrify me;
You do not mean the horrid deed you speak—
You are a man, you are a human creature!
Oh, no! thou wilt not! Have I not performed
Each dread condition? did I not appear
Shudd'ring before the altar! didst thou not promise,
Didst thou not swear? am—am I not your wife?
Pes. You are, and love my foe! Come forth, and seize him! [*Executioners advance.*
Hem. And send me quickly from this curséd world,
Where guilt, like his, can triumph.
Flor. Mercy!
Pes. Mercy!
Flor. Then, heav'n, where are thy lightnings?
Pes. In my grasp. Drag, drag him to your tortures!
Flor. Hold, tormentors!
Oh, kill—oh, kill me first; here, in my heart,
Quench your fell thirst for blood!
[*Pescara drags her from them.*
Oh! let me not behold it! Death, do thy work,
Thou art too slow within my raging breast!
Fall, mountains, down, and hide me from this horror!
Burst, earth, and swallow me!—almighty heav'n!
Stretch forth thy arm, and save him! Ha! they drag him,
They bear him to their torments!—why, O heav'n!
Why am I thus abandoned?
[*Voices without.*] "The Moors!"
[*Florinda listens for a moment, and a shout is heard—she shrieks, and rushes towards the front and falls on her knees.—Pescara stands appalled, the alarm-bell rings.*
Hem. That sound has raised me to the sun; my soul
Now mounts in triumph!—well, infernal villain,
Well mayst thou stand amazed! thy hour is come!
Thou art enclosed in thy own den of blood.

Pes. Traitors and slaves!—ha! that thought!

[*He clenches his dagger—Hemeya struggles with the executioners.*

This, this is left me still! within my grasp
I clutch it like a fierce and desp'rate joy!
Look here! look here, vile Moor!—despite of fate
I still shall triumph o'er thee!

[*Advances to stab Florinda—as he lifts the dagger, Hemeya, who has broken from his Executioners, rushes up, tears it from his hand, and stabs him—the Moors rush in with Malec at their head,* L. U. E., *while Florinda sinks into the arms of Hemeya—Pescara, after a vain attempt to speak, falls dead.*

Mal. Hail, glorious Moor!

Hem. My friend! my brave deliverer!

Mal. The Moors are up in arms—the Alpuxerras
Have poured their marshalled thousands to the field:
The crescent floats upon Grenada's tower,
And morning shall behold thee on the throne.
Kneel, Moors! behold your king!

Hem. Arise, my friends! Florinda, fate has poured
A thousand blessings in one rapturous hour—
But, in the thick'ning splendours of my stars,
Thou art my loveliest light.

Flor. If it be possible.—
Thou, who dost weigh our mis'ries with our crimes,
Oh, take from death this agony! Hemeya,
While 'twas for thee I trembled, pain grew dull,
And lost its pow'r upon me; now, 'tis here!

Hem. Florinda!

Flor. Yes, I have kept my promise to thee:
This is its dread fulfilment!—you were wrong
To chide me for my falsehood: ere my marriage,
I poured a deadly draught within my veins:
That first was ice; but now in streams of fire
Comes rushing through my bosom!

Hem. Give me a sword!
Give me some means of death! bring, bring me poison!
Or bear me to the rack from which I 'scaped!
Here, here, in mercy plunge your steels together!
Ha! what is't I see! I thank thee, fortune!
Thou hast struck the wound, but thou canst heal it, too.

[*Perceives Pescara's dagger on the ground, and stabs himself—Florinda shrieks, and falls on her knees beside him.*

Mal. Thou shouldst have lived! thy life was still thy country's!
And, but for that, I'd follow thee.

Hem. Florinda,
Fate cannot take the joy to look upon thee,
To die beholding thee!—

[*Dies.—Florinda continues insensible*

Mal. In the next battle
I'll find the way to join thee. Ha! Hemeya!
Is this the palace of thy monarchy?
Is this thy throne? is this, thy silent corse,
All that remains of him that once I loved?

[*While Malec is speaking, Florinda appears to staunch the blood of Hemeya with her hair.*

Flor. It still will flow; but I'll stay here forever!
I'll look on these cold lips—my shiv'ring hand
Shall press this cold, cold forehead!—and I'll staunch
This blood that still flows on.

Mal. Remove the body—poor distracted wretch,
I pity thee!—uplift that bleeding corse,
And bear it from the dungeon.

Flor. No, you shall not,
You shall not tear me hence: no! never! never!
He is my lord! my husband! death! 'twas death!
Death married us together! here I will dig
A bridal bed, and we'll lie there forever!
I will not go! ha! you may pluck my heart out,
But I will never go! Help!—help!—Hemeya!
They drag me to Pescara's curséd bed!
They rend the chains of fire that bind me to thee!
Help!—help! [*Dies.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

	MOORS.	PESCARA.	
		HEMEIA.	
HAMET.	HALY.	FLORINDA.	MALEC.
R.]			[L.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXI.

BOX AND COX.

A Romance of Real Life

IN ONE ACT.

BY JOHN MADDISON MORTON, ESQ.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW-YORK:
WM. TAYLOR & CO., 16 Park-Place.
BALTIMOBE, MD.
WM. & HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Buildings.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Theatre, London, 1847.	*Olympic*, 1848.	*Palmo's*, 1848.
John Box, a Journeyman Printer,	Mr. Buckstone.	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Povey.
James Cox, a Journeyman Hatter,	" Harley.	" Conover.	" Chapman.
Mrs. Bouncer,	Mrs. M'Namara.	Mrs. Henry.	Mrs. Vernon

COSTUMES.

BOX.—Small swallow-tailed black coat, short buff waistcoat, light drab trowsers short, turned up at bottom, black stockings, white canvass boots with black tips, cotton neckcloth, shabby black hat.

COX.—Brown Newmarket coat, long white waistcoat, dark plaid trowsers, boots, white hat, black stock.

MRS. BOUNCER.—Coloured cotton gown, apron, cap, &c.

First produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, November 1st, 1847

Time in Representation—35 minutes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

BOX AND COX.

ACT I.

SCENE 1—*A Room, decently furnished. At* C., *a bed, with curtains closed, at* L. C., *a door, at* L. 3*d* E., *a door, at* L. S. E., *a chest of drawers, at back,* R.. *a window, at* R. 3*d* E., *a door, at* R. S. E., *a fireplace, with mantel-piece, table and chairs, a few common ornaments on chimney-piece.* COX, *dressed, with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which is in his hand.*

Cox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! [*His hair is very short.*] I look as if I had just been cropped for the militia! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends! Never mind—I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. [*Knock at* L. D.] Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MRS. BOUNCER, L.

Mrs. B. Good morning, Mr. Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox?

Cox. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Cox.

Cox. Thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

Mrs. B. Certainly. [*Holding glass before Cox, who ties his cravat.*] Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

Cox. Cut? It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently con

scious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. [*Puts on his coat.*] Now for my hat. [*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*] That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. [*Goes in at* L., *and returns, with three hats of different shapes, and puts them on, one after the other—all of which are too big for him.*] This is pleasant! Never mind. This one appears to me to wabble about rather less than the others—[*Puts on hat,*]—and now I'm off! By the bye, Mrs. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast—

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Cox!

Cox. It is not only the case with the coals, Mrs. Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches.

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Cox! you surely don't suspect me?

Cox. I don't say I do, Mrs. B.; only I wish you distinctly to understand, that I don't believe it's the cat.

Mrs. B. Is there anything else you've got to grumble about, sir?

Cox. Grumble! Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a dictionary?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Cox. Then I'll lend you one—and if you turn to the letter G, you'll find "Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause." Now that's not my case, Mrs. B., and now that we are upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose the chimney—

Cox. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer, *you're* not guilty of cheroots or Cubas?

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, Mr. Cox.

Cox. Nor partial to a pipe?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Cox. Then, how is it that—

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

Cox. At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what *you mean.*

Mrs. B. Why the gentleman who has got the attics, is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits, with his feet on the mantel-piece—

Cox. The mantel piece! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mrs. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob.

Mrs. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

Cox. Ah, then you mean to say, that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction?

Mrs. B. Why—

Cox. Then, I suppose, the gentleman you are speaking of, is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up!

Mrs. B. Why—yes—I—

Cox. From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Cox. Well, good morning, Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir?

Cox. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B.—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster! [*Going, stops.*] A halfpenny worth of milk, Mrs. Bouncer—and be good enough to let it stand—I wish the cream to accumulate. [*Exit at* L. C.

Mrs. B. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, *let me put* Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's

way. [*She takes the three hats, Cox's dressing gown and slippers, opens door at* L. *and puts them in, then shuts door and locks it.*] Now, then, to put the key where Mr. Cox always finds it. [*Puts the key on the ledge of the door,* L.] I really must beg Mr. Box not to smoke so much. I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say when Mr. Cox spoke about it. Now, then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox, becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes do differ so. [*Goes behind the curtains of the bed, and seems to be making it—then appears with a very thin bolster in her hand.*] The idea of Mr. Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this! [*She disappears again, behind curtains.*]

Box. [*Without.*] Pooh—pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? [*Enters at back, dressed as a Printer. Puts his head out at door again, shouting.*] It was as much your fault as mine, sir! I say, sir—it was as much your fault as mine, sir!

Mrs. B. [*Emerging from behind the curtains of bed.*] Lor, Mr. Box! what is the matter?

Box. Mind your own business, Bouncer!

Mrs. B. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you're quite pale in the face!

Box. What colour would you have a man be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

Mrs. B. But, then, you've all the day to yourself.

Box. [*Looking significantly at Mrs. Bouncer.*] So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments, and going to bed.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! [*Going.*

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

Mrs. B. [*Confused.*] Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims—hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he

must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. And, by the bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favour, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger? [*Pathetically.*

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Box—do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you!

Mrs. B. Well, if ever! What next, I wonder?

[*Goes out at* L. C., *slamming door after her.*

Box. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable female! She knows I'm up all night, and yet she seems to set her face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere—[*Feeling in his pockets*]—I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—Oh, here it is—[*Produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on table.*]—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? [*Looking on mantel-piece* R., *and taking box, opens it.*] Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees, too bad! I had a whole box full, three days ago, and now there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—oh, yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred! [*Takes candlestick off the mantel-piece,* R., *in which there is a very small end of candle—looks at it.*] Now I should like to ask any unprejudiced person or persons their opinion touching this candle. In the first place, a candle is an article that I don't require,

because I'm only at home in the day time—and I bought this candle on the first of May—Chimney-sweepers' Day—calculating that it would last me three months, and here's one week not half over, and the candle three parts gone! [*Lights the fire—then takes down a gridiron, which is hanging over the fireplace,* R.] Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odour of red herrings! [*Places gridiron on fire, and then, with a fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron.*] How sleepy I am, to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. [*Yawning again.*] Perhaps it will turn itself. I must lie down—so, here goes. [*Lies on the bed, closing the curtains round him—after a short pause—*

Enter Cox, *hurriedly,* L. C.

Cox. Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop, in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me—"Cox, I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday."—Thoughts of "Gravesend and back—fare, One Shilling," instantly suggested themselves, intermingled with visions of "Greenwich for Fourpence!" Then came the Twopenny Omnibuses, and the Halfpenny boats—in short, I'm quite bewildered! However, I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. [*Puts chop on table.*] Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Holloa! what's this? A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Holloa—[*Seeing the lucifer-box on table,*]—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did. Hey-dey! why, the fire *is* lighted! Where's the gridiron? *On* the fire, I declare! And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals, and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that! [*Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron,*

which he puts on the fire.] Now, then, for my breakfast things. [*Taking key, hung up,* L. *opens door* L. *and goes out, slamming the door after him, with a loud noise.*

Box. [*Suddenly showing his head from behind the curtains.*] Come in! if it's you, Mrs. Bouncer—you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep? [*Suddenly recollecting.*] Goodness gracious—my bacon! [*Leaps off bed, and runs to the fireplace.*] Holloa! what's this? A chop! Whose chop? Mrs. Bouncer's, I'll be bound.—She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with *my* coals, too—and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? [*Seeing it on table.*] Here it is. Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! [*Digs the fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out—shuts window again.*] So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! [*With the fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.*] I may as well lay my breakfast things.—[*Goes to mantel-piece at* R., *takes key out of one of the ornaments, opens door at* R. *and exit, slamming door after him.*

Cox. [*Putting his head in quickly at* L.] Come in—come in! [*Opens door* L. C. *Enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, &c., which he places on drawers,* L. *and suddenly recollects.*] Oh, goodness! my chop! [*Running to fireplace.*] Holloa—what's this? The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Zounds—confound it—dash it—damn it—I can't stand this! [*Pokes fork into bacon, opens window, and flings it out, shuts window again, returns to drawers for tea things, and encounters Box coming from his cupboard with his tea things—they walk down* C. *of stage together.*] Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that—who are *you?*

Cox. What do you want here, sir?

Box. If you come to that—what do *you* want?

Cox. [*Aside.*] It's the printer! [*Puts tea things on the drawers.*

Box. [*Aside.*] It's the hatter! [*Puts tea things on table.*

Cox. Go to your attic, sir—

Box. *My* attic, sir? *Your* attic, sir!

Cox. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment.

Box. *Your* apartment? You mean *my* apartment, you *contemptible hatter,* you!

Cox. *Your* apartment? Ha! ha!—come, I like that! Look here, sir—[*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*] Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir—

Box. [*Produces a paper, and holds it close to Cox's face.*] Ditto, sir!

Cox. [*Suddenly shouting.*] Thieves!

Box. Murder!

Both. Mrs. Bouncer! [*Each runs to door,* L. C., *calling.*

MRS. BOUNCER *runs in at door,* L. C.

Mrs. B. What is the matter? [*Cox and Box seize Mrs. Bouncer by the arm, and drag her forward.*

Box. Instantly remove that hatter!

Cox. Immediately turn out that printer!

Mrs. B. Well—but, gentlemen—

Cox. Explain! [*Pulling her round to him.*

Box. Explain! [*Pulling her round to him.*] Whose room is this?

Cox. Yes, woman—whose room is this?

Box. Doesn't it belong to me?

Mrs. B. No!

Cox. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

Mrs. B. No—it belongs to both of you! [*Sobbing.*

Cox. & Box. Both of us?

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry—but you see, this gentleman—[*Pointing to Box,*]—only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman—[*Pointing to Cox,*]—at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

Cox & Box. [*Eagerly.*] When will your little back second floor room be ready?

Mrs. B. Why, to-morrow—

Cox. I'll take it!

Box. So will I!

Mrs. B. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Cox & Box. True.

Cox. I spoke first, sir—

Box. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now, go—

Cox. Go? Pooh—pooh!

Mrs. B. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there *used to be a partition here*—

Cox & Box. Then put it up!

Mrs. B. Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now *do* keep your tempers. [*Exit,* L.

Cox. What a disgusting position!

[*Walking rapidly round stage.*

Box. [*Sitting down on chair, at one side of table, and following Cox's movements.*] Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it.

Cox. I shall not do anything of the sort, sir.

[*Seating himself at the table opposite Box.*

Box. Very well, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir! However, don't let me prevent you from going out.

Box. Don't flatter yourself, sir. [*Cox is about to break a piece of the roll off.*] Holloa! that's my roll, sir— [*Snatches it away—puts a pipe in his mouth, lights it with a piece of tinder— and puffs smoke across to Cox.*

Cox. Holloa! What are you about, sir?

Box. What am I about? I'm about to smoke.

Cox. Wheugh! [*Goes and opens window at Box's back.*

Box. Hollo! [*Turns round.*] Put down that window, sir!

Cox. Then put your pipe out, sir!

Box. There! [*Puts pipe on table.*

Cox. There! [*Slams down window, and re-seats himself.*

Box. I shall retire to my pillow. [*Goes up, takes off his jacket, then goes towards bed, and sits upon it,* L. C.

Cox. [*Jumps up, goes to bed, and sits down on* R. *of Box.*] I beg your pardon, sir—I cannot allow any one to rumple my bed. [*Both rising.*]

Box. *Your* bed? Hark ye, sir—can you fight?

Cox. No, sir.

Box. No? Then come on— [*Sparring at Cox.*

Cox. Sit down, sir—or I'll instantly vociferate "Police!"

Box. [*Seats himself—Cox does the same.*] I say, sir——

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throats, sir.

Cox. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I've no violent animosity to you, sir.

Cox. *Nor have I any* rooted antipathy to you, sir.

Box. Besides, it was all Mrs. Bouncer's fault, sir.

Cox. Entirely, sir. [*Gradually approaching chairs.*]

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. Very well, sir! [*Pause.*]

Box. Take a bit of roll, sir?

Cox. Thank ye, sir. [*Breaking a bit off. Pause.*]

Box. Do you sing, sir?

Cox. I sometimes join in a chorus.

Box. Then give us a chorus. [*Pause.*] Have you seen the Bosjemans, sir?

Cox. No, sir—my wife wouldn't let me.

Box. Your *wife!*

Cox. That is—my *intended* wife.

Box. Well, that's the same thing! I congratulate you! [*Shaking hands.*]

Cox. [*With a deep sigh.*] Thank ye. [*Seeing Box about to get up.*] You needn't disturb yourself, sir. She won't come here.

Box. Oh! I understand. You've got a snug little establishment of your own *here*—on the sly—cunning dog—[*Nudging Cox.*]

Cox. [*Drawing himself up.*] No such thing, sir—I repeat, sir—no such thing, sir, but my wife—I mean, my *intended* wife—happens to be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing machines——

Box. [*Suddenly.*] Ha! Where? [*Grasping Cox's arm.*]

Cox. At a favorite watering-place. How curious you are!

Box. Not at all. Well?

Cox. Consequently, in the bathing season—which luckily is rather a long one—we see but little of each other; but as that is now over, I am daily indulging in the expectation of being blessed with the sight of *my* beloved. [*Very seriously.*] Are *you* married?

Box. Me? Why—not exactly!

Cox. Ah—a happy bachelor?

Box. Why—not—precisely!

Cox. Oh! a—widower?

Box. No—not absolutely!

Cox. You'll excuse me, sir—but, at present, I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three.

Box. Not help it?

Cox. No, sir—not you, nor any other man alive!

Box. Ah, that may be—but I'm not alive!

Cox. [*Pushing back his chair.*] You'll excuse me, sir—but I don't like joking upon such subjects.

Box. I'm perfectly serious, sir. I've been defunct for the last three years!

Cox. [*Shouting.*] Will you be quiet, sir?

Box. If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very large, numerous, and respectable circle of disconsolate friends.

Cox. My dear sir—my *very* dear sir—if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it.

Box. Oh! then I presume I'm not to set you down as being frantically attached to your intended?

Cox. Why, not exactly; and yet, at present, I'm only aware of one obstacle to my doating upon her, and that is, that I can't abide her!

Box. Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did.

Cox. [*Eagerly.*] I will! What was it?

Box. Drown yourself!

Cox. [*Shouting again.*] Will you be quiet, sir?

Box. Listen to me. Three years ago it was my misfortune to captivate the affections of a still blooming, though somewhat middle-aged widow, at Ramsgate.

Cox. [*Aside.*] Singular enough! Just my case three months ago at Margate.

Box. Well, sir, to escape her importunities, I came to the determination of enlisting into the Blues, or Life Guards.

Cox. [*Aside.*] So did I. How very odd!

Box. But they wouldn't have me—they actually had the effrontery to say that I was too short—

Cox. [*Aside.*] And I wasn't tall enough!

Box. So I was obliged to content myself with a marching regiment—I enlisted!

Cox. [*Aside.*] So did I. Singular coincidence!

Box. I'd no sooner done so, than I was sorry for it.

Cox. [*Aside.*] So was I.

Box. My infatuated widow offered to purchase my discharge, on condition that I'd lead her to the altar.

Cox. [*Aside.*] Just my case!

Box. I hesitated—at last I consented.

Cox. [*Aside.*] I consented at once!

Box. Well, sir—the day fixed for the happy ceremony at length drew near—in fact, too near to be pleasant—so I suddenly discovered that I wasn't worthy to possess her, and I told her so—when, instead of being flattered by the compliment, she flew upon me like a tiger of the female gender—I rejoined—when suddenly something whizzed past me, within an inch of my ear, and shivered into a thousand fragments against the mantel-piece—it was the slop-basin. I retaliated with a tea-cup—we parted, and the next morning I was served with a notice of action for breach of promise.

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. Well, sir—ruin stared me in the face—the action proceeded against me with gigantic strides—I took a desperate resolution—I left my home early one morning, with one suit of clothes on my back, and another tied up in a bundle, under my arm—I arrived on the cliffs—opened my bundle—deposited the suit of clothes on the very verge of the precipice—took one look down into the yawning gulph beneath me, and walked off in the opposite direction.

Cox. Dear me! I think I begin to have some slight perception of your meaning. Ingenious creature! You disappeared—the suit of clothes were found—

Box. Exactly—and in one of the pockets of the coat, or the waistcoat, or the pantaloons—I forget which—there was also found a piece of paper, with these affecting farewell words: "This is thy work, oh, Penelope Ann!"

Cox. Penelope Ann! [*Starts up, takes Box by the arm, and leads him slowly to front of stage.*] Penelope Ann?

Box. Penelope Ann!

Cox. Originally widow of William Wiggins?

Box. Widow of William Wiggins!

Cox. Proprietor of bathing machines?

Box. Proprietor of bathing machines!

Cox. At Margate?

Box. And Ramsgate!

Cox. It must be she! And you, sir—you are Box—the lamented, long lost Box!

Box. I am!

Cox. And I was about to marry the interesting creature you so cruelly deceived.

Box. Ha! then you are Cox?

Cox. *I am!*

Box. I heard of it. I congratulate you—I give you joy! And now, I think I'll go and take a stroll. [*Going.*

Cox. No you don't! [*Stopping him.*] I'll not lose sight of you till I've restored you to the arms of your intended.

Box. *My* intended? You mean *your* intended.

Cox. No, sir—yours!

Box. How can she be *my* intended, now that I'm drowned?

Cox. You're no such thing, sir! and I prefer presenting you to Penelope Ann.

Box. I've no wish to be introduced to your intended.

Cox. *My* intended? How can that be, sir? You proposed to her first!

Box. What of that, sir? I came to an untimely end, and you popped the question afterwards.

Cox. Very well, sir!

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. You are much more worthy of her than I am, sir. Permit me, then, to follow the generous impulse of my nature—I give her up to you.

Box. Benevolent being! I wouldn't rob you for the world! [*Going.*] Good morning, sir!

Cox. [*Seizing him.*] Stop!

Box. Unhand me, hatter! or I shall cast off the lamb and assume the lion!

Cox. Pooh! [*Snapping his fingers close to Box's face.*

Box. An insult! to my very face—under my very nose! [*Rubbing it.*] You know the consequences, sir—instant satisfaction, sir!

Cox. With all my heart, sir! [*They go to fire-place,* R., *and begin ringing bells violently, and pull down bell-pulls.*

Both. Mrs. Bouncer! Mrs. Bouncer!

MRS. BOUNCER *runs in,* L. C.

Mrs. B. What is it, gentlemen?

Box. Pistols for two!

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Cox. Stop! You don't mean to say, thoughtless and imprudent woman, that you keep loaded fire-arms in the house?

Mrs. B. Oh, no—they're not loaded.

Cox. Then produce the murderous weapons instantly!

[*Exit Mrs.* Bouncer, L. C.

Box. I say, sir!

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. What's your opinion of duelling, sir?

Cox. I think it's a barbarous practice, sir.

Box. So do I, sir. To be sure, I don't so much object to it when the pistols are not loaded.

Cox. No: I dare say that *does* make some difference.

Box. And yet, sir—on the other hand—doesn't it strike you as rather a waste of time, for two people to keep firing pistols at one another, with nothing in 'em?

Cox. No, sir—not more than any other harmless recreation.

Box. Hark ye! Why do you object to marry Penelope Ann?

Cox. Because, as I've observed already, I can't abide her. You'll be very happy with her.

Box. Happy! Me! With the consciousness that I have deprived *you* of such a treasure? No, no, Cox!

Cox. Don't think of me, Box—I shall be sufficiently rewarded by the knowledge of my Box's happiness.

Box. Don't be absurd, sir!

Cox. Then don't you be ridiculous, sir!

Box. I won't have her!

Cox. I won't have her!

Box. I have it! Suppose we draw lots for the lady—eh, Mr. Cox?

Cox. That's fair enough, Mr. Box.

Box. Or, what say you to dice?

Cox. With all my heart! Dice, by all means—[*Eagerly.*]

Box. [*Aside.*] That's lucky! Mrs. Bouncer's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws sixes, I suspect they are good ones. [*Goes to the cupboard at* R., *and brings out the dice-box.*.

Cox. [*Aside.*] I've no objection at all to dice. I lost one pound, seventeen and sixpence, at last Barnet Races, to a very gentlemanly looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes; I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another half-crown, and he gave me the dice. [*Takes dice out of his pocket—uses lucifer box as substitute for dice-box, which is on table.*

Box. Now then, sir!

Cox. I'm ready, sir! [*They seat themselves at opposite sides of the table.*] Will you lead off, sir?

Box. As you please, sir. The lowest throw, of course, wins Penelope Ann?

Cox. Of course, sir.

Box. Very well, sir!

Cox. Very well, sir!

Box. [*Rattling dice and throwing.*] Sixes!

Cox. That's not a bad throw of yours, sir. [*Rattling dice—throws.*] Sixes!

Box. That's a pretty good one of your's, sir. [*Throws.*] Sixes!

Cox. [*Throws.*] Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Those are not bad dice of yours, sir.

Cox. Your's seem pretty good ones, sir.

Box. Suppose we change?

Cox. Very well, sir. [*They change dice.*

Box. [*Throwing.*] Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. Sixes!

Cox. Sixes!

Box. [*Flings down the dice.*] Pooh! It's perfectly absurd, your going on throwing sixes in this sort of way, sir.

Cox. I shall go on till my luck changes, sir!

Box. Let's try something else. I have it! Suppose we toss for Penelope Ann?

Cox. The very thing I was going to propose!

[*They each turn aside and take out a handful of money.*

Box. [*Aside, examining money.*] Where's my tossing shilling? Here it is! [*Selecting coin.*

Cox. [*Aside, examining money.*] Where's my lucky sixpence? I've got it!

Box. Now then, sir,—heads win?

Cox. Or tails lose—whichever you prefer.

Box. It's the same to me, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir. Heads, I win,—tails, you lose.

Box. Yes—[*Suddenly*]—no. Heads win, sir.

Cox. Very well—go on!

[*They are standing opposite to each other.*

Cox. So will I!

Box. I'll go to law!

Cox. So will I!

Box. Stop—a thought strikes me. Instead of going to law about the property, suppose we divide it.

Cox. Equally?

Box. Equally. I'll take two thirds.

Cox. That's fair enough—and I'll take three fourths.

Box. That won't do. Half and half!

Cox. Agreed! There's my hand upon it——

Box. And mine. [*About to shake hands—a Postman's knock heard at street door.*

Cox. Holloa! Postman again!

Box. Postman yesterday—postman to-day.—

Enter MRS. BOUNCER.

Mrs. B. Another letter, Mr. Cox—twopence more!

Cox. I forgive you again! [*Taking letter.*] Another trifle from Margate. [*Opens the letter—starts.*] Goodness gracious!

Box. [*Snatching letter—starts.*] Gracious goodness!

Cox. [*Snatching letter again—reads.*] "Happy to in form you—false alarm"—

Box. [*Overlooking.*] "Sudden squall—boat upset—Mrs. Wiggins, your intended"—

Cox. "Picked up by a steamboat"—

Box. "Carried into Boulogne"—

Cox. "Returned here this morning"—

Box. "Will start by early train, to-morrow"—

Cox. "And be with you at ten o'clock, exact."

[*Both simultaneously pull out their watches.*

Box. Cox, I congratulate you—

Cox. Box, I give you joy!

Box. I'm sorry that most important business of the Colonial Office will prevent my witnessing the truly happy meeting between you and your intended. Good morning! [*Going.*

Cox. [*Stopping him.*] It's obviously for me to retire.—Not for worlds would I disturb the rapturous meeting between you and your intended. Good morning!

Box. You'll excuse me, sir—but our last arrangement was, that she was *your* intended.

Cox. No, yours!

Box. Yours!

Together. Yours!

[*Ten o'clock strikes—noise of an omnibus.*

Box. Ha! What's that? A cab's drawn up at the door! [*Running to window.*] No—it's a twopenny omnibus!

Cox. [*Leaning over Box's shoulder.*] A lady's got out—

Box. There's no mistaking that majestic person—it's Penelope Ann!

Cox. Your intended!

Box. Yours!

Cox. [*Both run to door,* L. C., *and eagerly listen.*

Box. Hark—she's coming up stairs!

Cox. Shut the door!

[*They slam the door, and both lean up against it with their backs.*

Mrs. B. [*Without, and knocking.*] Mr. Cox! Mr. Cox!

Cox. [*Shouting.*] I've just stepped out!

Box. So have I!

Mrs. B. Mr. Cox! [*Pushing at the door—Cox and Box redouble their efforts to keep the door shut.*] Open the door! It's only me—Mrs. Bouncer!

Cox. Only you? Then where's the lady?

Mrs. B. Gone!

Cox. Upon your honour?

Box. As a gentleman?

Mrs. B. Yes, and she's left a note for Mr. Cox.

Cox. Give it to me!

Mrs. B. Then open the door!

Cox. Put it under! [*A letter is put under the door; Cox picks up the letter, and opens it.*] Goodness Gracious!

Box. [*Snatching letter.*] Gracious Goodness! [*Cox snatches the letter, and runs forward, followed by Box.*

Cox. [*Reading.*] "Dear Mr. Cox, pardon my candor"—

Box. [*Looking over, and reading.*] "But being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate"—

Cox. "I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union"—

Box. "With Mr. Knox."

Cox. Huzza!

Box Three cheers for Knox! Ha, ha, ha!

[*Tosses the letter in the air, and begins dancing. Cox does the same.*

Mrs. B. [*Putting her head in at door.*] The little second floor back room is quite ready!

Cox. I don't want it!

Box. No more do I!

Cox. What shall part us?

Box. What shall tear us asunder?

Cox. Box!

Box. Cox! [*About to embrace—Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.*] You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.

Cox. The very observation I was going to make to you!

Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Cox. No!

Box. Then it is he! [*They rush into each other's arms.*

Cox. Of course we stop where we are?

Box. Of course!

Cox. For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.

Box. So am I—I begin to feel quite at home in it.

Cox. Everything so clean and comfortable—

Box. And I'm sure the mistress of it, from what I have seen of her, is very anxious to please.

Cox. So she is—and I vote, Box, that we stick by her.

Box. Agreed! There's my hand upon it—join but your's—agree that the house is big enough to hold us both, then Box—

Cox. And Cox—

Both. Are satisfied! [*The Curtain Falls.*

THE END.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXXX.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:
WM. TAYLOR & CO.
151 NASSAU STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

Box. [*Tossing.*] Heads!
Cox. [*Tossing.*] Heads!
Box. [*Tossing.*] Heads!
Cox. [*Tossing.*] Heads!
Box. Ain't you rather tired of turning up heads, sir?
Cox. Couldn't you vary the monotony of our proceedings by an occasional tail, sir?
Box. [*Tossing.*] Heads!
Cox. [*Tossing.*] Heads!
Box. Heads? Stop, sir! Will you permit me—[*Taking Cox's sixpence.*] Holloa! your sixpence has got no tail, sir!
Cox. [*Seizing Box's shilling.*] And your shilling has got two heads, sir!
Box. Cheat!
Cox. Swindler! [*They are about to rush upon each other, then retreat to some distance, and commence sparring, and striking fiercely at one another.*]

Enter MRS. BOUNCER, L. H. C.

Box & Cox. Is the little back second floor room ready?
Mrs. B. Not quite, gentlemen. I can't find the pistols, but I have brought you a letter—it came by the General Post yesterday. I'm sure I don't know how I forgot it, for I put it carefully in my pocket.
Cox. And you've kept it carefully in your pocket ever since?
Mrs. B. Yes, sir. I hope you'll forgive me, sir. [*Going.*] By the bye, I paid twopence for it.
Cox. Did you? Then I *do* forgive you. [*Exit Mrs B.* [*Looking at letter.*] "Margate." The post-mark decidedly says "Margate."
Box. Oh, doubtless a tender epistle from Penelope Ann.
Cox. Then read it, sir. [*Handing letter to Box.*]
Box. Me, sir?
Cox. Of course. You don't suppose I'm going to read a letter from your intended?
Box. *My* intended? Pooh! It's addressed to you—C. O. X.!
Cox. Do you think that's a C.? It looks to me like a B.
Box. Nonsense! Fracture the seal!
Cox. [*Opens letter—starts.*] Goodness gracious!

Box. [*Snatching letter—starts.*] Gracious goodness!

Cox. [*Taking letter again.*] "Margate—May the 4th. Sir,—I hasten to convey to you the intelligence of a melancholy accident, which has bereft you of your intended wife." He means *your* intended!

Box. No, *yours!* However, it's perfectly immaterial—but she unquestionably was yours.

Cox. How can that be? You proposed to her first!

Box. Yes, but then you—now don't let us begin again—Go on.

Cox. [*Resuming letter.*] "Poor Mrs. Wiggins went out for a short excursion in a sailing boat—a sudden and violent squall soon after took place, which, it is supposed, upset her, as she was found, two days afterwards, keel upwards."

Box. Poor woman!

Cox. The boat, sir! [*Reading.*] "As her man of business, I immediately proceeded to examine her papers, amongst which I soon discovered her will; the following extract from which will, I have no doubt, be satisfactory to you. 'I hereby bequeath my entire property to my intended husband.'" Excellent, but unhappy creature! [*Affected.*]

Box. Generous, ill-fated being! [*Affected.*]

Cox. And to think that I tossed up for such a woman!

Box. When I remember that I staked such a treasure on the hazard of a die!

Cox. I'm sure, Mr. Box, I can't sufficiently thank you for your sympathy.

Box. And I'm sure, Mr. Cox, you couldn't feel more, if she had been your own intended!

Cox. *If* she'd been *my own* intended? She *was* my own intended!

Box. *Your* intended? Come, I like that! Didn't you very properly observe just now, sir, that I proposed to her first?

Cox. To which you very sensibly replied that you'd come to an untimely end.

Box. I deny it!

Cox. I say you have!

Box. The fortune's mine!

Cox. Mine!

Box. I'll have *it!*

think it deserves a very kind reception." The public were of the same opinion, and although its first manager was confident it must prove a "barrel of gunpowder" and blow all parties concerned into the air—although the actors threw up their parts, and the voice of the green-room was pronounced against it, it secured at once a triumphant success. The play is now a standard, and is recognized wherever the English Drama is represented as an established classic. The mistaking of a private house for an inn, which is the main incident in the plot, justly raises the objection that many of its leading scenes necessarily rely upon a verbal evasion, kept up by an ingenious avoidance of every expression, scarcely possible in the conversation of everyday life—which would rectify the error; for that would put an end to the further progress of the piece. From the want of an organized and thoroughly efficient company of the old school of actors it has not been as often represented here as its unquestionable merits would have justified. Its latest opportunity of this kind was in the old company at the Park Theatre; where Henry Placide's *Tony Lumpkin*, the *Marlow* of Richings, and Mrs. Wheatley's *Mrs. Hardcastle*, are not forgotten.

There is no attempt at the profound delineation of character, no passages of eloquent sentiment, and very little complication of scene and story. It accomplished the end its author had in view when he questioned one of his critics, "Did it make you laugh?" "Exceedingly," the critic answered. "Then," said the dramatist, "that is all I require." The success of "She Stoops to Conquer" was the first blow at the class of sentimental comedies, and it was so effectually struck, that they have not since shown themselves on the English Stage as prevailing models. C. M.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1822.	*Arch-st., Phil'a.*
Sir Charles Marlow	Mr. Chapman.	Mr. Thayer.
Young Marlow	" C. Kemble.	" Worrell.
Hardcastle	" Fawcett.	" Howard.
Hastings	" Abbott.	" Grace.
Tony Lumpkin	" Liston.	" W. E. Burton.
Diggory	" Barnes.	" Jefferson.
Roger	" Moara.	
Dick	" Heath.	
Thomas	" Williams.	
Landlord	" Atkins.	" Jervis.
Slang	" Norris.	
Jeremy	" Louis.	
Groom	" Ryals.	
Bearward	" Crumpton.	
Mrs. Hardcastle	Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. Hughes.
Miss Neville	Miss Foote.	Miss Wood.
Miss Hardcastle	Mrs. Chatterly.	Mrs. Burke.
Dolly	Miss Green.	

COSTUMES.

SIR CHARLES MARLOW.—Gentlemen's old fashioned blue suit, camlet fly, and cocked hat.

HARDCASTLE.—Old fashioned camlet suit, cocked hat, and scarlet roquelare.

YOUNG MARLOW.—*First dress:* Dark green coat, white waistcoat, paintaloons, and black boots. *Second dress:* Fashionable dress suit.

HASTINGS.—Gentleman's plain suit.

TONY LUMPKIN.—Scarlet jacket, flowered silk waistcoat, buff breeches.

STINGO.—Country coat. red waistcoat, blue apron, and blue stockings.

DIGGORY.—White country coat, flowered waistcoat, buff breeches.

MRS. HARDCASTLE.—*First dress:* Brocade sack and petticoat. *Second dress:* Brown stuff potticoat, with mud on it, and a small black cloak.

MISS HARDCASTLE.—*First dress:* White muslin, trimmed with lace. *Second dress:* Smart colored gown, and white apron trimmed with ribbon.

MISS NEVILLE.—Blue satin body, and leno petticoat trimmed with blue satin.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre.*

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MR. HARDCASTLE, R.

Mrs. H. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbor, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them a whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. H. Ay, your times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy,—[*Taking her hand.*]—you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. H. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're forever at your Dorothy's and your old wife's. You may be a Darby but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see;—twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. H. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I had Tony by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. H. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. H. Humor, my dear; nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horsepond! If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, worrying the kittens, be humor, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. H. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! a cat and a fiddle! No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. H. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody who looks in his face can see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. H. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. H. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly, so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet. [*Tony hallooing behind the scenes.*] Oh, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly!

Enter TONY, L. U. E., *crossing the stage to* R.

Mrs. H. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I can't stay.

Mrs. H. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear. You look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The "Three Pigeons" expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the alehouse, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs. H. A low, paltry set of fellows!

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. H. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. H. [*Detaining him.*] You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. H. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[*Exit* R., *hauling her out.*

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair, that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, L.

Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! what a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never

teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss H. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by-the-by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss H. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss H. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss H. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss H. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss H. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss H. My dear papa, say no more. [*Kissing his hand.*] He's mine, I'll have him.

Hard. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss H. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always *makes a suspicious husband.*

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss H. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss H. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? Well, if he refuse, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery; set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits, the first day's muster. [*Exit*, L.

Miss H. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter! Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But, then, reserved and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—but I vow I am disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE, R.

I'm glad you're come, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss N. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss H. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss N. And his name—

Miss H. *Is Marlow.*

Miss N. Indeed.

Miss H. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss N. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss H. Never.

Miss N. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me?

Miss H. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw! think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear; has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss N. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-a-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss H. And her partiality is such that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss N. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss H. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss N. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss H. Would it were bed-time, and all were well!

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*An Alehouse Room.*

Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco.—TONY *at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest; a mallet in his hand.*

All. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, bravo!

1st Fel. Now, gentleman, silence for a song. The squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

All. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.—TONY.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genus a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their quis, their quæs, and their quods,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When hypocrite preachers come down
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of such scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friends, are the pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

1st Fel. The Squire has got spunk in him.

2d Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekase he never gives us nothing that's low.

3d Fel. Oh, damn anything that's low, I can't bear it.

4th Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing, a'ter all. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3d Fel. I like the maxim of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes —"Water Parted," or the minuet in "Ariadne."

2d Fel. What a pity it is the Squire is not come to his own! It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

3d Fel. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole country.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no recreant, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning.

Enter LANDLORD, L.

Well, Stingo, what's the matter.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord,* L.] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob,* L. U. E.] Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm *afraid—afraid of what?* I shall soon be worth fifteen

hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS, L.

Mar. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above three-score.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. [*With his pipe in his hand.*] No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no information of that, sir.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. *Our information* differs in this. The daughter is

said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up, and spoiled at his mother's apron string.

Tony. He-he-hem! Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's. [*Winking upon the Landlord.*] Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh, you know.

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to where four roads meet!

Mar. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. Oh, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crackskull Common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. Damn your fireside!

Mar. And your three chairs and a bolster, say I.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head?—the old Buck's Head on the hill—one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. Oh, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Aside to Tony.*] Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool, you. Let them find that out. [*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no. But I tell you though—the landlord is rich and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company, and, ecod! if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but he keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord.*] Mum.

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—damned, mischievous son of—no matter. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Hardcastle's House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward Servants*, R.

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

All. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger, and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so, being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory; you must be all attention to the guests: you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlor. Stay your stomach with *that reflection.*

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Old Grouse in the gun-room; I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. [*To Diggory.*] Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1*st Ser.* I'm not to leave this place.

2*d Ser.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3*d Ser.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns! and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so, while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved? Oh, you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard! To your posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the meantime, and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. [*Exit,* L.

Dig. Zounds! my place is gone clean out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is everywhere.

1*st Ser.* Where the devil is mine?

2*d Ser.* My place is to be no where at all; so I ze go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about frightened, different ways.*

Enter SERVANT, *with candles, showing in* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS, L.

Ser. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome

once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room, and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been so often surprised that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Mar. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman except my mother. But among females of another class you know—

Hast. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Mar. They are with us, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Mar. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But, I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could say but half the fine things to them

that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

Mar. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Mar. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring question of—"Madam, will you marry me?" No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you! but how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Mar. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low—answer yes or no to all her demands. But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend, can be so cool a lover.

Mar. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you; the family don't know you; as my friend, you are sure of a reception, and let honor do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Mar. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage

of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury-Lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE, L.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire; I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To him.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hastings.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Mar. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Hast. What a strange fellow is this.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Mar. Well, but suppose—

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough,

to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime? It would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

Hard. Punch, sir?

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Enter ROGER, *with a cup*, L.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. [*Aside.*] So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

Mar. [*Aside.*] A very impudent fellow, this! but he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Hast. [*Aside.*] I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over.

Hast. So, then you have no turn for politics, I find?

Hard. Why, no, sir: there was a time, indeed, when I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government no better, I left it to mend itself. Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Mar. [*After drinking.*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? [*Aside.*] Was ever such a request made to a man in his own house?

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. [*Aside.*] Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*To Marlow.*] Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir?

Hard. Oh, no, sir, none in the least: yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communica-

tive upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favor. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Gunthorp. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Enter ROGER *with a bill of fare.*

Hast. [*Aside.*] All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel—we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

[*Exit Roger*, L.

Mar. [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course, for the second course, for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiner's company, or the corporation of Bedford? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading.*] "*For the first course at the top, a pig's face and prune sauce.*"

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Mar. Damn your prune sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sauce, is very good eating. But, gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and luggage properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. [*Aside.*] A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. [*Aside.*] This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle,* R.

Hast. So, I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see! Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter MISS NEVILLE, L.

Miss N. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss N. An inn! you mistake; my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss N. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss N. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here, to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with the journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust

to her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be out of their power.

Miss N. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss N. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we persuade him she has come to this house as to an inn? Come this way. [*They confer.*

Enter MARLOW, R.

Mar. The assiduities of these good people teaze me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family—What have we got here?

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you—the most fortunate accident! Who do you think is just alighted.

Mar. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy; Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky, eh?

Mar. [*Aside.*] I have just been mortified enough of all

conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Mar. Oh, yes, very fortunate—a most joyful encounter! But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder.—What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house.—It will be every bit as convenient, and rather more respectful. To-morrow let it be. [*Offering to go.*

Miss N. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Mar. Oh, the devil she will! How shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous.

Hast. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Mar. And of all women, she that I most dread to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *as returning from walking, with a bonnet, &c.*

Hast. [*Introducing him.*] Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss H. [*Aside.*] Now for meeting my modest gentleman. [*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*] I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Mar. Only a few, madam.—Yes, we had some.—Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry, madam—or rather, glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. [*To Marlow.*] You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss H. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Mar. [*Gathering courage.*] I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam, but I have kept very little company. I

have been an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Hast. [*To Marlow.*] Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

Mar. [*To Hastings.*] Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss H. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Mar. Pardon me, madam, I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. [*To Marlow.*] Bravo, bravo! never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Mar. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. [*To Hastings.*] Zounds! George, sure you won't go! How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation; so we'll retire to the next room. [*To Marlow.*] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt Hastings and Miss Neville,* R.

Mar. What the devil shall I do? [*Aside.*] Will you please to be seated, madam; I say, ma'am—

Miss H. Sir!

Mar. I am afraid, ma'am, I am not so happy as to make myself agreeable to the ladies—

Miss H. The ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Mar. [*Relapsing into timidity.*] Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss H. And that, some say, is the very worst way to to obtain them.

Mar. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss H. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of senti

ment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Mar. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish —for—um—a—um.

Miss H. I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasure, pretend to dispise what they are incapable of tasting.

Mar. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

Miss H. [*Aside.*] Who could ever suppose this gentleman impudent upon some occasions! [*To Marlow.*] You were going to observe, sir.

Mar. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss H. [*Aside.*] I vow and so do I. [*To Marlow.*] You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Mar. Yes, madam, in this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss H. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss H. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few who do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Mar. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss H. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force —Pray, sir, go on.

Mar. Yes, madam, I was saying—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss H. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life.

Mar. But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you?

Miss H. Well, then, I'll follow.—[*Exit Marlow,* R.]—*Ha! ha! ha! ha!* Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview! I'm certain he scarce looked in my face

the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit*, R.

Enter TONY *and* MISS NEVILLE, R.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss N. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I want to know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows coquetting him to the back scene.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS, R.

Mrs. H. Well, I vow, Mr. Hastings, you're very entertaining. There is nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. H. Oh, sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighboring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do, is to enjoy London at second hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked-lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings!

Hast. Extremely elegant and degagee, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. H. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in *the ladies' memorandum* book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed! such a head in a side-box at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs. H. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in a crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. [*Bowing.*

Mrs. H. Yet what signifies my dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? All I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like Captain Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies, there are none ugly, so among the men, there are none old.

Mrs. H. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tete for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. H. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. H. Seriously! Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins to put on jewels now till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. H. And yet my niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. H. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They quarrel and make it up again ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. [*To them.*] Well, Tony, child, what

soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening.

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod, I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. H. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss N. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned, confounded—crack,

Mrs. H. For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

Mrs. H. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I've taken in your education? Did not I work that waistcoat and those ruffles to make you look like a gentleman?

Tony. Ecod! I tell you I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

Mrs. H. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good let it come of itself; not to keep dingling it, dingling it into one so.

Mrs. H. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. H. Was ever the like! But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. H. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and* Miss Neville, R.

Tony. Don't mind her, let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to be a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more cantanckerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. [*Aside.*] Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the heighth of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She would make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend, that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon?

Hast. Would you thank him, that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsey?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you? Ecod, I will to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you

part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

[*Exeunt.—Tony singing*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Hardcastle's House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, L.

Hard. What could my old friend, Sir Charles, mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlor, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed*, R.

Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you: and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss H. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss H. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in all my life! He *has quite confounded all* my faculties!

Miss H. I never saw anything like it: and a man of the world too?

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad. What a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss H. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss H. Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss H. Mr. Marlow's: his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first-sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss H. Sure, sir, you rally? I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing swaggering puppy, since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss H. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that froze me to death.

Miss H. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of the girl that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and, "Madam, I would not detain you." [*Mimicking Marlow.*

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun, and when I was talking of the Duke of Marlborough and my friend Brooks, he asked if I was not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was not a maker of punch!

Miss H. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. In one thing, however, we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss H. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should

find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the man is well enough for a man—certainly he has a very passable complexion.

Hard. If we should find him so—But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business; I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss H. Then as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But, depend on't, I'm in the right.

Miss H. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong.

[*Exeunt*, L.

Enter TONY, *running in with a Casket*, R.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither.

Enter HASTINGS, R.

Oh, my genus, is that you?

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last; we shall be ready to set off in a short time.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way. [*Giving a casket.*] Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is endeavoring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be.

But I know how it will be well enough, she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance. [*Exit Hastings*, L.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MISS NEVILLE, R.

Mrs. H. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me; such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, these twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss N. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. H. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady-kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss N. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. H. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con want any jewels in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as hereafter may be.

Miss N. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me—

Mrs. H. A parcel of old fashioned rose and table cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [*Aside to Mrs. Hardcastle.*] Then why don't you *tell her so at once*, as she's so longing for them? Tell *her they're lost. It's* the only way to quiet her. Say they *are lost, and call me to* bear witness.

Mrs. H. [*Aside to Tony.*] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss N. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. H. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing I assure you. Lost, for aught I know. But we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss N. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. H. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they're missing and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. H. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss N. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. H. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them, and in the meantime you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss N. I detest garnets.

Mrs. H. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they looked upon me. You shall have them. [*Exit,* R.

Miss N. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir. —Was ever any thing so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery!

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss N. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel. [*Exit Miss Neville*, L.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle, R.

Mrs. H. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family?

Mrs. H. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that; I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. H. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined forever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. H. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right: you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. H. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me? Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on the one hand, and thieves on the other!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will. Here, thieves, thieves, thieves, thieves! [*He runs off, she follows him,* L.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE *and* MAID, R.

Miss H. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for a bar-maid, madam.

Miss H. Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Dolly, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss H. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss H. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview.

Maid. But what do you hope for from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss H. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one, who never addresses any but the vilest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invincible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss H. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant—Did your honor call?—Attend the Lion, there—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here. [Exit, R.

Enter MARLOW, L.

Mar. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*Walks and muses.*

Miss H. Did you call, sir? did your honor call?

Mar. [*Musing.*] As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss H. Did your honor call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Mar. No, child. [*Musing.*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss H. I am sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Mar. No, no. [*Musing.*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. [*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*

Miss H. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Mar. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss H. Oh, la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Mar. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye.—Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss H. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Mar. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too.

Miss H. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Mar. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss H. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Mar. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss H. Oh, sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Mar. To guess at this distance you can't be much above forty. [*Approaching.*] Yet nearer, I don't think so much. [*Approaching.*] By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed— [*Attempting to kiss her.*

Miss H. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Mar. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss H. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked for all the world as if you were a justice of the peace.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Egad! she has hit it sure enough. [*To Miss Hardcastle.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing; no, no, I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss H. Oh! then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

Mar. Yes, my dear, a great favorite; and yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town, I am called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*

Miss H. Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there you say?

Mar. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blacklog, the Countess of Cog, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss H. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Mar. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine and old women can make us.

Miss H. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Mar. [*Aside.*] Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

Miss H. I can't but laugh, to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Mar. [*Aside.*] All's well, she don't laugh at me. [*To Miss Hardcastle.*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss H. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Mar. Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miss. H. Ay, but the colors don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Mar. And why not now, my angel?—Pshaw! the landlord here! My good luck! [*Exit Marlow.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, R., *who stands in surprise.*

Hard. So, madam! so I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss H. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss H. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives.

Miss H. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss H. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

Miss H. I hope, sir, you have ever found, that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination.

[*Exeunt, Hardcastle,* R., *Miss Hardcastle,* L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Hardcastle's House.*

Enter MARLOW, *followed by a* SERVANT, R.

Mar. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Ser. Yes, your honor.

Mar. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Ser. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little barmaid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family; she's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS, R.

Hast. Marlow here, and in spirits, too!

Mar. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me

with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women you mean. But what success has your honor's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Mar. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lively little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well, and what then?

Mar. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hast. But are you sure, so very sure of her?

Mar. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I'm to approve the pattern.

Hast. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honor?

Mar. Pshaw! pshaw! we all know the honor of a bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Mar. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? Is it in safety?

Mar. Yes, yes; it's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah, numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself—I have—

Hast. What?

Mar. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady?

Mar. The landlady.

Hast. You did?

Mar. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Mar. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion?

Hast. [*Aside.*] He must not see my uneasiness.

Mar. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Mar. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however.

Mar. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. [*Aside.*] So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. [*To Marlow.*] Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and—ha! ha! ha!—if you are as successful for yourself as you have been for me—

Mar. What then?

Hast. Why, then, I wish you joy with all my heart.

[*Exit,* L.

Enter HARDCASTLE, R.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer;—and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To Marlow.*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

Mar. Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside.*] What's to be the wonder now.

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir; I hope you think so?

Mar. I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Mar. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. [*To the Side-Scene.*] Here, let one of my servants come up. [*To Hardcastle.*] My positive directions were,

that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Mar. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter SERVANT, *drunk*, L.

You, Jeremy, come forward, sirrah! what were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. [*Aside.*] I begin to lose my patience.

Jer. Please your honor, liberty and Fleet Street for ever! Though I am but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, dam'me! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—hiccup—upon my conscience, sir.

[*Exit*, L.

Mar. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he possibly can be; I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow, sir, I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Mar. Leave your house?—Sure you jest, my good friend! What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Mar. Sure you cannot be serious? At this time of night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Mar. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone.*] This your house, fellow! it's my house. This is my house. Mine while I choose to stay. What right *have you to* bid me leave this house, sir? I never met

with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, this house is mine, sir. By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir, [*Bantering.*] as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there are a set of prints, too. What think you of The Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

Mar. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Mar. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Mar. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit,* R.

Mar. How's this! Sure I've not mistaken the house! Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry "Coming." The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, L.

Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Miss H. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry.

Mar. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss H. A relation of the family, sir.

Mar. What! a poor relation?

Miss H. Yes, sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Mar. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn?

Miss H. Inn! oh, law!—What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Mar. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss H. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

Mar. So, then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head! I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the printshops.—The Dullissimo Maccaroni! To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper. What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss H. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behavior to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Mar. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—this house I no more show my face in.

Miss H. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry—[*Pretending to cry.*]—if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Mar. [*Aside.*] By heaven, she weeps! This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me.

Miss H. But I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Mar. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss H. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Mar. [*Aside.*] This simplicity bewitches me so, that if

I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. [*To her.*] Your partiality in my favor, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, make an honorable connection impossible; and I can never harbor a thought of seducing simplicity, that trusted in my honor, or bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely. [*Exit*, R.

Miss H. Generous man! I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit*, L.

Enter TONY *and* MISS NEVILLE, R.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time: I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss N. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I've courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a little more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire up and seem to fondle.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE, R.

Mrs. H. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I'm alive! I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs, ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now

and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. H. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss N. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. Oh, it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss N. Agreeable cousin! who can help admiring that natural humor, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless—[*Patting his cheek.*]—ah, it's a bold face.

Mrs. H. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazle eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. H. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I never was so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsey's sermons, till a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY, L.

Dig. Where's the Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Dig. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Dig. Your worship mun ask that of the letter itself.

[*Exit,* L.

Tony. I could wish to know, though.

[*Turning the letter and gazing on it.*

Miss N. [*Aside.*] Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined forever. I'll keep her employed a little if I can. [*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*] But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr.

Marlow. We so laughed.—You must know, madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us. [*They confer.*

Tony. [*Still gazing.*] A damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "*To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire.*" It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. H. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher?

Miss N. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. H. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. [*Still gazing.*] A damned up-and-down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. [*Reading.*] "*Dear Sir.*" Ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. H. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss N. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. [*Twitching the letter from him.*] Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss N. Ay, so it is. [*Pretending to read.*] "*Dear Squire. Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds*—um—*odd battle*—um—*long fighting*—um"—Here, here, it's all about cocks and fightings; it's of no consequence—here, put it up, put it up. [*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*

Mrs. H. How's this! [*Reads.*] "*Dear* Squire, I am now *waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise* and pair, at

the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (ay, the hag,) *your mother will otherwise suspect us. Yours,* HASTINGS."

Grant me patience! I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me!

Miss N. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. H. [*Courtesying very low.*] Fine spoken madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam! [*Changing her tone.*] And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut—were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You, too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit,* R.

Miss N. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss N. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him!

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags, and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS, L.

Hast. So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss there who betrayed you. *Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.*

Enter MARLOW, R.

Mar. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss N. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Mar. What can I say to him, a mere booby, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor, contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss N. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub!

Mar. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! dam'me, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

Mar. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Mar. But, sir—

Miss N. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter DIGGORY, L.

Dig. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit*, L.

Miss N. Well, well, I'll come presently. Oh, Mr. Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Mar. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss N. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think—that I am sure—you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

Mrs. H. [*Within.*] Miss Neville, Constance—why, Constance, I say.

Miss N. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit*, L.

Mar. [*To Tony.*] You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. [*From a reverie.*] Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours, and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Hardcastle's House.*

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW *and* HARDCASTLE, R.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir C. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances!

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir C. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our

families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir C. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man! I tell you, they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir C. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW, L.

Mar. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter, will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Mar. Sir, I shall always be proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

Mar. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

Mar. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family?

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence. Though girls like to be played with, and rumpled, too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Mar. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her—

Mar. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark

of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. [*Aside.*] This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir C. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

Mar. As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications.

[*Exit*, L.

Sir C. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir C. I dare pledge my life and honor upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, R.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss H. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. [*To Sir Charles.*] You see.

Sir C. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss H. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. [*To Sir Charles.*] You see.

Sir C. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss H. A lasting one.

Sir C. Did he talk of love?

Miss H. Much, sir.

Sir C. Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss H. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir C. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss H. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit,

and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir C. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I'm confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss H. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will follow my directions, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir C. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Hardcastle,* R.

Miss H. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning.

[*Exit,* L.

SCENE II.—*The back of the Garden.*

Enter HASTINGS, L.

Hast. What an idiot am I to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance!

Enter TONY, *booted and spattered,* R.

My honest Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hard. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mun. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pound or slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down-hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Crackskull Common, and from that with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope?

Tony. No, no, only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge an inch to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble Squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the gizzard. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the gizzard, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

[*Exit Hastings*, R.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE, L.

Mrs. H. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook, battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing *one inch of the way.*

Mrs. H. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Heavytree Heath, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. H. Oh, lud! Oh, lud! the most notorious spot in all the county. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. H. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. H. Oh, death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mother; don't be afraid.

Mrs. H. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. [*Aside.*] Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks! [*To her.*] Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. H. Good Heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough and cry *hem.* When I cough be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, R.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. *Hem.*

Mrs. H. [*From behind.*] Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours! sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. *Hem.*

Mrs. H. [*From behind.*] Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm!

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in three hours was very good going. *Hem.* As to be sure it was. *Hem.* I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in if you please. *Hem.*

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved—[*Raising his voice.*]—to find the other out.

Mrs. H. [*Running forward from behind.*] Oh, lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy?

Hard. My wife, as I'm a Christian! From whence can she come, or what does she mean?

Mrs. H. [*Kneeling.*] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman! Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. H. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door? [*To Tony.*] This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue, you. [*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*] Don't you know the gate and the mulberry tree—and don't you remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [*To Tony.*] And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. H. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the Stage.—Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Hardcastle's House.*

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW *and* MISS HARDCASTLE, L.

Sir C. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss H. I am proud of your approbation, and to show I merit it, if you will conceal yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear his explicit declaration.—But he comes.

Sir C. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit*, R.

Enter MARLOW, L.

Mar. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss H. [*In her own natural manner.*] I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Mar. [*Aside.*] This girl every moment improves upon me.—It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion; and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss H. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE *and* SIR CHARLES MARLOW, *behind*, R.

Mar. By Heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for

who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss H. No, Mr. Marlow; I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection, in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Mar. [*Kneeling.*] Does this look like security?—Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir C. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

Mar. That I'm all amazement! what can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure; that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public: that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Mar. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate; whose else could she be?

Mar. Oh, the devil!

Miss H. Yes, sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. [*Courtesying.*] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club; ha! ha! ha!

Mar. Zounds! there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

Miss H. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud, confident creature that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap and old Mrs. Biddy Buckskin till three in the morning; ha! ha! ha!

Mar. Oh, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken down. I must begone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you.—Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive him. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* TONY.

Mrs. H. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. H. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir C. Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Enter HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE, L.

Mrs. H. [*Aside.*] What, returned so soon? I begin not to like it.

Hast. [*To Hardcastle.*] For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded on duty.

Hard. I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their duo. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was

likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret; but since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. [*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*] Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of Blank-place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir C. Oh, brave Squire!

Hast. My worthy friend!

Mrs. H. My dutiful offspring!

Mar. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favor.

Hast. [*To Miss Hardcastle.*] Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. [*Joining their hands.*] And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

THE END.

No. XLVIII.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

EDITED BY F. C. WEMYSS.

BOX AND COX

MARRIED AND SETTLED.

An Original Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY J. STIRLING COYNE.

AUTHOR OF

"Wanted a Thousand Young Milliners," "Binks the Bagman," "How to settle Accounts with your Laundress," "Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell," "Tipperary Legacy," "Duel in the Dark," "My Wife's Daughter," &c.

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.,

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

REMARKS.

It seldom happens, that an author who has relinquished a character, and turned it over to the tide of popular opinion, can take it up again, and present it successfully in another phase. Even Shakspeare failed to do this with Falstaff; what he had done once so well, when he tried to do again, even in his own prolific brain, he found no match—for himself, Shakspeare compared with Shakspeare, failed.—Yet Mr. Coyne has revived successfully, our old friends, Box and Cox, and by introducing us to their wives, Mrs. Box and Mrs. Cox, has rendered them as entertaining, if not more so, than ever. A better thought never entered an author's brain, than producing the stuffed figure of the Lady's Poodle lap dog, as the representative of her *dear little Charley*, whose existence had inspired the mind of her husband with all the horrors which the green-eyed monster conjures up on such occasions. The glove and

the muffin, also, are perfectly in keeping with the character of the man. Mr. and Mrs. Box, and Mr. and Mrs. Cox Married and Settled, may issue their cards of invitation to all their friends, the more numerous the more welcome, and the married couples will be sure to meet congratulations upon the happy events which give so much pleasure to all.

F. C. W.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Box (a retired Printer).....Mr. Davidge.
Mr. Cox (a retired Hatter)..... " Whiting.
An Anonymous Gent (in the Street)..... " Lewis.
Mrs. Box (late Sophy Dawes).....Mrs. Vernon.
Mrs. Cox (late Fanny Hawes).....Mrs. Sefton.
Mrs. Bouncer (always the same).....Mrs. Herman.

COSTUMES.

BOX. *First dress:* Dressing gown, and night cap.—*Second dress:* Plaid trowsers, light waistcoat, dark frock coat.

COX. Dark trowsers, light waistcoat, drab paletôt, drab felt hat. After the fight change to another suit similar to the above, very much torn and soiled.

MRS. BOX. Pink spotted muslin dress.

MRS. COX. Light muslin dress, with many flounces.

MRS. BOUNCER. Colored cotton gown, apron, and cap.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

S.E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door.*

First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Saturday

Time in Performance, Forty Minutes.

BOX AND COX

MARRIED AND SETTLED!

SCENE—*A well-furnished Sitting Room in* MRS. BOUNCER' *House; door,* 2 E. L., *to* BOX'S *chamber; general entranc door,* 3 E. L.; *door,* 2 E. R., *to* COX'S *chamber; fireplac and chimney glass,* 3 E. R.; *two practicable windows, look ing on street,* R. *and* L. C. *flat; a table with cloth, cups an saucers, &c., laid for breakfast; a side table between th doors on* L. COX *is heard in* R. *chamber, calling loudly* "Mrs. Bouncer! Mrs. Bouncer!"

Enter COX, 3 E. L.—*he is without his coat, and is partl shaved; he has a looking glass in one hand, and razor i the other.*

Cox. No bell in the room, and nobody to answer my ener getic vociferations! (*calls*) Mrs. Bouncer!—(*sees a bell o table*) Hah! here's a bell. (*rings, and calls loudly*) Mrs Bouncer! (*till* MRS. BOUNCER *enters,* 3 E L.)

Mrs. Boun. Bless me, Mr. Cox, what *is* the matter?

Cox. Matter, Mrs. Bouncer! Look here, ma'am, and tel me how you expect me to perform the delicate operation o shaving in a glass, whose reflective powers are distorted t such a degree, that I can't be certain whether I'm scrapin my chin or cutting off my nose.

Mrs. Boun. Dear me! I'm really very sorry—I'll see if I can find you a better one, sir.

[*Takes glass and exit hastily,* 3 E. L

Cox. Do so, Mrs. Bouncer—(*retiring towards room*, R.)—by the bye, Mrs. B.—(*perceives that she is gone—rings the bell violently, and calls*) Mrs. Bouncer, Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. Boun. (*re-entering*) What is it, sir?

Cox. I merely wished to ask you if the cabman has brought back my umbrella that I forgot in his cab last night—a brown gingham umbrella—with brass spike, and two broken ribs!

Mrs. Boun. No, sir, I have heard nothing about it.

Exit, L. 3 E.

Cox. Well, that is rather extraordinary. Ah! By-the-bye, here's a glass here that I can finish my shaving by. (*goes to chimney glass, and is shaving when* Box *enters at door*, 2 E. L.—*he appears as if risen hastily from bed, and wears a dressing gown, slippers, and night cap.*

Box. (L.) What ringing and hollowing is this? Do you know, sir, that you have disturbed me out of my first sleep? (Cox *starts and appears as if he had cut himself with razor*)

Cox. If it was your last sleep, sir, I should have done just the same—It's nine o'clock, and I've been out of bed these four hours.

Box. Sir, I believe you capable of any absurdity.

Cox. I can't, from habit, sleep in the morning, sir.

Box. Nor I, from custom, can't sleep at night, sir.

Cox. Then, sir, it's my unbiassed opinion——(*turns and recognizes* Box) Good gracious, Box!

Box. Heavenly powers! Cox!

Cox. My valued friend! } (*together*)
Box. My worthy chum! }

Cox. Don't it strike you, Box, as rather remarkable that we should meet here accidentally, as I may say, in our old lodgings after two years' separation.

Box. Well, so it does. Are you still implicated in the hat manufacture, Cox?

Cox. Without meaning any disrespect to you, Box—I say, advisedly—damn the hat manufacture. I've retired from business.

Box. Indeed; how very odd that I should also have seceded from the printing profession.

Cox. Listen, Box. When, by a concatenation of small debts, duly recorded in the archives of the Islington County Court, I was compelled to emigrate surreptitiously from Mrs. Bouncer's apartments to the Old Kent Road, you can't imagine my distress.

Box. (L. C.) Yes, I can, by my own.

Cox. (R. C.) I tried to forget everything in the world.

Box. Especially your share of the rent, which I had to pay Mrs. Bouncer.

Cox. Generous Box! don't mention it. (*shakes* Box's *hand*) Well, soon after, I was surprised, and I may add delighted, by the death of an old uncle, who left me a comfortable annuity.

Box. How singular that my aunt of venerable memory should have died about the same time, and left me a pretty little property.

Cox. I congratulate you, my dear fellow. } (*together*)
Box. I wish you joy of your luck. }

Cox. Well, my next step was to get married;——

Box. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Do you know I've been guilty of the same indiscretion myself?

Cox. I was connubialised this day, twelve months.

Box. The very day that witnessed the loss of my liberty.

Cox. But that's not all,—could you believe it, I have a child?

Box. Give me your hand, Cox. (*he grasps* Cox's *hand*) I also am a man and a father!

Cox. How strangely things come about! Well, I've just returned to town from Margate, where I served my first year —we arrived last night by the steamer;——

Box. And I've come by train from Southampton.

Cox. And finding that Mrs. Bouncer had apartments unoccupied, we popped into them.

Box. Precisely as *we* did.

Cox. Then your wife is here?

Box. Yes,—she's in there—(*points to door*, L.) And yours?

Cox. (*points to door*, R.) In there.

Box. (*solemnly*) Cox,—the wonderful sympathy that exists between us, convinces me that nature intended us for Siamese twins.

Cox. Or Corsican brothers at least.—— (*embrace*)

Box. A thought strikes me, Cox, we should consecrate this day to friendship—by breakfasting together.

Cox. With the ladies?

Box. With the ladies, of course.——

Cox. Agreed (*rings table bell and calls*) Mrs. Bouncer—Mrs. Bounce-e e-e-r.—Bouncer don't exhibit her usual alacrity this morning.

Enter MRS. BOUNCER, 3 E. L., *carrying a tray with tea, coffee, &c.*

Ah! Mrs. Bouncer,—breakfast—for four!

Mrs. Boun. There it is sir,—I thought as old friends you'd have it together. (*lays tray on side table*, C.) There it is. Tea, coffe, shrimps, muffins, eggs, fried bacon, mutton-chops, and water-cresses. (*puts articles on table* C. *as she names them*)

Box. That will do for the present, we'll ring when we require more.

Exit MRS. BOUNCER, 3 E. L.

Mrs. C. (*calling from room*, R.) Cox! Cox!

Cox. There's my wife calling me,—she wants me to hook her. Ah, Box, that's a woman any man might be proud to hook!

Exit COX, R. 2 E.

Box. I've no doubt of it.

MRS BOX *comes from* 2 E. L, *singing an opera air.*

Mrs. B. La, la, ra, la, la, &c. Dear me, I'm frightfully out of voice this morning: is breakfast ready, Box?

Box. Yes, my dear, we only wait for my old friend, Cox, whom I met accidentally here this moment—you've often heard me speak of him. We once lived together, and now we are going to breakfast together. I'll just go and finish dressing, and be back presently.

Exit, 2 E. L.

Mrs. B. Dear me, I wonder how I look. I only dressed for Box, and here's Cox coming. (*looks at herself in chimney glass*)

Enter MRS. COX, 2 E. R.

Mrs. C. (*crosses to* L. *as she enters*) I'm curious to see this friend of Cox's. (*perceives* MRS. BOX) Why surely it never can be——

Mrs. B. (*turning*) Hey—bless me—Miss Hawes!

Mrs. C. Sophy Dawes!

Mrs. B. Excuse me, Fanny, but I've changed my name. I've taken Dawes out of the corner of my pocket handkerchief, and put Box in.

Mrs. C. I really beg pardon, ma'am: I wasn't aware of the circumstance, as I've been abroad at Margate since *my* marriage.

Mrs. B. (R. C.) What, are you gone and got married too?

Mrs. C. Well, I hope I'm not infringing the rules of female propriety by saying, I've made Cox the happiest of his sex.

Mrs. B. What a lark, to think we should have both got off the shelf at last!

Mrs. C. Off the shelf, mem—ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. B. Ha, ha, ha! (*both laugh, and continue to laugh until* Cox *and* Box *re-enter dressed for breakfast*)

Box. (*to* Cox) There's no need of introducing our wives, Cox—you see, they've affected an amalgamation already.

Mrs. B. Oh, we're old friends——

Mrs. C. Fondly attached companions! (*apart to* Cox) A forward little chorus singer at the theatres, who, to my knowledge, has been laying traps for every man she met, for the last fifteen years.

Mrs. B. (*apart to* Box, L. C.) A paltry straw bonnet maker, who was on her last legs when she inveigled this poor stupid Cox.

Cox. Well, I vote we go to breakfast

Mrs. C. Oh, bravo! I've got such an appetite. (*she is going towards the head of the table, when* MRS. Box *rushes before her*)

Mrs. B. Beg pardon, mem, but if there be anything I sticks up for, it's my rank—the printer's lady before the hatter's wife. (*sits* at head of table,* L. Box *sits* L. C., Cox *sits* R. C.)

Mrs. C. Oh, mem, don't flurry yourself—I always give way to age. (*sits at opposite end of table,* R.)

Mrs. B. Age! why, my dear, when you was a grown young person at the bonnet trade, I was playing with my doll.

Mrs. C. I remember the doll perfectly, Sophy; a remarkably large sized one it was, with red whiskers, and a strong Irish brogue——

Cox. (*rising*) Ladies, ladies! Although an advocate in general for freedom of discussion, I'm afraid we're now touching on delicate ground.

Box. Bravo! bravo!

* Cox, R. C. Box, L. C.

Cox. I therefore move the previous question, and request my friend Box to pass the muffins this way. (MRS. BOX *and* MRS. COX *tap their tea spoons on the table, aud cry* "Bravo! bravo!" BOX *hands the plate of muffins to* COX)

Box. Where are the eggs? oh! (*takes an egg from a plate*) Well now, I dare say Mrs. Bouncer calls that an egg! I call it a humbug—a contemptible humbug! and I maintain that the principles of Free Trade are not carried out unless we are to have a large egg with our big loaf. I dare say that egg has been laid to order by some distressed hen, at twenty to the dozen.

Cox. And here's a mutton chop (*holding a chop on his fork*) that has been curiously adapted to a stomach of the meanest capacity.

Mrs. B. Where's the porter?

Box. (*rings bell and runs to door*) Porter—porter! Mrs. Bouncer.

Mrs. C. Do you indulge in porter, Mrs. Box?

Mrs. B. Yes, mem—I—hem!—hem!—I take it for my organ: the organ requires nourishment. Malibran took porter, mem, for her organ—didn't she, Box?

Box. (*re-seating himself*) Extensively, my dear, in the pewter.

Enter MRS. BOUNCER *with a pot of porter*, 3 E. L.

Mrs. Boun. The porter, Mr. Box. (*puts it down and is going off*)

Box. By-the-bye, Mrs. Bouncer, has that cabman brought home my umbrella yet,—a brown gingham umbrella, with brass spike and two broken ribs?

Mrs. Boun. No, sir; I've heard nothing about it. (*goes off* L. 3 E.)

Cox. Very extraordinary, indeed!

Mrs. B. Can't we have a few hiseters, Box?

Mrs. C. Hiseters?

Mrs. B. I hope hiseters don't offend?

Mrs. C. You mean *oysters*, my dear—*vide* Walker.

Mrs. B. If he's of your acquaintance, Fanny, I mean to *avide* him.

Box. *Tempora mutantur*—let's have no temper on the matter. Allow me to propose an egg, Mrs. Cox.

Mrs. C. You're very kind. (Box *hands her an egg*)

Box. Salt, Mrs. Cox! (*hands her the salt*) And allow me to recommend you some of these watercresses. (*puts watercresses on her plate*)

Mrs. C. Oh, thank you.

Box. What is the next article, Mrs. Cox?

Mrs. C. Nothing more at present.

Cox. Well, this is downright jolly—just the thing I like—a comfortable little family party, where we can enjoy the society of our partners, without—without——

Box. Mustard! (*reaches for it*)

Cox. I didn't say without mustard, Box—far from it.

Box. (*eating*) How deuced hot it is!

Cox. But this I will say—that when we reflect upon our happiness as husbands——

Box. It draws tears from my eyes.

Mrs B. Box!

Box. The mustard, my love—nothing but the mustard.

Mrs. B. I should hope not, Box.

Cox. I have one observation to make: it is that we should devote this day to harmless conviviality, and as we have breakfasted, we should dine together.

Ladies. (*tapping the table*) Hear, hear! Bravo! *Encore!*

Box I know a first-rate establishment in the Old Kent Road, where we can have a splendid dinner—all the delicacies of the season—beer included—for eighteen-pence a-head.

Mrs. B. No:—Greenwich is my weakness—shrimps and tea a shilling.

Mrs. C. I objects to Greenwich in *totum;* my feeling is for Rosherville.

Mrs. B. I hate Rosherville.

Mrs. C. And I abominate Greenwich; so I shall stop at home.

Mrs. B. Your absence shall not spoil our appetite, I promise you. (*rises*)

Mrs. C. But it may *your* temper. (*rises*)

Mrs. B. (L.) My temper?—Ha, ha, ha! insignificant creature.

Mrs. C. (R.) You're angry, dear.

Mrs. B. No, mem, I'm not!

Mrs. C. Yes, you are, love.

Mrs. B. I tell you I ain't!

Mrs. C. Yes, darling, you are. (Box *and* Cox *rise and come down*)

Mrs. B. Box! pack up our trunks this moment and call a cab! I'll not remain another moment under this roof. (*taking* Box *by the arm*)

Cox. (*interposing*) Ladies, ladies, don't get warm. Come here! (Cox *comes forward to* C., *the two* LADIES *come on either side of him*) You (*to* MRS BOX) stand for Greenwich, there —and you, my dear, (*to* MRS. Cox) for Rosherville, there. Now, as we can't dine conveniently at both places, I propose an intermediate banquet at Blackwall, here. (*touching his breast*)

Mrs. B. Oh! I don't presume to dictate—anywhere but Rosherville.

Mrs. C. I've no voice in the matter—I only object to Greenwich.

Box. (L. C.) Well, that matter's settled. How shall we go down?

Mrs. B. (L.) What does Mrs. Cox say?

Mrs. C. (R. C.) I say nothing—I leave it to you, Sophy—you always oppose everybody.

Mrs. B. I deny that! It is *you*, Fanny, that will never give up a *pint*. But you can't help it, dear—you never could; and I've often said if ever there was ever a dear aggravating creature in the world, it was Fanny Hawes. (MRS. Cox *laughs contemptuously; both* LADIES *go up stage*)

Box. (*aside and agitated*) Fanny Hawes!—good gracious! —that name! If it should be——(*aside to* Cox) Cox! was your wife's name Hawes?

Cox. (*aside to him*) Of course it was, till we were married, and Cox obliterated Hawes. Come, ladies, let us finish our breakfast. (*sits at table*) Another cup of coffee, Mrs. B? (*the two* LADIES *re seat themselves at table*)

Box. (*apart* L.) Fanny Hawes? Hah! (*takes a white kid glove out of his pocket-book*) It must be the mysterious owner of this little kid glove, that I purloined from an interesting fellow-passenger whom I travelled with in an excursion train from Brighton one evening about eighteen months ago. Hah! what delicious recollections it suggests of a small waist and a very large carpet bag! She evidently don't recollect me—but that's not surprising, as in the dim twilight, and the obscurity of a second-class carriage, neither of us could distinguish the other's features.

Mrs. B. Box! you havn't breakfasted

Box. Oh, yes, I have—don't mind me. (*apart*) She can't however, forget the attentive stranger, who carried her little dog on his knees during our journey—she can't forget the white kid glove that I've preserved ever since. Here's her name inside: "Fanny Hawes"—and here's a slight memorandum of my feelings written at the time. I wish I could speak a few words to her; I've some mournful intelligence to communicate to her, that I'd rather Mrs. Box shouldn't be aware of—but how to reveal myself?

Cox. Muffins all gone?

Box. (*Apart*) Muffins! happy idea—I'll place her glove under a muffin, and give it to her with a mysterious wink. (*he goes to side table, takes the last muffin on a plate, which he brings down*, L.) This is certainly a most ingenious plan. (*he places the glove under the muffin*) There, she can't miss it.

Mrs. B. Box, dear, will you fetch me my shawl from the next room?

Box. Certainly, my love. (*aside*) Confound the shawl! (*puts down plate with muffin on side table, and goes hastily into room*, 2 E. L.)

Cox. Are there no more muffins? (*rises and sees the muffins* Box *has left on table*, L.) Oh, here's one left. (*takes the muffin and returns to breakfast table.*) I've a theory about muffins, that they're a curious combination of sponge and wash-leather; (*endeavoring to cut the muffin*) and I've strong suspicion that the leather predominates in this particular specimen—there's no cutting through it. Eh! eh! what's this? (*rises and holds up the glove on his fork*) Well, really now—Mrs. Bouncer—this is too bad—though I am partial to muffins,—I can't swallow gloves!

Box *appears at door*, 2 E. L.

Mrs. C. } Gloves. (*they rise and come forward*)
Mrs. B. }

Cox. Yes,—a lady's kid as I live,—and what is here—something written inside. (*reads*) "Fanny Hawes."

Mrs. C. *My* name?

Cox. And here on a slip of paper.—"April the 1st, 1851,—the happiest day of my life! oh, Fanny Hawes when shall we meet again?—Signed, "JOHN BOX, Printer"—Hah! (Box *rushes down, both ladies scream*, Mrs. Box *falling in a swoon into the arms of* Cox, R., *and* Mrs. Cox *into the arms of* Box, L.)

Cox. Hah!—Box, you're a villain.

Box. Cox,—you're another.

Cox. Drop my wife this instant, sir?

Box. I shan't, till you relinquish my better half.

Cox. Miserable subterfuge! As the husband of that lady, I demand your card, sir.

Box. You'll find it in my left-hand trowsers' pocket—come and take it?

Cox. I regret that the affair I have on hand prevents my availing myself of your polite offer.

Box. Nothing but the pressing nature of my present engagement could make me think of putting you to so much trouble.

Cox. Don't mention it,—will you allow me to make one observation?

Box. Certainly, Cox, with pleasure.

Cox. Well, then; I had no idea that Mrs. Box was so ponderous.

Box. And I assure you, I am quite overpowered by the solidarity of Mrs. Cox. (*a child is heard crying in room*, R., *another in room*, L.) What's that? an infantine cry.

Mrs. C. (*starting to her feet*) The blessed child!

Mrs. B. (*starting to her feet*) The dear baby! (*the* LADIES *rush into rooms*, R *and* L.)

Cox. Hem! The ladies having retired for the performance of their maternal duties, I presume we are alone.

Box. I believe I may venture to say we are.

Cox. Well, then, we must come to an understanding, sir. That glove (*shows the glove*) requires an explanation.

Box. (*taking the glove*) This glove—oh, yes! certainly. (*puts the glove into his pocket*) Ha! of course, my dear fellow, sit down.

Cox. I'd rather not.

Box. Sit down, I insist—(*pushes him into a chair*, R. C.) —now, we can talk the matter over calmly and dispassionately. (*places chair for himself*, L. C., *and sits*)

Cox. Proceed, Mr. Box.

Box. It was a lovely evening towards the close of the fourteenth century——

Cox. What the devil have I to do with the fourteenth century, sir?

Box. (*rises*) If the honorable gentleman on the opposite

side requires an explanation, I shall give it in my own way. I repeat, then, it was a lovely evening towards the close of the fourteenth century, when two horsemen, enveloped in ample cloaks, might be seen slowly ascending the winding path that leads to the castle. "By my Holidam!" exclaimed the elder swarthy stranger——Do you follow me?

Cox. (*rising*) I'll be d——d if I do.

Mrs. C. (*calls in room*, R.) Cox! Cox!

Box. (*rises*) Hah! there's your wife calling you.

Cox. Never mind my wife—the explanation, sir!

Box. There's your child, Box—your only child—the image of its father—do you hear? Now it screams—inhuman parent, why don't you fly? (*pushing him*)

Mrs. C. (*in room*, R.) Cox! Cox! I want you.

Cox. But the explanation—the glove—the—the——

Box. There—your wife—your sweet babe—calls you—you can't resist that appeal. (*pushes him into room*, R.) Whew! I thought I should never have got him away—what's to be done, now—shall I confess all?—why shouldn't I? I'll relate the whole story—how Fanny Hawes and I travelled in the same railway carriage—how I purloined her glove—how we got separated by the crowd at the station—how I was left with her lapdog in my arms—how the poor creature got choked the following week—how Fanny Hawes and I never met until this hour. (MRS. Cox *enters from room*, R.) Hah! Mysterious being—Fanny, dear—dear Fanny—I beg pardon, Mrs. Cox—forgive the emotion—the confusion—that this unexpected discovery makes in my intellect. (*in a confidential tone*) Where's Cox?

Mrs. C. I left him singing the child to sleep.

Box. Happy Cox! (*places a chair*, R. C.) Sit down, my dear Mrs. C., I have something particular to say to you. (*sits* L. C. *beside her*—Cox *appears at door*, R., *and* MRS. Box *at door*, L., *listening*) You remember the circumstances under which we parted.

Mrs. C. Perfectly. And I have often thought since of the dear little creature that I left in your arms when we were rudely separated.

Box. (*aside*) He, lapdog!—she hasn't forgotten him then. A—you allude to——

Mrs. C. My little Charley!

Cox. (*apart, at door*) Her little Charley!

Box. Yes, I wish to speak to you privately about him; you were greatly attached to the poor fellow?

Mrs. C. I doted on him: he was such a beauty with his silken hair, like his mother, and his charming long ears——

Cox. (*apart*) Like his father I suppose.

Mrs. C. Then he was *so* playful.

Box. Wonderfully! The very day I took him home, he tore up Mrs. Bouncer's best cap, for which I had to pay.

Mrs. C. I can't tell you how I grieved for him—until I got another——

Box. then you have got another?

Mrs. C. Oh, dear, yes. Cox has been very kind—such a little love—you can't think; but I never loved him as I did my pet Charley.

Mrs. B. (*apart at door* Oh! her pet Charley!

Cox. (*apart at door*) Hoh!

Box. Of course, first affection is always the strongest. Poor Charley! It quite affects me when I reflect upon his untimely end.

Mrs. C. What—is he dead?

Box. That was what I wanted to tell you,—poor dear little Charley is no more.

Mrs. C. Oh! Mr. Box, you do shock me!

Box. I knew you would be deeply affected; but I've done all I could to keep his dear remains for you.

Mrs. C. His remains?—how?

Box. I've had him beautifully preserved—he looks just as if he was alive. I thought it might be a melancholy consolation to you to drop a tear or so upon the dear departed (MRS. BOX *and* MR. COX *rush down suddenly on each side. It commences raining*)

Cox. (R.) Hah! so we've discovered you. (MR. BOX *and* MRS. COX *start up in surprise*)

Mrs. B. (L.) Oh! we've heard all——

Cox. About the dear little creature.

Mrs. B. (*to* Box) Your darling Charley!

Cox. (*to* MRS. COX.) The playful little fellow, with his mother's silken hair!

Mrs. B. (*to* Box) And his father's long ears! (BOX *and* MRS. COX *laughing immoderately, throw themselves into chairs*, R. *and* L.)

Cox. Oh! mighty fine, madam!

Mrs. B. It's just like you, Mr. Box!

Cox. My feelings as a husband have been trampled upon! I'll join the Broken-hearted Club directly—I'll leave you for ever—I'll take the first omnibus to Australia, and bury my sorrows in the Diggings! (*puts on his hat*, Box *and* Mrs. Cox *continue to laugh*)

Mrs. C. Oh, go by all means—we can spare you!

Box. Don't stay a moment on our account!

Cox. But it rains tremendously! (*calls at door*, 3 E. L.) Mrs. Bouncer, has that cabman brought my umbrella yet?

Mrs. Boun. (*outside*) No—not yet, sir.

Cox. Not yet—how very extraordinary. (*goes to window*, L., *a* Child *cries in room* R.; *then another* Child *in room* L.)

Mrs. C. The blessed child.

Mrs. B. My poppet! (*they run into rooms*, R. *and* L.)

Cox. (*at window*) Hah! why surely that's my umbrella a coming down the street,—brown gingham—brass spike—two broken ribs: I can't be mistaken. (*throws up window and calls*) Holloa, sir—hey! I beg your pardon, but that umbrella is mine. I say, sir, that umbrella you are carrying is my property.

Man. (*in street*) No it isn't, I gave a shilling for it this morning on Holborn Hill.

Cox. It's quite immaterial what you gave for it, sir, the umbrella is mine—and I expect you'll instantly give it up!

Man. (*in street*) Do you? then you'd better come and take it.

Cox. Oh, very well, only wait there till I come down, and see if I won't have it. (*quitting the window*) An impudent rascal, to refuse to give me up my umbrella, that I've had for twelve years.

Exit, 3 E. L.

Box. Holloa! I shouldn't wonder if there was to be a row. Honor calls me to aid my friend, but prudence whispers that I never learnt the noble art of self defence—so I shall look on and see fair play. (*goes to window and looks out*)

Cox. (*in the street*) Now, sir, give up my umbrella!

Man. (*in the street*) I won't!

Cox. (*in the street*) You won't?—but I'll have it!

Man. (*in the street*) Holloa! what do you mean? Police! robbery! murder!

Box. Oh! there's Cox pitching into the stranger, and the

stranger digging away at Cox [illegible] fighting. Boys [illegible] *in the* [illegible] A ring [illegible] Make a ring [illegible] Stand Back!" "Hurray [illegible]"

Cox [illegible] Take that — and [illegible]

Box. Bravo! Cox has given him a topper [illegible] there again [illegible] he's got Cox's head in chancery and is hammering at it with persevering diligence [illegible] — there they go, both down together — Cox uppermost — give it him, Cox, — give it him, my boy — two to one on Cox — Now they're at it again — steady, Cox. Hold up your head and fight low. Oh lord, there's a smasher on his nose — never mind it, Cox — go in and win my boy — Hullo! foul blow — [illegible] — foul blow I say — stop the fight — help — murder — police! [illegible] *Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Box* [illegible]

Mrs. C. What's the matter, Mr. Box? } (together)
Mrs. B. For heaven's sake, what has happened? }

Box. Oh — oh — your Cox. He's engaged in a fearful pugilistic combat in the street.

Mrs. C. Oh, heavens — he'll be murdered — oh, pray hold my baby. (*Puts baby in*) Box's arms.

Mrs. B. Oh — we must protect him — here, Box, take the [illegible] — [illegible] Box [illegible] holding [illegible]

Box. Hullo — here — gracious goodness, here's a picture! I should like to ask any unprejudiced lady what I am to do with this double responsibility which has been imposed upon me. I don't feel at all competent to the duty, and it strikes me forcibly that if I had been the happy father of twins, I could not have been placed in a more embarrassing situation. [illegible] Hah! that cheer proclaims that a decisive blow has been struck, somebody has had enough of it. [illegible] Hah! here they come.

Enter Cox [illegible] followed by Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Box — [illegible]

Cox. [illegible] Victory! Hurray! that last round settled the

rascal—and I've recovered my umbrella, though we have both been slightly damaged in the conflict—here it is I could have sworn to it at any distance—even though "J. C." for James Cox, had not been engraved on the handle, (*examines the handle of the umbrella*) Eh! bless me! these are not my initials—now that I examine it closely, it's not a bit like my umbrella.

Mrs. B. (L.) Not like yours?

Cox. Quite an inferior article, Mrs Box—but, good gracious, what have I done?—committed highway robbery, with violence, upon the unoffending proprietor of the umbrella—lord! I shall be taken up, and very likely transported for the crime. Dear me, how could I have made such a mistake? Why, instead of the letters "J. C.," here are the initials "J. B." on the handle.

Box. (C.) "J. B." allow me to inspect them—(Cox *holds the umbrella to his nose*)—let me see—(*looks at the handle of the umbrella*) Cox, my dear boy, let your mind recover its wonted tranquillity—it's all serene—the umbrella is mine. I lost it twelve months ago in a penny omnibus.

Cox. Hah! then I've not committed a highway robbery. Embrace me, my preserver—yet—no—stand off—there's still a deadly feud between us.

Box About "Little Charley"—eh? I'll explain all that directly. (MRS. BOX *speaks apart to* MR. COX—BOX *goes to door*, 3 E. L., *and calls*) Mrs. Bouncer, have the goodness to bring up little Charley's remains.

Cox. I must tell you, that after what I have heard I'm not to be satisfied with less than a full explanation.

Box. Don't make yourself ridiculous.

Enter MRS. BOUNCER 3 E. L. *carrying a stuffed dog fixed to a board; a cloth thrown over it.* (MRS. BOX *and* MRS. COX *come down on either side*)

Box. There are the remains of "Little Charley."

Cox A stuffed dog!

Mrs. C. My darling Charley; how beautiful he looks, (*takes the dog and kisses him*)

Mrs. Boun. A nasty brute that I've had on my shelf in the kitchen ever so long.

Cox. Hem! ha! I begin to doubt my own extraordinary sagacity—but how was it that you and my wife appeared not to know each other when you met?

Mrs. B. Oh, my dear Cox, I know how that happened. Fanny has explained all to me, and I'm satisfied.

Cox. Oh, very well, if you're satisfied. I suppose it's my duty to be content. so give me your hand, Box.

Box. Take it. Cox. (*grasp each other's hands, warmly*) Hold! I've an idea of something looming in the future.

Cox Speak, what is it?

Box. Your child is a girl?

Cox. Yes, of the female sex.

Box. Mine is a male boy—what if we should unite the houses of Box and Cox by a future marriage between our infant heirs?

Cox Hah! a family compact—good.

Box A *contract sociale!*

Mrs. B. How delightful!

Mrs. C. How charming!

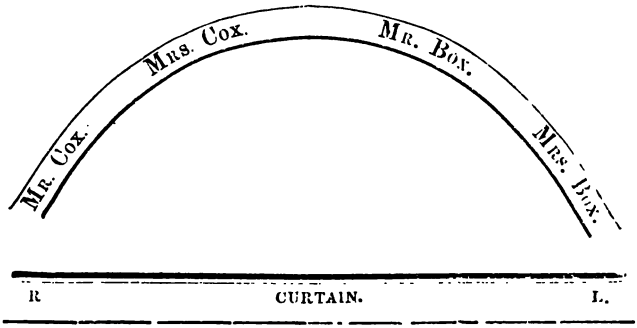
Cox. Box, my dear fellow, we'll drink the health of the young couple to-day, in a glass of champagne.

Box. So we will, my boy, and let us hope that the popularity which Box and Cox enjoyed in their bachelor state——

Cox. May not be withdrawn from them when they are——

Mrs. C.
Mrs. B.
Box.
Cox. } MARRIED AND SETTLED.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.



MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY JOHN W. S. HOWS.

No. LXV.

LOVE:

A Play

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

151 NASSAU STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS Play was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 4th November, 1839, when that establishment was under the control of Madame Vestris. The intrinsic merits of the play, combined with the admirable acting of Mrs. Kean, then Ellen Tree, and the other leading performers, secured for it a continuous run of two months, and in the preface to the original edition, the author states, that he never received so high a price for a Drama before. "Love" has been equally popular in this country, principally through the inimitable personation of the heroine by Mrs. Shaw, this lady having actually identified herself with the strongly drawn character of the Countess.

Sheridan Knowles is one of the most prolific and successful dramatists of the present age, and notwithstanding his affectation, his palpable imitations of the style of the elder dramatists, his conceits, his metaphors, and his violations of historical and classical propriety, his plays continue to be among the most popular of our modern dramatic productions. We attribute a great portion of Mr. Knowles's success, to the skill he evinces in the construction of his plots, and the dramatic knowledge he possesses in arranging his incidents, by which a constant succession of stage effect is produced, rivetting the attention of the audience, and creating an uninterrupted interest in the developement of his plots, from the rising to the falling of the curtain. Mr. Knowles is also skilful in his delineation of character, and in the portraiture of the passions, and he can clothe his thoughts in language so strong, that admiration is frequently compelled, and sympathy elicited, even when the good taste of the reader or spectator is outraged at the mannerisms and affectations with which that language is overcharged.

The play of "LOVE" we consider to be one of the most favourable specimens of Knowles's dramatic muse. It is a drama of passion; character being only so far developed, as is requisite for the display of the passion. The action is simple and not diffuse, all tending to the main purpose, which is to exhibit the influence of love on the human heart as seen in the principal persons of the drama. The struggle between love and pride in the *Countess*, and the combat between love and duty in *Huon*, are finely contrasted, and vigorously embodied. *The double plot* of the loves of *Catherine* and *Sir Rupert*

blends the lively and pathetic in a happy style, although the joke of *Catherine*, which so amusingly concludes the play, may be considered as partaking too strongly of the characteristic of a comedy ending. An objection might also be taken to the weakening of the interest that occurs in the two last acts: they drag slowly in the representation, and weary the patience of an audience. The dialogue is at times expanded, where compression would have added to its vigor. The acted copy we present to our readers has been skilfully pruned by the players to adapt it for representation, but curtailment is at best but a dangerous substitute for condensation. The language is, however, terse and rich, abounding in just thoughts, well expressed and aptly introduced. The speeches have generally a distinct purpose, they are not mere rhetorical flourishes embellished with the flowers of poetry, nor are they mere showy declamations. They breathe at times the true language of nature, speaking in a voice that finds a response in every breast. The following description of the varied moods of love, is exceedingly rich in imagery, and withal truthful:

"I said it was a wilful, wayward thing,
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out,
Where least you'd dream 'twould seek the nectarous store.
And 'tis an arrant masquer—this same love—
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears,
To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now
Now a grave Turk: hot Ethiopian next;
And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then
Gay Frenchman; bye-and-bye, Italian, at
All things a song; and in another skip,
Gruff Dutchman;—still is love behind the masque!
It is a hypocrite! looks every way
But that where lie its thoughts!—will openly
Frown at a thing it smiles in secret on:
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water; ice when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, purses its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain—till suddenly
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love, nothing but love!"

True dignity is happily depicted in the following passage. It smacks of the nervousness of the elder dramatists.

Thyself,
That towerest 'bove thy station!—Pardon me!
Oh, would'st thou set thy rank before thyself?
Wouldst thou be honoured for thyself, or that?
Rank that excels its wearer, doth degrade.

Riches impoverish, that divide respect!
Oh, to be cherished for oneself alone?
To owe the love that cleaves to us to naught
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Feature and form, high Heaven endowed us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved! Kings, from their thrones cast down,
Have blessed their fate, that they were valued for
Themselves, and not their stations, when some knee,
That hardly bowed to them in plenitude,
Has kissed the dust before them, stripped of all!"

As a whole, we would award to this play, the claim of a passionate earnestness in the dialogue, and a directness of purpose, not paralleled in any other production of the author's. We have noticed the popularity this play attained on its first production. The acting of Miss Ellen Tree, in the Countess, was highly lauded by the critics; exceptions were, however, taken to the predominance she gave to the lofty indifference the poet has thrown around the character of the Countess: we consider this point in the author's creation to be exceptionable;—a passionate woman, such as the Countess is represented to be, would not have been able to reply to Huon's simple, affecting appeals, with haughty indifference; the love-sick girl would have appeared behind. We think the same error is palpable in Mrs. Shaw's otherwise perfect embodiment of the part; and, although the author may be chargeable for the defect, yet we hold it would be truer to nature did the representatives of the part subdue the hauteur and indifference of the Countess, and heighten the passionate devotion of *the woman*, in passages where the poet has failed in making the character a true transcript of nature. H.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Duke.....	Mr .Cooper.	Mr. Gilbert.	Mr. Stevens.
Prince Frederick....	" Selby.	" Hamilton.	" J. H. Hall.
Ulrick.....	" Diddear.	" Moorhouse.	" Tilton.
Sir Rupert.....	" J. Vining.	" Dawson.	" Jordan.
Sir Otto.....	" Fitzjames.	" Warwick.	" Warwick.
Sir Conrad.....	" Wigan.	" Stafford.	" J. C. Dunn.
Huon.....	" Anderson.	" C. W Clarke.	" C. W. Clarke.
Nicholas.....	" Ayliffe.	" Fletcher.	" Keene.
Stephen.....	" W. H. Payne.	" Gouldson.	" Milot.
Falconer.....	" Collett.	" King.	" Gouldson.
Herald.....	" C. J. Smith.	" Hunt.	" Wilson.
Empress.....	Mrs Brougham.	Mrs. Winstanley.	Mrs Madison.
Countess.....	Miss Ellen Tree.	" Shaw.	" Shaw.
Catherine.....	Madame Vestris.	Miss Mary Taylor.	" Phillips.
Christina.....	Miss Lee.	Mrs. Dyott.	" Sutherland.
Bertha.....		Miss Flynn.	

COSTUMES.

DUKE.—Blue shirt with hanging sleeves, trimmed with fur and silver, cap trimmed with fur and silver, rich belt.

PRINCE FREDERICK.—Pink shirt with hanging sleeves, cap trimmed with silver

ULRICK.—Green velvet shirt with hanging sleeves, trimmed with fur and silver, red robe, trimmed with gold, black fur cap, rich belt.

SIR RUPERT.—Black shirt, with hanging sleeves, trimmed with silver, and cap.

SIR OTTO.—Red flannel shirt with hanging sleeves, trimmed with gold.

SIR CONRAD.—Green flannel shirt with hanging sleeves, trimmed with gold, and cap.

HUON —His own dress.

NICHOLAS.—Plain shirt.

STEPHEN.—Fawn-coloured shirt with hanging sleeves.

HERALD.—Blue shirt, trimmed with black, herald's coat.

FALCONERS.—Green shirts and hats.

KNIGHTS. Full armour.

LORDS.—Shirts with hanging sleeves.

SOLDIERS.—Blue shapes.

EMPRESS.—Scarlet velvet, trimmed with ermine.

COUNTESS.—*First dress:* Purple velvet.—*Second dress:* White muslin.

CATHERINE.—*First dress:* White satin.—*Second dress:* Red cloak and helmet, with visor.

CHRISTINA.—White satin.

BERTHA —Ditto.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means Right; L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* *L. C., Left of Centre.*

LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Catherine's House.*

Enter NICHOLAS *and* CHISTINA, R.

Chris. As thou lovest thine ease, Nicholas, restrain curiosity. It is a steed that runs away with a man, without his knowing it, until it has thrown him. The danger is never found out until the mischief is done. Besides, it is a woman's palfrey, which it befits not a man to ride. What signifies it to thee who comes into the house, whatsoever be the hour, so it is I that let him in?

Nich. Doubtless, Mistress Christina; yet a knock at the door, at two o'clock in the morning—and the door opening at that hour, to let a man into the house—and that man a gay young spark—may make a body wonder, though he have no more than the ordinary stock of curiosity.

Chris. Propriety, Nicholas, belongs to no one hour of the twenty-four, more than to any other hour. It was fit that the young spark should come into the house, or I should not have let him in. And now mark what I say to you: Play not the house-dog any more. Do you mind? Let not your watchfulness interfere with your sleep, else, besides your sleep, it may peril your bed and board; but if thou hearest a knock when thou liest on the weary side of thee, and wakest, draw thy night-cap over thine ears, and turn on the other side; and so to sleep again—yea, though it be four o'clock in the morning, good Nicholas!

Nich. I shall mind.

Chris. Do so, and thou shalt be wise. Duty, that becomes a busy-body, ever turns itself at last out of doors. *Hast thou a good place,* friend Nicholas?

Nich. Not a better in all Germany.

Chris. Then take my advice and keep it.

Nich. I will.

Chris. Do! [*Nicholas goes out,* L.] My mistress will be discovered at last, well as she disguises herself and plays the man. I wish she had not taken this fancy into her head—it may bring her into trouble. [*Catherine sings without,* R.] Ha! here she is; returned to her proper self Who would believe that this was the spark I let into the house at two o'clock in the morning?

Enter CATHERINE, R.

Cath. [*Speaking as she enters.*] Christina!

Chris. Madam!

Cath. Oh, here you are! Was not Nicholas with you just now?

Chris. Yes, he is only this moment gone. I have just been giving him a lesson. He saw you when you came home last night.

Cath. Hush! secrets should be dumb to very walls!
A chink may change a nation's destinies,
"And where are walls without one—that have doors?
"Voice hath a giant's might, not a dwarf's bulk;
"It passeth where a tiny fly must stop;
"Conspiracy that does not lock it out,
"Fastens the door in vain." Let's talk in whispers,
And then, with mouth to ear. 'Tis strange, Christina,
So long I practice this deceit, and still
Pass for a thing I am not—ne'er suspected
The thing I am—'mongst those who know me best, too.
Yet would that all dissemblers meant as fair!
I play the cheat for very honesty,
To find a worthy heart out, and reward it.
"Far as the poles asunder are two things,
"Self-interest and undesigning love:
"Yet no two things more like, to see them smile.
"He is a conjurer, Christina, then,
"Can tell you which is which!" Shall I be won,
Because I'm valued as a money-bag,
For that I bring to him who winneth me?
No!—sooner matins in a cloister, than
Marriage like that in open church! 'Tis hard

To find men out; they are such simple things!
Heaven help you: they are mostly bird-catchers,
That hold aloof until you're in their nets,
And then they are down upon you, and you're caged,
No more your wings your own. I have scarcely slept!
Chris. You run great risk, methinks, for doubtful gain.
I wonder oft, when thus you play the man,
You should escape offence; for men they are,
By nature brawlers, and of stalwart limb,
Who of their fellows take advantage, when
Of slight and stinted frame; and you do make
But, at the best, a green and osier man!
Cath. And there's a little airy, fairy thing,
Called spirit; equalises statures,
Ekes my dimensions out, beyond what, else,
Might suffer those o'erbear, that do o'ertower me.
Besides, I have full pockets! That's enough!
They call me "The Young Stranger," and forbear
All question, since admonished 'twas my mood
To see the world *incognito.*
Chris. And think you, none did e'er suspect your sex?
Cath. Sure on't; for once suspected, 'twere found out.
Chris. How do you hide the woman?
Cath. With the man!
It was my girlhood's study. Bless thee, child,
When I have dressed my brows, my upper lip,
And chin *en cavalier*, I take an oath,
From such a time to such, I am a man.
And so I am! One quarreled with me once—
'Twas when I first began this masquerade.
His fire I quenched,
As water turneth iron cinder black,
In a white heat ducked sudden into it!
Chris. But of your lovers?
Cath. Tell me who they are!
Alas, to have a rival in one's gown!
For 'tis the same thing—'tis your property.
The fabric of the sempstress supercedes
Heaven's fashioning—your body and your face;
Yet so it is with dames of noble birth,
And how much more, then, with a wretched serf,
For, *though ten times enfranchised*, such I am.

But what my betters stoop to, day by day,
I spurn, Christina, spurn! nor deign to wed,
Except a man that loves me for myself! [*Crosses, L.*
Chris. And such a man, methinks, Sir Rupert seems.
Cath. Ah! he is poor!
Chris. And what of that? He's proud,
And seems as jealous of his poverty
Almost as you are.
Cath. Yes! He makes no suit:
He ever follows me, yet stands aloof,
While others lay close siege.
Chris. And of his rivals
Prefer you any?
Cath. No. Have I not said,
When taxed with paying court to me, the rest—
Yea, one and all—instead of boasting me,
My person, or my mind, for their excuse,
Set forth my wealth; and ask if there's a man,
Who would not wed a serf, with such a mine?
Chris. Sir Rupert sins not thus.
Cath. Sir Rupert? No!
Chris. I am sure Sir Rupert loves you: he has all
The signs of a lover.
Cath. What are they?
Chris. He sighs!
Cath. Sighs! Listen to me! [*Drawing a deep sigh.*
There, girl! what think you now
Of that, for a sigh! and say you, I'm in love?
I will coin sighs for you, fast as the mint
Coins ducats. Shows are all uncertain things,
Unless the cheek, indeed, grows lank and pale—
Yet that may be with frequent lack of dinner.
Oh, for a sign would be infallible,
And him to show it, I would see it on!
Chris. Sir Rupert?
Cath. What is that to you? Dear girl,
Whoe'er it be, I pray that I may love him!
The Countess flies her hawk to-day: I'll make
Essay of mine.
Chris. A most strange lady, she!
A form of flesh and a heart of ice.
Cath. Not so.

A heart, Christina, all possessed of pride—
That hath no place for any passion else.
Chris. Will she ever love?
Her heart is scarce the soil to root love's flower!
Cath. No telling how love thrives! to what it comes!
Whence grows! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root,
As the pine that makes its lodging of the rock;
Yet there it lives, a huge tree, flourishing,
Where you'd think a blade of grass would die!
What is love's poison, if it be not hate?
Yet in that poison oft is found love's food.
Frowns that are clouds to us, are sun to him!
He finds a music in a scornful tongue,
That melts him more than softest melody.—
But come, we must attire us for the field—
The field—the field—Christina, wer't to take
The field in love?—a fair and honest fight!
I wonder, be there one true man on the earth?
But if there be, I one true woman know
To match him—were he true as native gold.
[*They go out*, R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Castle.*

The COUNTESS *discovered*, L. C—HUON *reading to her*, R.

Coun. Give o'er! I hate the poet's argument!
'Tis falsehood—'tis offence. A noble maid
Stoop to a peasant!—Ancestry, sire, dam,
Kindred and all, of perfect blood, despised
For love!
Huon. The peasant, though of humble stock,
High nature did ennoble—
Coun. What was that?
Mean you to justify it? But go on.
Huon. Not to offend— [*Rises and comes forward.*
Coun. Offend!—No fear of that,
I hope, 'twixt thee and me! I pray you, sir,
To recollect yourself, and be at ease,
And as I bid you, do. Go on.
Huon. Descent,
You'll grant, is not alone nobility,
Will *you not*? Never yet was line so long,

But it beginning had: and that was found
In rarity of nature, giving one
Advantage over many; aptitude
For arms, for counsel, so superlative
As baffled all competitors, and made
The many glad to follow him as guide
Or safeguard: "and with title to endow him,
"For his high honour, or to gain some end
"Supposed propitious to the general weal,
"On those who should descend from him entailed."
Not in descent alone, then, lies degree,
Which from descent to nature may be traced,
Its proper fount? And that, which nature did,
You'll grant she may be like to do again;
And in a very peasant, yea, a slave,
Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree.
[*The Countess eyes him.*
I trust I seem not bold, to argue so.
Coun. Sir, when to me it matters what you seem,
Make question on't. If you have more to say,
Proceed—yet mark you how the poet mocks
Himself your advocacy; in the sequel
His hero is a hind in masquerade!
He proves to be a lord.
Huon. The poet sinned
Against himself, in that! He should have known
A better trick, who had at hand his own
Excelling nature to admonish him,
Than the low cunning of the common craft.
A hind, his hero, won the lady's love:
He had worth enough for that! Her heart was his.
Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.
Marriage was never meant for coats of arms.
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
No painting on't is there?—as red, as warm,
The peasant's as the noble's!
Coun. Dost thou know
Thou speak'st to me?
Huon. 'Tis therefore so I speak.
Coun. And know'st thy duty to me?
Huon. Yes.

Coun. And see'st
My station, and thine own?
Huon. I see my own.
Coun. Not mine?
Huon. I cannot, for the fair
O'ertopping height before.
Coun. What height?
Huon. Thyself,
That towerest 'bove thy station!—Pardon me!
Oh, wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself?
Wouldst thou be honoured for thyself, or that?
Rank that excels its wearer, doth degrade;
Riches impoverish, that divide respect.
Oh, to be cherished for oneself alone!
To owe the love that cleaves to us to naught
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Feature and form, high heaven endowed us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved! Kings, from their thrones cast down,
Have blessed their fate, that they were valued for
Themselves, and not their stations, when some knee,
That hardly bowed to them in plentitude,
Has kissed the dust before them, stripped of all!
Coun. [*Confused.*] I nothing see that's relative in this,
That bears upon the argument.
Huon. Oh, much,
Durst but my heart explain.
Coun. Hast thou a heart?
I thought thou wast a serf; and, as a serf,
Had'st thought and will none other than thy lord's,
And so no heart—that is, no heart of thine own.
But since thou say'st thou hast a heart, 'tis well,—
Keep it a secret; let me not suspect
What, were it e'en suspicion, were thy death. [*Huon smiles.*
Sir, did I name a banquet to thee now,
Thou lookedst so?
Huon. To die for thee were such.
Coun. Sir?
Huon. For his master oft a serf has died,
And thought it sweet; and may not, then, a serf
Say, for his mistress 'twere a feast to die?

Coun. Thou art presumptuous—very—so, no wonder
If I misunderstood thee. Thou'dst do well
To be thyself, and nothing more.
Huon. Myself!
Coun. Why, art thou not a serf? What right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing?
And move with such a gait? to give thy brow
The set of noble s, and thy tongue his phrase?
Thy betters' clothes sit fairer upon thee
Than on themselves, "and they were made for them."
I have no patience with thee—can't abide thee!
There are no bounds to thy ambition, none!
How durst thou e'er adventure to bestride
The war-horse—sitting him, that people say
Thou, not the knight, appear'st his proper load?
How durst thou touch the lance, the battle-axe,
And wheel the flaming falchion round thy head,
As thou would'st blaze the sun of chivalry?
I know! my father found thy aptitude,
And humoured it, to boast thee off! He may chance
To rue it; and no wonder if he should,
If others' eyes see that they should not see,
Shown to them by his own.
Huon. Oh, lady—
Coun. What?
Huon. Heard I aright?
Coun. Aright—what heard'st thou, then?
I would not think thee so presumptuous
As through thy pride to misinterpret me.
It were not for thy health,—yea, for thy life!
Beware, sir. It would not set my quiet blood,
On haste for mischief to thee, rushing through
My veins, did I believe!—Thou art not mad;
Knowing thy vanity, I aggravate it.
Thou know'st 'twere shame, the lowest free-woman
That follows in my train should think of thee!
[*Crosses to* R.
Huon. I know it, lady.
Coun. That I meant to say,
No more. Don't read such books to me again.
I would you had not learned to read so well,
I had been spared your annotations.

For the future, no reply, when I remark.
Hear, but don't speak—unless you're told—and then
No more than you are told; what makes the answer up,
No syllable beyond. [*Huon retires up*, C.

Enter FALCONER, *with hawk*, R.

My Falconer! So. [*Crosses*, L
An hour I'll fly my hawk.
Falconer. A noble bird,
My lady, knows his bells, is proud of them.
[*Retires a little*, L.
Coun. They are no portion of his excellence:
It is his own! 'Tis not by them he makes
His ample wheel; mounts up, and up, and up,
In spiry rings, piercing the firmament,
Till he o'ertops his prey; then gives his stoop,
More fleet and sure than ever arrow sped!
How nature fashioned him for his bold trade!
Gave him his stars of eyes to range abroad,
His wings of glorious spread to mow the air,
And breast of might to use them! I delight
To fly my hawk. The hawk's a glorious bird;
[*Huon advances*, R.
Obedient—yet a daring, dauntless bird!
You may be useful, sir; wait upon me. [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Country. On one side a Ruin, on the other a clump of lofty trees.*

Enter PRINCE FREDERICK *and* ULRICK, R.

Fred. Now thou hast seen her, tell me what thou thinks't—
Has she a heart?
Ulrick. I think her flesh and blood.
Fred. Ay, most sweet flesh, and blood most rich!
Ulrick. Then sure
She has a heart.

Fred. But where is it? None yet
Have found it out.
Ulrick. You mean, a heart to love?
Fred. If not such a heart, as well no heart at all!
Ulrick. Men tell a mine a hundred fathoms deep,
By certain signs that near the surface lie:
Are flesh and blood more fallible than clay?
Take but her face—there's not a feature on't,
But vouches for the mood. Require you more?
Her limbs and body give you proof on proof.
If these convince you not, essay her voice;
'Tis of the stop befits the melting vein.
There's naught without but with her sex consists,
Pronouncing her its pattern, passing rich!
And can she lack the heart, the want of which
Would turn such affluence to poverty?
Prove nature but a niggard, after all,
Where she should seem to be most beautiful?
She has a heart, sir, and a heart to love!
Fred. How comes it, then, I plead a bootless suit,
And not a boy at wooing? Had I a chance
With a heart, were it not wholly occupied,
I never failed to find some footing in it,
If not instate myself with ease:—with dames,
I own, less lofty, though on lighter terms
Than gift of hand for life. Why fail I here?
Ulrick. Hast thou no rival?
Fred. None.
Ulrick. Thou art sure?
Fred. I am.
Disheartened at a race that hath no goal,
Or one that seems to distance on approach,
My rivals leave the field to me alone.
Ulrick. Thou mayst have rivals whom thou know'st not of.
Fred. No! I have pressed her father oft thereon,
And learned the history, beginning, close
Of every siege of wooing—ending each
In mortified retreat.
Ulrick. You may have rivals
Unknown to him: Love joys in mystery;
And when you think it countless miles away,
Is lurking close at hand.

Fred. You are still at fault:—
She has no favoured lover—cannot have,
The thing is out of chance, impossible!
Ulrick. Call naught impossible, till thou hast proved
That passion hath essayed it, and been foiled;
And set this down—Nature is nature still,
And thought to swerve, is at the bottom true.
Thy mistress is not stone, but flesh and blood,
Wherein doth lodge the juice of sympathy;
Which, more refined in woman than in man,
In woman sways it measurelessly stronger!
The essence of the sex is that wherein
We win a gift of their sweet forms and souls—
The tenderness for some especial one,
Who then, 'midst millions, seems to stand alone.
That being absent, then there is no sex.—
So where sex is, that also must be there,
As where the sun, also the light and heat.
So of two issues, set thy mind to one—
She has found the man who stands 'mongst millions sole,
Or he is yet to find, and thou not he.
Fred. Thou nam'st two issues—I can find a third.
Ulrick. Where is it?
Fred. Here. As many streams will go
To make one river up, one passion oft
Predominant, all others will absorb.
Ulrick. What passion, swoln in her, drinks up the rest?
Fred. Pride.
Ulrick. Of her beauty, or her rank, or what?
Fred. Pride of herself! intolerant of all
Equality; nor that its bounds alone—
Oppressive to the thing that is beneath her.
Say that she waves me off when I advance,
She spurns the serf that bows to her at distance:
Suitor and secretary fare alike.
I woo for scorn, he for no better serves—
Nay, rather worse comes off.
Ulrick. Her secretary?
Fred. The only one of all his wretched class
Her presence brooks; for he is useful to her:
Reads with a music, as a lute did talk;
Writes, as a graver did the letters trace;

Translates dark languages—for learning which
She hath a strange conceit; is wise in rare
Philosophy; hath mastery, besides,
Of all sweet instruments that men essay—
The hautboy, viol, lute.
Ulrick. A useful man
Your highness draws! What kind of thing is he
To look upon?
Fred. 'Faith, proper, sir, in trunk,
Feature, and limb; to envy, though a serf.
But, err I not, a most unhappy man,
And, for his service, weary of his life.
Ulrick. Oh, love! a wilful, wayward thing thou art:
'Twere strange! 'twere very strange!
Fred. What? what were strange?
What saidst thou now, apostrophising love?
Ulrick. I said it was a wilful, wayward thing,
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
"It is the bee that finds the honey out,
"Where least you'd dream 'twould seek the nectar-us store.
"And 'tis an arrant masquer, this same love—
"That most outlandish, freakish faces wear,
"To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now;
"Now, a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next;
"And then, phlegmatic Englishman; and then,
"Gay Frenchman; by and by, Italian, at
"All things a song; and in another skip,
"Gruff Dutchman;—still is love behind the masque!
"It is a hypocrite!—looks every way
"But that where lie its thoughts!"—will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock,
When it is water—ice, when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, purses its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain—till suddenly

It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love, nothing but love!

Fred. You would not say the lady loves the serf?

Ulrick. I would say nothing in particular,
Save upon proof. Let me together note
The serf and lady, I will speak to the point,
Or, baffled, hold my peace.

Fred. To that intent
I sent for thee; for thou art keen of sight
To pry into the inmost thoughts of men,
And find the proper ends towards which they aim,
Howe'er dissembled by assuméd purpose.

Ulrick. Your pardon, sir:—your father bade me come
To warn you, in these times of turbulence,
He means to stand aloof, and take no part
Between the barons and the empress; so
Your course you know to shape. What company
Is this? [*Looking off*, t

Fred. The countess flies her hawk to-day,
And these are falconers in advance of her.
Those nearest us, observe:—The lady first,
Is a rich serf, supposed love-daughter to
The former duke, who left her well endowed.
Those with her, are her suitors; but with none
She'll mate, believing that her wealth is prized
Beyond herself:—nor does she widely err,
Though some might think her beauty dower enough.
There is one who follows her, indeed, for love,
A man of heart; a gentleman, but poor,
Who his revenue spends upon his back.
I say, he follows her: he woos her not,
Through pride, 'tis said, lest he be thought to hunt
The dross so much he needs;—whence I esteem
His chance the best. Mark! he is last of all.
Let us rerire a space; there's company
Enough, without us here. Some minutes yet
Before the countess will alight, and then
Remains the hill to climb. So bright a day,
Methinks, will scarce go by without a frown.

[*They retire*, R. U. E.

Enter, L., Catherine, Sir Conrad, Sir Otto, *and* Sir Rupert.

Cath. [R.] Spy you my hawk?—'twas here he struck
his bird,
And vanished from my sight.
Sir O. [R. C.] Or I mistake,
Or from his stoop he rose again, and skimmed
The brow of yonder copse.
Sir Con. [L. C.] I marked not if
He soared a second time.
Cath. Were I a man,
And waited on a lady that did hawk,
I'd keep her bird in sight. Sir Rupert, what
Say you? Where shall we go and seek my hawk,
Or lurks he hereabouts?
Sir Rup. [L.] I saw him not
At all.
Cath. Not see my hawk at all? You'll do
For a falconer! So! Had I that boy,
My hair-brained cousin, whom you say you know,
And fair Sir Rupert hath such fancy for, [*Crosses to* R.
He would find
My hawk, ere you began to look for it.—
How loth these friends are to part company!
[*Aside.*] Now I will scatter them.—Who finds my hawk
Deserves to kiss my hand, and he shall do it.
[*Sir Otto and Sir Conrad quickly run off*, L. *and* R.
What! like you not my wages, sir, you stand,
Nor make a proffer of your service?
Sir Rup. To kiss your hand would be most rich reward,
If love's sweet gift to him who sought your love;
But if love's gift, to one alone 'twere made,
And not to any one!
Cath. Love's gift!—what's that?
Most thankless proffer made by empty hand!
Give me bright diamonds, I shall have bright eyes.
When fetched desert its value, and was poor?
A hundred years ago?—but it was left
A legacy, and then they found it out!
The world, they say, is an old churl,—'tis not!
Can you afford to feast, you shall be feasted;

You shall not dine at home one day out of three—
Nay, you may shut up house, for bed and board.
Sir Rup. You are a young ascetic.
Cath. Sir, I am
A young Diogenes in petticoats!
I have strings of axioms:—Here are more for you.
They say that beauty needs not ornament;
But, sooth, she fares the better having it,
Although she keeps it in her drawer.
Sir Rup. Indeed!
Cath. Indeed, and very deed; for I have known
Bracelets and rings do miracles, where nature
Played niggard, and did nothing, or next to it;
Beat lotions in improving of the skin,
And mend a curve the surgeon had given up
As hopeless.
Sir Rup. Nay, you speak in irony.
Cath. I speak in truth, speaking in irony;
For irony is but a laughing truth,
Told of a worthless thing. Will you have more?
You shall, then. Have you never heard it said,
Or never dreamed you such a thing as this—
That fortune's children never yet lacked wit,
Virtue, grace, beauty, though it taxed the owners
To find them out?
What! not a word to say? Let's change the theme, then:
The argument shall be, that you're in love:
The which I shall affirm, while you deny.
I say, you are in love. Come, prove me wrong!
Sir Rup. I never argue, only for the sake
Of argument.
Cath. Come, come,
You are in love—I'll prove it by fifty things.
And, first and foremost, you deny it, sir:
I'll stake my credit on one single fact.
Thou bearest out to admiration—
A lover is the dullest thing on earth!
Who but a lover—or his antipodes,
A wise man—ever found out, that the use
Of his tongue was to hold it? Thou must be in love,
And for one sovereign reason, after which
I'd give no other—thou dost follow me!

Sir R. Madam, although I may not use my tongue
I do my eyes and ears.
Cath. But not your feet.
Will you not seek my hawk, and run a chance
To kiss my hand? or would it trouble you,
In case you found my hawk, to use your lips?
But I forget—'tis now your turn to speak,
And prove my oaks of arguments are but reeds.
Have you no word? or am not I worth one?
Or must I take your side, and beat myself?
I'll take your side, then. You are not in love,
Loving yourself too well!
Sir Rup. You wrong me there.
Cath. Why, see what pains you take with your person
How you dress!
Sir Rup. 'Tis not my vanity, but pride.
I am too poor to put mean habit on:—
Whose garments wither, shall meet faded smiles
Even from the worthy, so example sways.
So the plague poverty is loathed and shunned,
The luckless wight, who wears her fatal spot!
Want, but look full; else you may chance to starve,
Unless you'll stoop to beg.—You force me, lady,
To make you my severe confessional:—
From such prostration, never can I rise
The thing I was before. Farewell! [*Crosses to* R.
Cath. [*Looks out.*] Farewell!
What! go not to fetch my hawk, and there
He sits upon his quarry, new alit?
Or want you earnest of your wages? Well,
There, kiss my hand, and go and fetch my hawk,
And then be paid in full.
Sir Rup. If I could speak—
Cath. My hawk were off again ere you had done,
So I would lose his service—thou my thanks.
Sir Rup. I will secure him straight. [*Exit,* R.
Cath. I gave him pain,
Though he has borne it with a noble heart!
I hope he will not make me weep in turn—
Symptoms I feel of something like a shower—
A slight one—but it must not fall.—They're gone.
A noble heart! a very noble heart!

Re-enter SIR RUPERT, R.

Sir Rup. I have missed the hawk—he has taken wing again.

Cath. 'Twas not your fault—you did the best you could.
I am not angry—there's my hand for you.
Marked you which course he took? Then, come along,
We'll hunt for him together.

Sir Rup. Stop—it lowers!
There's shelter here. [*They approach the Ruins.*

Enter the COUNTESS *and* HUON, L. S. E.—*Prince Frederick and Ulrick come forward a little,* R., *but so as not to be noticed.*

Coun. [*To Sir R.*] Will there not be a storm?

Huon. I am sure there will.

Coun. I asked not you to speak! When you should speak,
It shall be shown—it shall be plain. Be sure
It is so, ere you give your counsel, sir. [*Huon retires* R. *to a group of trees, and leans against one of them.*
Do you not think there's threatening of a storm?

Sir Rup. Yes, lady. When the Heavens look troubled thus,
Earth can't be long at peace.

Fred. The only man
She brooketh speech from with complacency.
Observe her, now, when I accost her.—Madam,
Will't please you take my escort to your coach,
At the hill foot I see attending on you?

Coun. [*Haughtily.*] The rain is on, sir: I am better here.

SIR OTTO *and* SIR CONRAD *re-enter in haste.*

Sir O. A storm! a storm! Those pitch-black clouds that speed
In wild career to meet the sun, as though
In envy of this light to blot him out,
Come right against the wind—a token they
Bring thunder!

Sir Con. Yes: I saw a forked flash,
And while I held my breath and listened, heard
The distant thunder. [*To Sir O.*] Avoid the trees: their tops,

With boastful towering, dare the threatening bolt
To strike them. [*Sir O. and Sir Con. approach the ruins.*
Ulrick. Do you note?—She does not move!
What keeps her there? Is that the scornéd serf
Leans drooping 'gainst the trunk of the tall tree,
Lends him pernicious shelter?—Clear as day!
Fred. 'Tis dark as night!
Ulrick. What?—oh, the storm!—My lord,
I meant not that. Your doubts are clearing up—
Look at the serf and lady.
Cath. [*To Sir Rup.*] Pray you, speak
To the Countess—tell her she's in danger, there,
To stand so near the trees.
Sir Rup. Madam—
Cath. Apace
The storm comes on! 'Twill soon be over-head.
Ay! there's the thunder now, and loud enough.—
She heard not:—call to her again:—she bears
That you accost her.
Sir Rup. She is fond of you.
Cath. Yes: but you marked her scorn of Huon, now?
Sir Rup. Madam! madam! pray you,
Come from beneath the trees. It lightens fast!
A bolt may strike you, madam!
Ulrick. The peril of the serf transfixes her!
Her life, be sure, is only part of his!
A common act of charity it were
Command him thence. It is not right
To leave her there! Go to her—take her thence!
Fred. Your pardon, lady; but you must not brave
The lightning. Come into the open space:
There's shelter, with less chance of penalty,
Beneath this time-worn ruin. [*Thunder and lightning.*
Heavens, how near!
Almost together came the clap and flash!
The trees are all on fire! the serf is struck!
[*Huon staggers from the tree—The Countess rushes to him, catching him in her arms.*
Coun. No! no! O Heaven, he's dead! Why would he stand
Beneath the trees!—What, Huon! speak to me!
Show me thou hear'st me!—let me see some signs

Of life!—Why, Huon! Huon!—He is dead!
Ulrick. Lady, he is not dead, but only stunned.
'Twas but a shock, although a heavy one.
His colour comes—I see his eye-lid ope—
So, please you, leave the charge of him to me.
Coun. I thank you, sir—am sorry such a load
Should burden you. Would some of my attendants
Were here to ease you on't! How dread a thing
Is death, when sight on't makes one not one's self!
Grows it not lighter, sirs?—Ay, there's the sky!
Almost as soon as come, the storm is come.
Pray leave him to himself:—'twas but a shock—
It shames me such a load should burthen you.
Ulrick. As yet, he cannot stand.
Coun. Indeed!—oh! ay!
It was a heavy shock. I have a horror,
And always had, of lightning. Do you know
It takes away my wits? Did you not feel
As I did, Catherine, when they thought the lightning
Had killed the serf? A dreadful thing is death!
And, most of all, by lightning!—Where is my hawk?
Oh! they had charge to bring him after me,
And here they come. Let's meet them, Catherine.
[*Is going, but stops, and turns to look at Huon.*
Ulrick. He still grows better, madam.
Coun. Who, sir?—Oh,
The serf!—Why, Catherine, where's your hawk?
Cath. I have lost him.
Coun. I hope the lightning has not struck him. Come:
We'll have fair weather yet.
[*Sir Conrad and Sir Otto take Huon and lead him off, the Countess watching.*
Ulrick. You see
He is unhurt.
Coun. My lord!—I see—You take
Great interest in my serf. The sun is out:
My hawk against the field! Come, Catherine.
[*All go out* L. *except Frederick and Ulrick.*
Ulrick. [L.] You see, my lord; and seeing, comprehend.
Straight will I to the Duke, and tell him this.
A kingdom to a hawk, she loves the serf!
[Exeunt, severally.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter Duke *and* Ulrick, L.

Duke. She loves the serf? Impossible!
Ulrick. My lord,
'Tis true.
Duke. It cannot be! Her pride alone
Forbids belief. More loftily, my lord,
The stateliest of all her ancestors
Ne'er wore his rank, than she.
Ulrick. She loves the serf.
Duke. Give me some reason stronger than averment.
Ulrick. What, my liege,
But love, such contradiction could beget?
When did cold scorn look, speak, and act like love?
Woman or man is known by fits and starts,
More than by habits, which may be put on;
For those so take the judgment off its guard,
That inmost thoughts are shown. With care for him,
She all forgot herself.
Duke. You are right.
'Tis the solution of the mystery,
That with the progress of the season, comes not
The fruit is promised; and no sign of blight.
Yes; her girlhood—
Now longer past than some would choose to own—
Put forth a bloom like many another's prime,
That often then I fancied love would come.
When her prime came, nor love along with it,
With many a suitor have I sighed to think
Her breast was ne'er intended lodge for him
It seemed most fitted for, and little dreamed
The guest we missed, already was within.
Ulrick. And never feared the serf?
Duke. No.
Ulrick. Was't not strange?
Duke. Not to consider him as I did.
Duke. When the serf was but a boy—
His mistress then an infant—taken with

His forward parts, I put them to the test
Of scholarship, which they robustly stood,
A hundred-fold repaying cultivation.
Nor stopped I there; but, as he grew to manhood,
Gave training to him in those exercises,
Wherein our youths of gentle blood indulge—
Preludes to feats in peace and deeds in war.
Ulrick. What did'st propose him for?
Duke. Instructor first,
Then page and secretary to my child.
Ulrick. Instructor, didst thou say? Companion of
Her hours of privacy? Her age was then—
Duke. Twelve, if I err not.—Yes: Twelve times I then
Had blessed the day that gave my daughter birth.
Ulrick. Her spring was mellowing into summer then,
Young summer! at whose genial glow, the heart
Finds wishes and affections shooting up.—
She prospered with his aid?
Duke. Oh, wondrously!
Ulrick. And loved at first her tutor?
Duke. Much; but soon
A change, which grew with her, the nearer she
Approached to womanhood. 'Twas distance first;
Then sullenness; then scorn, which she gave sway to
Incontinent, and chiefly of those feats
Of high address wherein he matched the noble,
And which it seemed her pastime he should practise
For recompense of aggravated spite.
Ulrick. Which he endured for love!
Duke. He dies! That ends it. [*Crosses*, L.
Ulrick. Yes; confirming it.
Perhaps. Beware, sir, of a tragedy
So deep. Her scorn may melt at it, and help
Her tears to keep them flowing on, until
She weeps her life away. You must not play
With a first passion, once it has taken root.
For it strikes deep—to the foundation even
Of the heart—entwining with the fibres there
Of life itself, that, pluck the other up,
These haply come along.
Duke. He shall to exile,
Thousands of miles away, 'midst snows and deserts!

Ulrick. So may you tempt her, sir, with pity for him,
To turn a pilgrim—take up staff and scrip,
And follow him.
Duke. Impossible!
Ulrick. Oh, never did achievement rival Love's
For daring enterprise and execution.
It will do miracles; "attempt such things
"As make ambition, fiery as it is,
"Dull plodding tameness, in comparison.
"Talk of the miser's passion for his store—
"'Tis milk and water to the lover's, which
"Defies the mines of earth and caves of ocean
"To match its treasure!" Talk of height, breadth, depth,
There is no measure for the lover's passion,
No bounds to what 'twill do!
Duke. Advise me, then,
What's best.
Ulrick. Induce the serf to marry. That
Were cure, in the end, for your fair daughter's passion:
Whose wound were his aggression, so resentment
Would blunt the edge of disappointed love,
For, doubt not, though she ne'er espouses him,
She trusts so far to keep him to herself,
As that he ne'er shall pillow with another.
Duke. 'Tis done. I have a bride for him at once.
One of his class, enfranchised by the will
Of my cousin, who preceded me:
But say I wed the serf to Catherine,
What profit, then? My child may still persist
To keep her virgin state.
Ulrick. I should commit
To Heaven the election of her husband;—let
The tournament determine who shall wed her.
Duke. Thereto I have made provision in my will;
And further, sir, as I am due to death
Now many a year, and momentarily
Expect his summons, pray you keep by me
The little space I have to tarry yet—
For on your wisdom I have all reliance.
Your prince, I know, will not gainsay me here.
And when it pleaseth Heaven to leave my body
Without the breath it has inherited

So long, no minute lose, but take occasion
Of the fresh flow of sorrow in my child—
When her young heart is softened, and will mould
Itself into his will, who is no more—
To break to her, on this particular head,
My dying testament.

Ulrick. I shall remember.

Duke. So please you, I shall join you with the empress,
Liege lady and good cousin to my child,
Executor.

Ulrick. I will discharge the trust.

Duke. My lord, send Huon to me. Question not,
Advise me not. He marries, or he dies. [*Exit Ulrick*, L.
Life spent to waste! My pride becomes my shame!
For this I reared her—reared to tow'ring thoughts.
A gasp of being only left, and that
To sigh that being has been spent in vain
For her, last shoot of an illustrious tree!
I loved my serf, was vain of him, and made
My vanity to smile through his deserts;
And now, their light is cloud to all my hopes.
Through mine own pride my high aspirings fall!
They shall not fall! Good bye to truth! He dares
To love my child—to covet her I grudged
Surrender of to those could boast estate
Equal to mine! Born at my very foot,
How durst he lift his eyes so giddy high!
He comes. I see! The passion, never yet
I dreamed of, stares upon me in his look,
His air, his gait! 'Tis dead—or he must die!

Enter HUON, R.

Huon!

Huon. My lord?

Duke. I have been thinking of thee.

Huon. My lord is ever good.

Duke. I have a notion
'Twould profit thee to marry.

Huon. Marry!

Duke. Yes.

Huon. I first must love.

Duke. And hast thou never loved?

Why art thou silent? Wherefore holds thy tongue
Its peace, and not thy cheek?
Huon. My cheek?
Duke. It talks!
A flush passed o'er it as I spoke to thee:
And now it talks again—and on the ground
Thou cast'st thine eye. "Thou first must love"—My friend,
Thou art in love already. Art thou not?
Art thou not, Huon?—Never mind, but keep
Thy secret.—I have fixed that thou shalt marry.
Huon. My lord—
Duke. [*Interrupting him.*] I know it will advantage thee.
And I have looked around my court to find
A partner for thee, and I have lit on one.
Huon. [*More earnestly.*] My lord—
Duke. [*Interrupting him again.*] She has beauty, Huon, she has wealth;
And what doth qualify her better still—
As of unequal matches discords grow—
She's of thy own class, Huon—she is a serf.
Huon. [*Impetuously.*] My lord—
Duke. [*Interrupting, indignantly.*] My serf!—How now! Wouldst thou rebel?
Huon. Rebel, my lord!
Duke. I trust I was deceived:
I did not see defiance in thine eye,
And hear it on thy tongue? Thou wouldst not dare
So much as harbour wish to thwart thy lord,
Much less intent? Thou know'st him! know'st thyself!
Thou may'st have scruples—that thou canst not help;
But thou canst help indulging them in the face
Of thy lord's will. And so, as 'tis my will
Thou marry straight, and I have found thy match,
I'll draw a paper up, where thou shalt make
The proffer of thy hand to Catherine,
And thou shalt sign it, Huon. [*Writes.*
Huon. That I were dead!
Oh, what is death, compared to slavery!
"Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it,
"*When Heaven* set men above them; but no mark,
"*Definite and* indelible, it put

"Upon one man to mark him from another,
"That he should live his slave?" Oh, heavy curse!
To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,
Passions, and conscience, like another man,
And not have equal liberty to use them,
But call his mood their master! Why was I born
With passion to be free—with faculties
To use enlargement—with desires that cleave
To high achievements—and with sympathies
Attracting me to objects fair and noble,—
And yet with power over myself as little
As any beast of burden? Why should I live?
There are of brutes themselves that will not tame,
So high in them is nature;—whom the spur
And lash, instead of curbing, only chafe
Into prouder mettle;—that will let you kill them,
Ere they will suffer you to master them.
I am a man, and live.

Duke. Here, Huon, sign,
And Catherine is your wife.

Huon. I will not sign.

Duke. How now, my serf!

Huon. My lord, I am a man:
And as a man, owe duty higher far
Than that I owe to thee, which Heaven expects
That I discharge. Didst thou command me murder,
Steal, commit perjury, or even lie,—
Should I do it, though thy serf? No! To espouse her,
Not loving her, were murder of her peace.
I will not sign for that! With like default
To compass mastery of her effects,
Were robbery. I will not sign for that!
To swear what I must swear to make her mine,
Were perjury at the very altar! Therefore
I will not sign! To put forth plea of love,
Which not a touch of love bears witness to,
Were uttering a lie. And so, my lord,
I will not sign at all! [*Crosses*, R.

Duke. How, slave!

Huon. Oh, good my liege,
My lord, my master, ask me not to sign!
My *sweat, my blood,* use without sparing; but

Leave me my heart—a miserable one
Although it be! Coerce me not in that,
To make me do the thing my heart abhors!
I beg no more!

[*The Duke draws his sword, and resolutely approaches Huon. At the same minute the Countess enters, unperceived, and stops short,* R.

Duke. Huon, I love thee,
And would not do thee harm, unless compelled.
Thou shouldst not play with me, and shalt not. Take,
Therefore, thy choice—death, or the paper.

Huon. Death! [*Falls on his knees, opens his vest, takes the point of the Duke's sword and places it opposite his heart.*

Set here thy point:
'Tis right against my heart! Press firm and straight;
The more, the kinder! [*A pause.*

Duke. As thou wishest death,
I will not kill thee for thy disobedience.
An hour I grant for calm reflection:—use it.
If, on the lapse of that brief space, I find
The page without addition, thou may'st learn
That even slavery hath its degrees,
Which makes it sometimes sweet. Our felons throng
The galleys: but 'tis hard, or we shall find
A bench and oar for thee. [*Exit,* L.

Huon. My lord, come back!
My lord! What now's my mind, be sure 'twill be
At the end of the hour! of the day! of my life!—My lord!—
He does not hear, or will not. Most sweet cause
Of most insufferable misery,
Would'st thou not weep at this? Couldst thou look on,
And keep pride sitting in thy woman's eye—
The proper throne of pity—which for me,
The melting queen has yet refused to fill,
But to a stern usurper all abandoned!
Wouldst thou not weep? "Or would my name alone—
"My sole condition set 'gainst all myself;
"The vivid thoughts, the feelings sensitive,
"*The quick* affections, passions of a man,
"*Despite his misery* of birthright; flesh,

"Warm, warm; of as high vitality as though
"His lot had been an heirdom to a throne—
"Would that, prevailing 'gainst such odds as these,
"Prevent thee?" Yes! Thou wouldst not weep for me.
Oh, knew I what would make thee! Would my corpse?
Then to my father! own my passion for thee,
Tell him his serf aspires to love his daughter,
Boasts of it, though he sends him to the galleys,
Will glory in it, chained beside the felon,
Ay, with the tasker's whip whirling above him,
Reiterate it, when he threatens me,
And when again he threatens, justify it,
On the broad rights of common human nature,
Till with his own hand he transfixes me!
[*Following the Duke*; L.

Countess. [*Interposing.*] Stop, Huon!—What's the matter?

Huon. Huon—Huon!
Didst thou say Huon—and with gentleness?
Madam—my mistress—I am your slave!—I am nothing
But the poor serf!

Coun. See if that door is free
From list'ners.

Huon. [*Goes to the door,* L., *and returns.*] There is no one here.

Coun. Now, what's the matter
With my father and you?

Huon. He bade me sign that paper,
And I refused.

Coun. What is it? Let me see it.

Huon. [*Hands the paper and watches the Countess while she reads.*] How her eye fastens on the writing—seems
To grasp it, as her hand the paper! What!
Did she start? She did! Oh, wherefore?—What is this?
Her sweet face that just now was all a calm,
Show signs of brooding tempest! Yes, 'tis on—
Lowers on her brow, and flashes on her cheek,
Like cloud and lightning. How her bosom heaves!
What makes it heave? [*She drops the paper.*] She has let the paper drop,

Yet there she stands as though she held it yet!
And where but now was all astir—now, all
Again is stillness! Dare I speak to her?
She is like to faint—no—no—she breathes!
Her haughty spirit wakes in her again,
Towering, alas! as ne'er it did before.

Coun. [*After a violent struggle, giving way.*] Huon, I die!

Huon. Heavens!—Mercy!

Coun. [*Bursting into tears.*] It is over.
Do not speak to me! Let my tears flow on!

Huon. Flow they for me?

Coun. I told you not to speak.

Huon. Sweet heaven! your voice in tears!
Your looks are tears; your air, your motions, all
Are tears! floods! floods! to those that course your cheeks,
And fall more bright than diamonds on the hands
Which now I clasp to thee in supplication,
That thou wilt deign this once vouchsafe me audience,
To give my fatal passion vent before thee—
For years pent up within my wretched breast—
And then I'm mute forever!

Coun. Huon, peace—
I know thou lov'st me.

Huon. Thou know'st it, dost thou?
And say'st it!—and mildly say'st it!
Not with a tone of scorn, not with a threat,
Nor accent yet of cold indifference
For the poor serf, who, body, soul, and all,
Not being worth a tithe of thee, yet dares
To love thee!—dares to wish for thee!—yes, wish,
Although he knows thee out of reach of him,
As the sun!—as the stars—a million, million times
Beyond the sun! The poor, despiséd serf,
Despiséd of himself—of thee—of every one—
Thou see'st he loves thee, and thou deign'st to say it!
Say it with pity—with most tender pity!
Behold'st him kneeling at thy feet, and know'st
The passion throws him there, and suffer'st him
To stay there!—Let him die there! Let him die
At thy feet! [Falls at her feet.

Coun. Rise, Huon!—Huon!—Hear'st thou me?
And dost thou not obey me? Wilt thou not?
Listen to me!—I do entreat thee, Huon,
As thou dost love me, rise!
Huon. [*Rising to his knee.*] Again! "As thou dost love
me, Huon!" And thy voice did sound
As 'twere the voice of one that loved again!
Thou start'st at that! and terror all at once
Looks from the eyes, whence something looked before.
I'd give the vision of my own to see there
But for one other moment, so it set
My soul ablaze with hope!—Can I believe it,
My arm encircles thee!
Coun. [*With dignity.*] Remove it.
Huon. Heaven!
Thou changest?—Yes!—Thou art returning fast
To what thou wast before.
Coun. No, Huon—but
Obey me—rise!
Huon, wilt do my will?
Huon. Wilt do thy will?
It is the nature of my blood as much
As its colour—current! In thy every mood,
I will obey thee, lady.
Coun. Promise me
Thou'lt do the thing I bid thee.
Huon. What is it?
Coun. Promise me first, and then I'll name it to thee.
Huon. I will.
Coun. But swear thou'lt do it.
Huon. Yes. What shall I swear by?
Coun. Thy love for me.
Huon. Then, by my love for thee,
I'll do the thing thou bidd'st me.
Coun. Sign the paper!—
Thou art about to speak—but don't—don't, Huon,
As thou wouldst not offend me; as 'twould grieve me—
I won't say, anger me—thou shouldst offend me.
Listen! I'll bear that thou shouldst love me, if
Thou signest—else command thee ever from me
Speak not—give me acts, not words:
Or sign it, or begone!

Huon. I'll keep my word,
And so do both. [*Takes paper to table and peruses it.*

Enter STEPHEN, L.

Coun. [*To Stephen.*] Is Catherine in the castle?
If not, go to her house, and bring her hither.
Stephen. She is in the castle. Now she entered it.
Coun. Conduct her to my chamber. Stay. My chaplain—
Tell him, and do it straight, to wait me in
The chapel. Tarry. See that the chapel else
Is clear—make sure of it. That ascertained,
Take post the door, and mind that none do enter,
Except the serf and the two ladies that
Shall follow him. I shall be one. A mouse
Besides, thou diest! [*Exit Stephen,* L.
Huon. [*Signs paper.*] It is signed—Farewell! [*Going.*
Coun. Stay!—To the full thou must redeem thy pledge.
Unless thou marriest, it is not signed.
The paper is but air, the ink but water,
Without fulfilling of the written deed;
And thou dost juggle with me shamefully,
Saying thou lovest me, and for thy oath
Staking thy love, and leaving all undone,
As thou hadst sworn by nothing. Thou art bound
To marry Catherine, which, doing not,
Thou dost not love me,—thou art not a man!
Huon. I am indifferent to what I do:—
All things of earth are now the same to me;
Good, bad, love, hate, wrong, kindness, life, or death.
What hour you please, I'll marry Catherine. [*Going,* R.
Coun. [*Stopping him.*] Now!
This very moment! She will meet thee in
The chapel, whither thou must straight repair.
Thou wilt?
Huon. I will.
Coun. The chaplain thou wilt find
Expecting thee—and, if he be not come
Already, still he will be sure to come
Thou wilt not juggle with me?
Huon. No.
Coun. Thou darest not—

I mean, thou darest not but respect thine oath!
Huon. I'll keep it, madam.—[*Aside.*] Then, farewell forever! [*Exit,* R.—*Countess sinks into a chair.*

Enter DUKE, L., *with a parchment and seal.*

Duke. Where's Huon?
Coun. Gone to do thy will.
Duke. Who worked this miracle? I never dreamed
He would comform to it! Who worked it?
Coun. I.
Duke. Thou?
Coun. [*Giving him the paper.*] There.
Duke. My child! Thou art thy father's child,
My proud child still! Where is he?
Coun. In the chapel,
By this. The chaplain waits upon him there.
Catherine is in my room, expecting me.
So please you, sir, since I have helped the match
Thus far, I'll e'en o'erlook the ceremony.
Duke. Do so.
My barque no more is fit for sea;
A ripple threatens it with foundering,
Almost 'tis foundered now. Did Huon tell thee
How he withstood me?
Coun. All is known to me.
But pray you, for the sake of Catherine,
Grant him his freedom. 'Tis not meet her husband
Should drag the chain hath been unloosed from her.
Duke. This document accomplishes your wish,
E'en now prepared to win him to my purpose.
I give it freely, for I love the boy;
Ay, now entirely love him! See him married;
And may he plight a happy, happy troth
To her he weds! My child, I am failing fast.
'Tis time—don't heed!—go to the chapel—and
My blessing on the errand takes thee thither.

Enter ULRICK, L.

Ha!—you are come in time, sir! I shall need
Your help to my chamber. Tell the boy, I bless him!
Come hither—bless thee, too! And bless the work
Thou goest to do! While I remember it,

Regard Count Ulrick as thy father's friend,
One of his household now, with sanction of
The Prince of Milan. I am very feeble!
'Must to my chamber!

Coun. [*Rushing towards him, and kneeling.*] Bless me, again! my father!

Duke. Again, my child?—Again? [*Blessing her.*
Heaven bless thee! It is wiser—better knows
Thy good—can better help thee to't—ay!
Better than thy father! May it bless thee, then,
And be its will, before thy father's dower! [*Exit,* L.

Coun. Now. fail not Catherine, and the die is cast!
[*Exit,* R.

SCENE II.—*The Corridor of the Castle.*

Enter SIR CONRAD, L.

Sir Con. What calls the chaplain to his sacred post,
And why this privacy? About to pass
The porch, I was admonished 'twas forbid
To all to enter! 'Tis no day of fast,
No hour of customary rites! 'Tis naught
To me. I only wonder at its strangeness.

Enter SIR RUPERT, R.

Sir Rup. Where is the Prince of Milan?

Sir Con. In the court-yard—
Unless departed thence this moment.

Sir Rup. Find him,
And bring him to the chamber of the duke.
If, on your way, you meet the duke's physician,
In search of whom I go, he, too, is summoned,
And tell him so.

Sir Con. Why, what's the matter?

Sir Rup. Woe!
The duke!—the duke!—No question, but away!
[*Exeunt, Sir Rupert,* L., *Sir Conrad,* R.

SCENE III.—*Chamber of the Countess.*

Enter CHRISTINA *and the* COUNTESS'S MAID, R.

Chris. My mistress marry Huon?

Maid. Even so!

Now hand in hand with him before the priest;
Unless the knot be tied already—said
The blessing and amen.
Chris. No bridemaid?
Maid. Yes,
My lady.
Chris. What! the Countess! bridemaid she
To Catherine, that was before a serf!
Yet she was ever fond of Catherine.
Maid. You should have seen them both as forth they went,
Like two sweet sisters for the altar veiled.
Chris. A sudden marriage this!
Maid. And lonely, too;
None but the principals admitted—friends
Nor attendants.
Chris. It is strange! Well, Huon gets
A wealthy wife—a free-woman, to boot;
And, sooth to say, a worthy husband, she—
Ay, were she better still—for many a prince
Looks not his rank so well as Huon would
Were he one. Softly—they return—yes.
Maid. No;
My mistress come alone. How slow she moves!

Enter the COUNTESS, *faint*, L. S. E.—*her Maid runs to support her.*

Coun. Help to untie me, girl. I cannot lift
My hand to my head—and I want air! Remove
My veil. There! Now I breathe!—a minute only,
And all the world seems changed. Is this my room?
Art thou my waiting-maid?—am I myself?
Where is my father?
Maid. In his chamber, lady.
He is complaining.
Coun. He is very old:
His life spun out into a very film.
I did not gainsay him! Thank heaven for that!
I would that I could go to him, but, 'faith,
My limbs have done their best to bring me hither.
I am next to dead; almost dissolved to nothing.
Is that Christina? Girl, what do you here?

Home with all haste; your mistress there before you
Waits your assistance with most instant need.
Chris. It is all wonder!
Coun. Art thou gone?
Chris. I am. [*Curtseys and exit*, R.

Enter COUNT ULRICK, L.

Ulrick. Madam!
Coun. Count Ulrick, is it you? I am glad
To see you, sir: my father told me, or
I dreamt it, he designed to take you, sir,
Into his service. If 'tis so, I'm glad of it.
Ulrick. I grieve to think my office was a brief one!
Coun. Your office was a brief one!—Speak!—alas!
When silence is a substitute for speech,
The heart must be o'er full of joy or pain!
Enough. I read your errand in your looks—
I am an orphan.
Ulrick. Madam, 'twas a debt
Long due to nature.
Coun. Still, sir, we must grieve
To see it paid. At what a time to leave me!
I cannot pay him half his dues of sorrow.
My heart is spent!—benumbed! this shaft of Fate
Lights on a corpse!—a corpse! Alas, my father!
[*A pause.*

Enter STEPHEN, *hastily*, L. S. E.

Stephen. Madam!
Ulrick. Keep silence! Do not interrupt
The sacred flow of sorrow for the dead.
Coun. No; let him speak; there's matter in his looks.
Stephen. The banquet, as you ordered, is prepared,
But neither bride nor bridegroom can be found.
Coun. You mean the bride cannot be found!
[*Crosses to Stephen.*
Stephen. Nor yet
The bridegroom.
Coun. Search for him, and you will find him—
Must find him [*Exit Stephen*, L.
What a cross! at what a time!
When all my thoughts should be with him that's gone!

My father! I did love my father, sir;
Indeed I did!
Ulrick. Then let me now fulfil
His last behest, whereof the substance this,
At length recorded here—which he enjoined
You should be instantly possessed of—proof
Of his most fatherly regard and care.
Of those who seek your hand you must make choice
Of one to share the labors of the dukedom,
Or else abide the issue of the lists—
Your suitors summoned to a tournament,
When he who rests the victor wins your hand.
Coun. I am content! I'll do my father's will,
And bide the issue of the tournament,
Or chose myself the man shall take my hand.
Ulrick. Jointly the Empress and myself are named
Executors, to give the will effect.
Coun. It was not needed:—it had been respected
Without o'erlooking, how much less enforcement!
My brain and heart are here and there!—I haven't
The use of them. Some one did tell me now
Of something—what was it?
Ulrick. One said the serf—
Coun. Call him that name again! Whom speak'st
thou of?
Huon?

Re-enter STEPHEN, L.

Stephen. This letter is from Huon, madam.
Mounted upon a steed, your father's gift,
He threw it me, and fled.
Coun. [*Reading.*] "*Eternally*
Farewell—your will is done—I use my freedom.
Fortune my mistress hence—the richest boon
She can award me, death!—Once more, farewell!"
Oh, rashness most perverse and ruinous!
Let them pursue him; and provide them with
The fleetest of the stud, and gold beside
For new relays. If they o'ertake him—if—
They must!—'tis an affair of life or death!
They must not quit him, but return with him—
Stephen. The bride—

Coun. No heed of her. Bring Huon back
By fair means or by foul—persuasion lost,
Let them resort to force—but not to harm
A hair of his head. So be their numbers such
As makes resistance idle. They are sure
To track him, so they lose not time—and see
They do not! If they waste a moment only,
They answer for't. [*Stephen going.*] Stay, sir: a purse of gold
To every one of them—of gold, you mark—
So that they bring him back; and one for you
In like event. [*Stephen going.*] A minute hence, observe,
I look into the court-yard, and expect
To see them in their saddles, and away!
Upon their lives I charge them bring him back!
[*Exeunt, Stephen,* L., *Countess and Ulrick,* R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Ulrick. At length—the day almost arrived that brings
The tournament, whose issue brings to her
A consort for her state—she yields me audience.
Is it for loss of Huon she has pined,
And kept herself forbiddingly alone?
If so, why give his hand to Catherine?
This is a mystery, the which the more
I try to sound, the deeper doth it grow;
While surmise after surmise rises, as
Report succeeds report of high exploits
Achieved by this unknown adventurer.
Who now stands next the Empress chief in place,
That even he and Huon are the same!
Should it be so, and he should come along,
What then the issue of her meeting with him?
This I revolve, and with a troubled heart,
That sees no end to its perplexity. [*Looks out.*
How changed she is! Her fiery eye is quenched!

Her head its haughty carriage hath abated,
Her cheek is beggared of its prideful blush.

Enter COUNTESS, R. S. E., *with a parchment in her hand.*

Coun. I have perused the testament, my lord,
Carefully, word for word, and see no mention,
Either directly or by implication,
Touching the quality of him may win me.
Ulrick. No, none is made; a slight omission only.
Coun. Yet space enough to let my will creep through.
You say, my lord, you have made proclamation
Of this fair passage far and wide?
Ulrick. I have.
Coun. And now expect the Empress?
Ulrick. Yes.
Coun. And with her?
Ulrick. The noblest of her court; a glorious crowd;
Among the rest, her favourite; that youth
With whose exploits the wondering realm resounds,
Who, in so brief a space, without a name,
Has made himself the noblest which the tongue
Of high renown rings out.
Coun. That youth! what youth?
Ulrick. A young adventurer, of whom it seems
Fair fortune is enamoured—gives him all
He asks!
Coun. I never heard of him before.
Ulrick. So please you, madam, you forget, till now,
Since that your father died and Huon fled,
Save your new secretary, you have deigned
With none vouchsafe communing.
Coun. You are right:
I have forgot the world, time, everything!
What is this favourite called?
Ulrick. His titles change
So fast—the former almost new as its
Successor—scarce I know now his present style.
Coun. His name, I mean.
Ulrick. His name I know not, madam.
Coun. [*Aside.*] What moves my heart, so leaden dull before?
Why *did it leap at* mention of the stranger?—

Has he been seen by any whom we know,
Any of our vassals, chiefs, or friends?
Ulrick. I have met
With none of these have seen him.
Coun. [*Abstractedly.*] Happy woman!
Ulrick. Madam?
Coun. The Empress is a happy woman.
She can reward desert, ennoble it.
Ulrick. So in this instance hath her highness done,
With such profusion of munificence,
There are not wanting those who think she sees
Less with an empress' than a woman's eyes,
And means her bounties but as costly heralds,
Poor to the costlier comer they forerun.
Coun. What! means she to espouse him?
Ulrick. 'Tis surmised.
Matter to wonder at, yet justified.
For they report him of a presence noble,
As e'er bespoke a man to challenge honour.
Coun. I never dreamt of an abyss so hideous
And to be standing on the very brink of it!
Ulrick. [*Alarmed at her vehemence.*] Madam!
Coun. Ay! what's the matter? [*Aside.*] I am frightened
At myself? [*Aloud.*[My lord, my spirits are so dreamy,
Things which are not, I see—which are, see not!
Pray do not heed me. For this tournament,
Thus near without obstruction on my part
Hath it approached; but pray you, keep in mind
On what condition: that at any time
The husband it awards, revolting to me,
I am at liberty to make a choice
Between a husband and the cloister. So!
I'll read the will again. [*Sits down and reads.*

Enter STEPHEN, *hastily*, L.

Stephen. News! news! my lord.
Ulrick. What is it?
Stephen. Huon!
Coun. Ha!
Well, what of Huon—is he found?
Stephen. He is.
Coun. Propitious Heaven, at what a time! where

Stephen. In the suite of the Empress.
Coun. Well,—go on!
Stephen. I saw him! More. That sun of chivalry
Hath suddenly blazed forth in the brief war
So late gone by, and dazzled friends and foes—
The fav'rite of the Empress—
Coun. Well? Go on!
Stephen. Huon and he are one.
Coun. I was sure of it.
Send him away.
[*She staggers to a seat, Ulrick supports her.*
Ulrick. Hence, sir. [*Exit Stephen,* L.
Coun. Don't wonder at me! Don't!
Nor question me, whate'er I say or do!
Listen, and do my bidding. I prepare
To give reception to the Empress,—thou
See Huon. Tell him I would speak with him
Soon as occasion serves; or let him make
Occasion, and at once—at once, my lord!
[*Aside.*] Where shall we meet? In the garden? No; the garden
Is overlooked. In the library? No;
We may be subject to intrusion there.
What should prevent his coming to my closet?
What place so fit? Why think of any other?
[*Aloud.*] My lord, bring Huon to my closet. Huon!
The favourite of the Empress I should say.
[*Exeunt, Countess,* R., *Ulrick,* L.

SCENE II.—*The Garden of the Castle.*

Enter SIR RUPERT *and* SIR CONRAD, R.

Sir Rup. Time is the same. 'Tis our condition's changed.
The hours hang weary-heavy on our hands:
We scarce could catch when Catherine was here,
They went so fleetly by us. Then the death
Of the duke hath left a blank, which, while he lived,
Light offices with grateful tasks filled up,
Forbade our spirits flag.
Sir Con. Eventful day,
The day *he died!* Eventful day to us!

Our Catherine married Huon then, and fled;
And Huon fled, avoiding Catherine!
Nor since of either tidings—though for him
Almost the world was searched. Strange, loathing him,
As she did, with hate almost unnatural,
How much to heart the Countess took his flight.
She pines for loss of him.

Sir Rup. No, sir; she takes to heart her father's will,
Compelling her to choose a husband, or
Accept of him the tournament may send her.
And so she keeps alone; to all forbidding
Approach to her, except this youth, who sits
In Huon's place, her secretary now,
The forward cousin of fair Catherine.

Sir Con. This secretary is a subtle spark.
He has harped upon our suit to Catherine,
Awakened hopes we had given o'er as dead,
And pledged himself with oaths she would return
Free as she ne'er had plighted troth to Huon;
And yet she comes not. What we take in earnest,
Be sure he only gives in mockery.

Sir O. I'm of your counsel, and will break a lance
To-morrow for the Countess.

Sir Rup. Do so, sir.
I break no lance except for Catherine.

Enter CATHERINE, *disguised as a man*, R., *and crosses*, L.

Cath. Who talks of breaking lances?

Sir O. Ha! our friend
The Secretary.

Sir Con. Well, sir, what's your news?
Where's Catherine?

Cath. Absorbed in solving, sir,
A knotty point.

Sir Con. A knotty point; what is it?

Cath. The measure of a lover's patience, sir.

Sir Con. Does she not come?

Cath. Not till that point is solved.
Now, could you solve it for her, she might come
The sooner.

Sir O. 'Tis an hour.

Sir Con. A day.

Sir O. A week.
Sir Con. A month.
Sir O. A year.
Cath. [*To Sir Rup.*] Will you not make a guess?
Sir Rup. [*Sighing.*] It is a life!
Cath. Can't you go further, sir?
Try if you can. Lovers do miracles:
'Tis said they do; I never saw them, though,
Nor met with those that did.
Sir O. Where is our mistress?
Cath. Here,
Where'er she is; or nowhere, where you are.
Have you a mistress, there your mistress is,
Were she at one end of the world, and you
At the other.
Sir Rup. Ay, were she in another world!
Cath. Why, what's the matter with Sir Rupert?
The gentleman gone mad? I think myself
A sterling lover, but I take no oath,
Except to flesh and blood. Sir Rupert, what's
Your thought of a mistress?
Sir Rup. A vitality,
Precious, peculiar, not to be supplied;
Once with your being joined, a part of it
Forever!
Cath. Humph! and you believe, Sir Rupert,
You have met with such a thing?
Sir Rup. I have.
Cath. And where?
Sir Rup. In Catherine.
Cath. Heaven help the man, he speaks
As if he thought himself in earnest, sirs.
Whom said he now he'd break a lance for?
Sir Con. & *Sir O.* Her.
Cath. For Catherine, poor man! far better break
A lance for the Countess; as the lists, they say,
Are open to all challengers that bear
The rank of knighthood.
Sir O. So they are, and we
Design to try our fortune, and lament
Not to find Sir Rupert of our mind.
Cath. That mortifies you, does it? So, Sir Rupert,

Will you make suit again to Catherine,
Say she come back again, released from her
Enforcéd vow?
Sir Rup. Will I make suit to her?
My heart is ever lying at her feet.
Cath. 'Tis neighbour, then, to an ungainly shoe.
She has broken her ancle, and the awkward leech
Who set it for her made a botch of it.
Her foot's awry; she limps; her taper waist,
So straight before when she moved, goes zig-zag now.
Give your heart joy, sir, of its pleasant seat.
Sir Rup. The gait and shape of gentle Catherine
Are in her heart, no fracture warping there.
Sir O. With what a serious face you play the cheat.
Cath. Sir, I look serious at a serious thing.
Sir Con. It is not as you say?
Cath. Believe 'tis not;
But take this with you—I should be more grieved
Than you would, to disparage Catherine.
Sir O. So Catherine doth halt?
Sir Con. My love doth halt.
Sir O. And so doth mine.
Cath. I have not told him all.
'Tis hard to speak unwelcome things of friends.
Sir O. And hard to hear them, too. Sir Rupert!
Sir Rup. Well.
Sir O. Hear ye?
Sir Rup. I do.
Sir O. And what resolve you?
Sir Rup. What
I did resolve before—to break no lance
Except for Catherine. [*Retires.*
Cath. He is mad!
Isn't he, sir?
Think you 'twill bring him to his senses, sirs,
To tell him she hath squandered all her wealth?
Sir O. Better she halted in her gait than that!
Sir Con. Or cast her white skin for an Ethiop's?
You do not tell us so?
Cath. I'll tell it him.
Sir O. She is ruined utterly.
Sir Con. Undone,

Beyond redemption!—Look, Sir Rupert!
Sir Rup. Well?
Sir Con. Catherine's for hire: she must take service.
All
Her wealth is gone.
Sir Rup. [*Cheerfully.*[Is gone?
Sir Con. It makes you glad!
Sir Rup. Now could I woo her with the best of ye!
Her match in fortune, I could praise her now,
Dreading no charge of venal flattery.
Fair sir, take pity on an honest heart,
And loving one; and as you know the haunt
This gentle fawn hath slunk to, tell it me,
That I may straight o'ertake and make her mine.
Sir O. Better you wait to-morrow's tournament,
As we shall.
Cath. Gentlemen, you do not know
Your man.
The simple truth is this—your friend lacks mettle.
Sir Rup. Sir!
Cath. He can bluster, that is evident.
See what a giant!—he would eat me up,
If he could; but think you, sirs, I heed his club?
Give me a straw, I'll face him. You mistake
Your friend:—his frame's robust enough, but, 'faith,
His spirit is a lean one.
Sir Rup. 'Sdeath, sir!
Cath. Ho!
If you have sworn men into agues, sir,
Don't try your skill on me. My parrot swears
As well as you, and just as much I heed him.
Sir Rup. [*Drawing.*] It passeth all endurance—pshaw,
a stripling!
Cath. A stripling, sir?—to make an oak afeard!
Sir Rup. [*Again drawing.*] Indeed!
Cath. As I do live, his sword is out!
But he's a spaniel, as I'll prove to you,
Who thinks he bites, by showing you his teeth.
Here's for you, sir. [*Draws.*] But hold—what day is this?
Sir Con. Friday.
Cath. I never fight on Fridays, sirs:
My killing days are all the rest of the week,

E'en Sundays not excepted. Sirs, your friend
Is a coward. [*Coolly puts up her sword.*
Sir Rup. Furies!
Cath. Fiends, and all sorts of imps!
Swearing won't save you, sir—I'll prove my words.
I dare you at the tournament, to-morrow,
To break a lance with me.—Observe you, sirs:
I'll wager
My sword to your dagger, he takes flight to-day,
And waits not for to-morrow.
Sir Rup. Will I not?
I will have satisfaction:—I accept
His challenge. I will have satisfaction, sirs!
Cath. You shall, and have it to your heart's content.
Take linsey-woolsey with a halt, and the skin
Of a negro, rather than essay a tilt
With chance to win a Countess! I could laugh
To scorn, the man that would believe him! Oh!
He shall have satisfaction! I could beat him
With a rush in rest.—He shall have satisfaction!
Sirs, he will cower at the very sight of me!
Fall on his knees, and beg his life of me
With claspéd hands. He shall have satisfaction!
[*They go out severally.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter COUNTESS, L. U. E.

Coun. It is confirmed—the place he holds beside her,
Her every action speaks. Of all her court,
He is the only one, whose duties to her
She takes as favours, not as things of course.
He comes! Who stops him thus untimely?
How changed he is! The fiery hardihood
Of the life he hath of late made consort of,
Hath given another spirit to his eyes;
His face is cast anew, as circumstance
Could alter Nature's modelling, and work,
Improving on her mould. Is that the man
Was once my father's serf, and I did scorn?
Fell ever at my wayward frown that brow?
Or stooped that knee for me, to kiss the ground?
Would they do it now? Fell ever at my feet

That form, as prostrate as the hand of death
Had struck it to the floor? 'Twould take that hand
To lay it now there—and a waive of mine
Had done it once! If he confesses hold
Of any other, never shall he learn
His hold of me; but if he strives in love,
I bless my stars I have the 'vantage ground.

[*Huon enters and remains standing at a distance, with his eyes on the ground.*

Coun. Is Huon here, and does not Huon speak. [*Pauses.*
Absent so long, no greeting for a friend?—
A woman, too! [*Pauses.*] No salutation kind,
Prelude of happy news she'd joy to hear,—
Relation of adventures she would thrill
To listen to,—exploits she would wonder at,
And the next moment at her wonder blush,
Knowing whose arm achieved them!

Huon. I am glad
To find you well.

Coun. You are glad to find me well?
I hope you are! It were not saying much,
I trust, to say I know you are! You are glad
To find me well! Is that your news for me?
If 'tis, it is strange news.

Huon. You wished to see me,
And I am here to learn your will.

Coun. More news!
You are a friend worth parting with, you bring
Such marvels home with you! Some time, methinks,
Since last we met together, and you are glad
To find me well!—and, as I wished to see you,
You are here to learn my will! You were not here,
Had not I sent for you.

Huon. It would have been
Presumptuous.

Coun. Presumptuous?

Huon. Yes, madam,
In the serf.

Coun. [*With sudden indignation.*] No, sir, not in the favourite
Of the Empress! [*She rises.*] Huon, this is not the way
We ought to meet—it should not be in anger!

You are come home, and you are welcome home.
Requires my tongue a backer to give credence?
Well, there's my hand beside! Do you not take
My hand?

Huon. You are a noble lady, madam,
Whose father was my lord, by leave of whom
I thought, and had a will—did what I did—
Yea, kept the very blood within my veins.
Behoves it I should take his daughter's hand?

Coun. You mock me!

Huon. Would I did, and 'twere a dream!
But dreams are not repeated day by day,
And day by day reminds me of a time
I was your father's serf.

Coun. No more of this.

Huon. Oh, would no more! The wounded body heals:
The pain is over, all is sound again,
A scar reminds you of it—nothing more!
Not so the heart, you lacerate it once!
Habit may dull, pursuit engross—divert;
But never are you ransomed from the throe.
Live your meridian out, it comes again,
Fresh as at first, to make you writhe anew.

Coun. We do not meet to talk of grievances.
Huon, I offered you my hand just now.

Huon. Oh! 'tis a hand
Thou hast forbidden mine to meet.

Coun. No, Huon,
Not as friends. [*Sits. Then aside, recovering herself.*] I'll see him clearly first.—
Sit down, and let us talk. I have fifty things
I want to say to you, yet know not which
To begin with. Huon, do you like the Empress?

Huon. Like her!

Coun. Yes—like her! That's the word I said.
Perhaps it should be, "love her?"

Huon. Love her, madam!

Coun. [*Interrupting him.*] I see you do! Go on! What were you going
To say?

Huon. Oh, contrast marvellous! beyond
Belief of nature!

Coun. Ay! 'twixt her and me!
Go on! The contrast? Best we understand
Each other.—Well! The contrast?
Huon. 'Twere as one
Should find the sun by following the night;
Should plunge into her regions, and for chill,
And gloom, and steriless, find light and warmth,
And verdure, such as should belong to day!
'Twere as death owned a heart, and life had none,
But with the shows of animation
Did lodge within its breast a core of stone,
While still the ribs of death had pulse within them.
Coun. Am I that day, that life, compared to which
Death, night, are e'en so rich? Is she thou servest
That death, that night, preferred to life and day?
Huon. Oh! I did love thee to oblivion
Of myself! What nature gave me to assert,
The man neglecting, as despiséd things
Compared to thee! That she intended me
For deeds of nobleness, I may confess,
Seeing that others own I have achieved them.
Yet I abused her bounties—and for what?
Scorns—wrongs—through love of thee preferred them!
Until the cause itself
That made me bear them—thou! didst make a means
Of yet unknown oppression. *That* I bore—
But there did patience cease! Yes! not until
Coercéd there, where, spared, I were content
To last the thrall of passion's lethargy,
Did I rebel! But when I was struck down
Prostrate, as for the sake of flesh and blood
Behoves not slaves to lie—with marvel on't
I waked to sense of what I ought to be:—
Of what, against my will, 'twas past the sport
Of power to change me from—A MAN!—and straight
A man I started up! a man, resolved
To use his attributes as fits a man,
To vindicate the ancient, common birthright,
And answer the design of Him that framed him!
Coun. So! you have registered your debts to me,
No item overlooked thou knowest of—
What, now, *if* I could name to thee one debt,

Would blot out all the rest?—not known to thee!
A debt thy dreams did never give thee glimpse of—
Thy dreams where thou didst soar, didst cast away
The clog last morn put on, and mount as high
As e'er ambition left at large could wing,
Daring the eagle to come up to thee?

Huon. No debt that thou couldst name were gain to me.
I keep no register of aught between us—
Or, if I do, I never turn to it,
Unless enforced, as now. Whate'er has passed,
Is passed; and, profitless to memory,
Were better be forgotten. [*Crosses to* L.

Coun. [R.] Ay? Indeed!
So easily done? [*Sits.*] Well, be it so! 'Tis past,
And so should be forgotten. Please you, now
Turn to the Empress. [*Huon sits.*] You have painted me:
Proceed to her. Come, let me see what hand
You will make of her picture. When I asked you now
If you liked her, you did echo me!—and then
I asked you if you loved her, and again
You echoed me! I want an answer, not
An echo! Well, sir? well?

Huon. Madam, I love
And honour her. [*She starts from her seat; he rises also.*

Coun. Thou art rewarded, pride!
Meet'st thy deserts! Show thy high breeding now!
Tread stately! throw thy spurning glances round,
And talk as mighty things as though the earth
Were made for thee alone! Where's thy domain?
Gone! And thy palace, what is it?—a ruin!
And what art thou thyself?—a beggar now!
Huon, you loved me once? [*Bursts into tears, and sinks into chair.*

Huon. I loved thee once!
Oh! tell me when was it I loved thee not!
Was't in my childhood, boyhood, manhood? Oh!
In all of them I loved thee; and were I now
To live the span of my first life twice told,
And then to wither, thou surviving me,
And yet I lived in thy sweet memory,
Then mightst thou say of me, "He loved me once—
And that was all his life!"

Coun. [*Rises.*] 'Twas heart for heart!

I loved thee ever! Yes! the passion now
Thrills on the woman's tongue—the girl's had told thee,
Had I been bold as fond; for even then
I saw thy worth, but did not see thy station,
Till others, not so well affected towards thee,
Revealed it to me by their cold regards.
I could not help my nature.—From that time
Two passions strove in my divided soul
For mastery—scorn of thy station, love
For thee—each feeding on the other's hate,
And growing stronger; till I thought their strife
Would shake my frame to dissolution. [*She sits.*] Yes!
Oh, Huon! when my brow sat cloudy oft
O'er my cold eye, that looked askant at thee,
Thou little thought what friend there was within,
Would make that brow clear as a summer sky,
That eye bright-glowing as a summer's sun,
To kindle thee—as they, their world, with life,
And health, and wealth, and gladness!

Huon. Say'st thou this
To me? or do I dream I hear thee say it?
Or is the past a dream? I did not yield,
At thy command, to marry Catherine?
Thou didst not see me wed her. Fancy forged
The ring I thought I put upon her finger?
Thou wast not by at all? From first to last,
Hadst not a hand in it? or, if thou hadst,
Why then untimely this unfold to me?
For I do know thee to be pride of all
Proud honour's children! Art thou offspring prime
Of cruelty as well? Oh, Heaven! to think
She loved me, and could give me to another!
Nor yet to her alone—another!—

Coun. Ha!—Well?

Huon. One who ne'er set eyes on me, until
An outcast, by her deed of hate who loved me!
To one, a stranger, saw me seeking fortune,
And gave the hand to me could help me to her!
Lavished her favours on me!—lit me up
With honours, till, beside the bright themselves,
I lost no brightness!

Coun. [*Quickly.*] To the Empress?

Huon. Yes!
Thou lovest me?—Oh, fate! there was a time,
'Twere more than bliss, if more could be, to know it;
But now, 'tis misery!
Coun. 'Tis misery! [*Both rise.*
Art thou in such a strait, indeed, as that
To give my love for thee so harsh a name?
What shall I call it, then? Gain me a name
Will stand for something worse than misery—
Will paint the case of a high, noble maid,
Who stooped to love a serf—nay, stopped not there,
But told her passion to him!
Huon. I am no more a serf.
Coun. Thou art ennobled;
Yet thou art still the same!—thou hast won honours,
Rewards of deeds, in spite of thy base blood
Achieved by thee!
Huon. Nay, madam, spare my blood;
And pardon me, its owner, if I say,
It is not base.
Coun. It is! What should it be
But base? A serf did give it thee, a serf
Gave him his blood. Trace back the current, sir
Far as you can, and you will find it base,
Nothing but base.
Huon. Madam, men's natures are
Their blood:—they have no other, high or low.
If base the current hitherto of mine,
It ceased with me. Born in thy father's house
A serf, I left it one, to seek my fortune,
Make it or mar it, for promotion having
No other patron than my own right arm,
And my own heart and head to guide and nerve it;
And, with their help, I see that house again,
An independent, self-exalted man,
While many a son, who left a noble home,
With blood untainted for a thousand years,
Returns to it no better than he left it.
Is my blood base?
Coun. No, Huon—mine was base
To let me call it so! Alas! alas!
And hast no better welcome for my love
Than that sad word thou spok'st?

Huon. What word so fit?
What is it, to a man condemned to die,
To tell him of a treasure left to him?
Coun. Condemned to die!
Resemblest thou a man condemned to die?
Huon. Why didst thou drive me from thee by that act?
Coun. That act was nothing: 'twas thy flight,
And that which followed it. Thou art entangled—
And thank thy flight. Oh, Huon! were thy love
In daring enterprise the tithe of mine,
'Twould attempt something to enlarge thee from
The cause thou art prisoner to!
Huon. It cannot cease,
Except with life.
Coun. The Empress loves thee, Huon!
Huon. No.
Coun. But she does—
Thou art her favourite! She
Hath chained thee to her throne.
Huon. No.
Coun. But she has!
Thou hast made merchandise,
Most shameful merchandise, of thy allegiance!
Broken oaths as tiny shells, which at a touch
Do fall to powder!
Huon. Broken oaths?
Coun. Yes, oaths!
Thy life was all one oath of love to me,
Sworn to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,
Which, when they saw me, lightened up as though
An angel's presence did enchant their sense,
That I have seen their very colour change!
Talk of the adjuration of the tongue!—
Compare love's name, a sound which any life
May pipe—a breath—with love itself!
Thou'rt not forsworn, because thou took'st no oath?
What were thy accents, then—thy accents, Huon?
Oh! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
Vouching the burden of a love-fraught soul!
Telling a tale which my young nature caught
With interest so deep, was conned by heart
Before I knew the fatal argument!

Huon, I charge thee quit the service of the Empress!
Huon. 'Twere against all honour.
Coun. No—
Give up her service!
Huon. 'Twere ingratitude.
Coun. Ingratitude!—for what?
Huon. She has advanced me
Past my deserts.
Coun. No! I deny it! No!
Not equal to them! No! Thy golden deeds
She has repaid with tinsel!

Enter Ulrick, R

Ulrick. Please you, sir,
The Empress summons you.
Coun. You are not going?
Huon. My presence is commanded.
Coun. Are you going?
Ulrick. My lord!
Huon. I come.
Coun. You are going, then?
Huon. I must go.
Coun. You must? Then go! Go, and farewell for ever! [*The Countess sinks into a chair. Exeunt Huon and Ulrick,* R.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V.

Scene I.—*The Hall of the Castle.—The* Empress, Ulrick, Courtiers, Knights, Heralds, *&c., prepared to proceed to the Tournament.*

Empress. [*To Ulrick.*] Why wait we for the Countess? What delays her?
This day is dedicate to her; for her
We are convened; and comes she last of all?
Ulrick. Madam, she craves your favor for this pause.
Relieve 'tis not remissness, but mischance,
Retards her. Doubtless, she will come, anon.

Empress. Anon, my lord! Anon is not our time
For friends to greet us, when they summon us.

Enter three Attendants, the first bearing a coronet on a cushion, the second a pile of parchments, the third followed by Vassals, carrying money-coffers; then the COUNTESS, *plainly attired, followed by her Women, in costly dresses. She stops before the Empress.*

Empress. Why, lady! what is this?
Coun. My liege, receive
This emblem of that pomp which I resign,
Because 'tis adjunct to conditions such
As render it a burden to me, past
The faculty of sufferance to bear.
Empress. Lady!
Coun. So please you, madam, give me leave:—
As joint executor with this worthy lord,
Into your hands I also yield all right
And title to this fair chateau, besides
The lands and forests, its appendages,
As well as vassals, natives of the soil.
Empress. But, lady—
Coun. Madam, suffer me to conclude:—
These are the coffers which my father left;
And as he left them, rendered to your highness;
And with them all resigned, save such endowment
As shall entitle me to that retreat,
Holy and calm, wherein I mean to pass,
I'll say, the remnant of my days, i' th' hope,
Though few are passed, still fewer are to come:
Which option, as you know, my father's will
Has left to me.
Empress. Then will you not abide
The cast of fate in the tournament? nor take
The husband she may send—nor yet select
Yourself?
Coun. I cannot, madam.
Empress. How?
Coun. I am
Forestalled.
Empress. By whom?
Coun. By you!

Empress. Let every one
Repair to the tournament. Let it proceed,
As we ourself were there. [*To Ulrick.*] And you, my lord,
Preside for us. It is our will the lists
Be opened straight. The Countess stays with me.
[*Flourish.—All go out except the Empress and Countess.*
We are alone! Now, how am I a let
To such espousals as your choice would make?
Coun. Do you not know?
Empress. Girl, be direct with me,
Nor in the headlong passion of your soul,
That seems to joy in strife and wrack, forget
'Tis your liege lady that vouchsafes you audience.
Coun. That I forget, and everything beside,
Except one thing, in still revolving which
The earth hath shrunk in estimation
Into a grain—the sun into a spark!
Naught hath kept substance but my desolation,
Which seems to me to fill up space itself
Till nothing else hath room.
Empress. Thy desolation
Who made it for thee?
Coun. Thou!
Empress. In what regard?
Coun. In thy attractive favor shown to Huon!
Empress. I made thy desolation? Thou thyself
Didst make it with thy pride, the greater, but
Worse portion of thee!
Coun. By my pride?
Empress. Thy pride,
Which evil counsellor to thy love, advised it
To blush with shame at homage from the which
It could not yet refrain, because 'twas due—
Tribute to such desert, as far behind
Left all desert beside, and might have worn
The subject's heart—whose mistress's it won!—
Thy story—everything are known to me
Coun. Then thou confessest it?
Empress. What?
Coun. What?
Empress. Beware!

I brook not such a tone from thee.
Coun. The heart
Will speak, despite the checks of shows and forms,
Shadows compared to its realities!
It is not so with thee?—e'er hast thou felt
A pang?—and if thou hast, whose, then, thy palace?
Thy retinue?—thy guards?—thy empire?—Gone
With all their proud appurtenances, and
No habitation left thee but thy breast,
The only house of happiness or woe!
How shall it be with me, then, with a heart
Maddened with torture? Shall I cast about
To furnish looks, and words, and tones for things,
I have no interest in, and thou, that hast,
In equal case wouldst give to disregard?
Empress. Remember thou'rt a subject!
Coun. So I will
While thou'rt the Empress; but when thou becomest
A woman—a mere woman like myself—
Stepp'st from the eminence that lifts thee 'bove me—
Level'st thee to me in one common nature—
I deal with thee as woman deals with woman!
I own thy power! I must, and do! Thy breath
Can doom me exile, bondage, what it will!
There I submit! Thou art the Empress there.
But when thou thwart'st me in the interests
Which are the right not more of one than all—
Trenchest upon my private peace—my love—
Thou dost me wrong, for which I challenge thee
As equal may an equal.
Empress. Come! Thy challenge?
What dost allege against me?
Coun. Thou dost love him!
Empress. Ay, by my troth, as much as thou didst scorn him!
Coun. He did accuse me to thee?
Empress. Wayward woman,
He never spoke of thee, except with love!
Coun. How couldst thou love him then? How could thy greatness
Forget itself to try and steal a heart,
Thou *knew'st to be* another's?

Empress. Steal?

Coun. Ay, steal!

Must we coin terms for those that are above us,
To make offences gracious to their ears,
When they commit them—which, by us enacted,
Would blast with damning names!

Empress. Thou hast a spirit!

Coun. Thou knew'st he loved me, and didst covet him!
Covet a heart at second-hand—an Empress!
Hear me, that am a subject, and thy subject—
His heart was mine, till thou didst rob me of it;
Not of it all, but of a part—though if
A part be gone, go all! Well, as I said,
His heart was mine at first. 'Tis gone—my peace,
Hopes, everything, along with it! What then?
Would I have it back?—No!—I would sooner die!
Its worth was its fidelity—that lost,
All's lost. Thou covetedst a faithless heart!

Empress. Didst thou deserve that heart?

Coun. [*Weeping.*] I did!—I loved him
Better than thou couldst do!

Empress. I'faith, thou'rt brave!
Thy love of him was persecution.

Coun. [*Weeping.*] Yet
I loved him!

Empress. Loved him! It was tyranny
Enforced without the mercy of a pause.

Coun. [*Weeping still, and more bitterly.*] The more I loved him!

Empress. Loved him!—and constrained him
To nuptials he abhorred!

Coun. I did—and then [*In an agony of tears.*
I loved him most!

Empress. How had it fared with him,
Hadst thou been I?

Coun. Far differently.

Empress. How?

Coun. I then had been above rebuke or blame!
I would have given his merits their fair field,
Encouraged them to challenge their deserts,
Rewarded them till they had lifted him
So near equality to me, the seat
I filled, he might have shared along with me.

Empress. That field he found himself without my aid.
I saw him there, and challenged simple greatness
In spite of its disguise; desired it doff
Its lowly suit, and show the thing it was;
Nor stopped till, step by step, I saw it climb
To where it stands; nor mean I to stop there.
Coun. How?
Empress. I design for him the highest grace
I can bestow.
Coun. The highest?
Empress. Yes, beyond
His hopes, until to-day—until to-day
Never divulged to him.
"*Coun.* He knows it, then?
"*Empress.* He does; and, till my promise is fulfilled,
"With fears that shake him, spite of certainty
"Of his immeasurable happiness—
"For such he thinks it—wears a doubtful life."
Coun. Thy hand!
Empress. The hand of her, more proud to be
The empress of his heart than of my realm.
Coun. He shall not take it
Empress. Not?
Coun. Thy power is huge
But there are bounds to it!
Empress. What bounds?
Coun. Right!—Law!—
Imperial foot stops there. It dares not cross,
And if it dares, it shall not!
Empress. Faith, thou'rt brave!
Coun. He shall not marry!
Empress. No?
Coun. No!
Empress. Gods, a rock!
She echoes me!
Coun. He shall not marry!
Empress. What!
Again?
Coun. Wast thou the empress of the world,
I'd say to thee again—he shall not marry!
Empress. Thou know'st a let?
Coun. *I do!*

Empress. The troth he pledged
To Catherine—you see I am advised
Of all! The marriage is anulled.
Coun. It is?
Empress. It is.
Coun. How?
Empress. By the church!
Coun. The church? And yet
He shall not marry!
Empress. What! Not marry thee?
Coun. [*Changing, and falling on her knees.*] Madam!
Empress. The hand that I design for him—
Crown of my favour, his deserts—is thine,
Not mine, my girl—the guerdon fair for which
He would not take my empire in exchange—
Ay, with my hand, to boot!
Coun. My liege, my empress!
Empress. My fiery queen, and have I tamed you now?
Tamed you so soon? I half repent me on't,
Mine's the true spirit, namesake! It admires
To see itself in others. 'Faith, my glass
Never reflected me more honestly
Than thou didst even now. Listen to me.
I am thy Huon's friend, and nothing more.
Rise. Now we'll talk as sister does with sister.
Hither thy Huon bears me company—
Unwarned to what intent until to-day;
Until to-day, in darkness, that the bar
The church, with thy fair aid, 'twixt him and thee
Did set—the church, at my persisting suit,
Hath quite annulled; and now he's in the lists
Striving to win thee! He that never yet,
In strait of life or death, much less a tilt,
Suffered defeat. [*Trumpets.*] That flourish is the close.
Smile at it, girl! It makes thee Huon's wife!
Huon—no more the serf—but nobleman—
Nor nobleman alone! This hour a prince,
For thy fair sake!
Coun. [*Dejectedly to herself.*] Would he were still a serf.
Empress. Dejected girl!
Coun. Madam! [Music.

Empress. They come! come hither!
Here take thy seat in the centre. Here thou art chief.
We are but second! Smile—thy Huon comes!

Music.—ULRICK *and the rest re-enter from the Tournament. The* EMPRESS *anxiously surveys them. The* COUNTESS *absent and dejected*

Where is he?
Coun. Madam?
Empress. Which is Huon? [*Aside to Countess.*
Coun. Which?
Empress. [*Aside to Countess.*] Methinks he is not here
—canst make him out?
Girl, tell me, is thy lover here or not?
He seems not here, and yet he must be here.
Herald. Madam, the lists are closed. The victor waits
The prize which he has won. Shall he receive it?
Empress. [*Aside to Countess.*] Shall I say yes? I must say yes. Thou smilest.
I will say yes!—[*Aloud.*]—He shall receive the prize.
Who is that that bows?
Herald. The victor, madam.
Empress. [*To Countess.*] Ha! Do you know him?
Coun. Not in his armour; yet
Methinks I ought to know him were it he.
Empress. Sir Knight, so please you, raise your visor. 'Tis
The prince of Milan! Girl—what means thine eye
To blaze with joy? It looks on thy despair!
The prince of Milan 'tis, has won the day.
Hear'st thou me? Know'st thou what I say?
Coun. I do!
Both hear and comprehend thee.
Empress. Ay, and smile.
Coun. And smile.
Empress. Art thou thyself? Am I myself?
I think myself the same! [*To Ulrick,* L.] Where is Huon?
Ulrick. Gone
To take his armour off.
Empress. How fared it with him?
Ulrick. He entered first the lists, and one by one

O'erthrow all comers, till the prince of Milan
Unhorsed him.
Coun. Is he hurt?
Ulrick. No, madam.
Coun. [*Starting up.*] Thanks!
My lord, bring Huon hither! Hither! Hie!
[*Exit Ulrick*, L.
Now all is as it should be.
Empress. Should be, girl?
Say rather should not be. Thy lover's foiled.
Where is the ashy cheek that meets disaster,
The brow that's like the wrack? the gusty breath?
The quivering, bloodless lip, and quaking frame?
These should be, and they are not! Where are they?
Or rather wherefore see I in their stead
Things 'twould become to wait on holidays
Rather than days of penance? Look not thus
Else thou wilt make me hate thee!
Coun. Madam, madam,
I tell thee, and believe me, all is well.
Empress. [*Indignantly.*] Then let the prince of Milan take his prize.
Fred. I claim it on my knee.

At the moment the PRINCE *kneels*, HUON, *led by* ULRICK, *enters, and the* COUNTESS *rushes towards him.*

Coun. How is it, Huon?
Thou look'st as hurt.
Huon. Sped in the spirit, lady.
Forgetful of my charger, all unmindful,
He lacked my argument to hearten him.
Bent on the most surpassing prize alone,
I did not think to change him, and he failed me.
"*Coun.* Fortune, farewell! and pride go with thee!
"Go!
"Welcome adversity! Shake hands with me,
"Thou tester of true hearts! whose homely fare
"No flatterer sits down to—hollow friend,
"Foe, masking thoughts of scorn with smiling face—
"But truth and honesty! affection staunch!
"That grasps the hand before it scans the sleeve
"*And greets* the lowly portal with a grace

'More winning far than his, who thanks the gate
"That spreaks with pride to let a monarch in."

Empress. Girl, I am loth to speak in terms of blame,
But thou hast much offended courtesy;
Not only slighting me, thy sovereign lady,
But him to whom thy fate awards thee bride!

Coun. A wife must be a widow ere a bride!

Empress. A wife? no wife art thou!

Coun. I am a wife!
Before this goodly presence I proclaim it!
A wife by stealth, but still a wedded wife!
Wedded for love, as fervent, durable,
As ever led a woman to the altar!

Empress. Where is thy husband? where is thy husband?

Coun. Here! I am kneeling
At his feet? [*Kneels to Huon.*

Huon. Thy husband, I?

Coun. My husband, thou!

Huon. Was I not wed to Catherine?

Coun. My name is Catherine, as thou should'st know,
But, as thou know'st not, till now; the lips
Pronounced that name in wedding thee—the hand
Then given to thee—the troth then plighted thee—
Were mine, as truly as the breath that now
Avows I am thy wife!—in debt to fate
For baffling thee, for now she owns thee lord
In thy adversity!

Huon. Thou kneel'st to me!
I marvel of thy words!—I overlooked thee,
Madam!—My wife, rise!—pray you, rise!—my own,
My dear liege lady ever! I am feeble
In words; but, oh! the strife is strong within
Of wonder, gratitude, humility,
Pride, honour, love, outdoing one another!

Enter CATHERINE, *disguised*, R.

Cath. Fair empress, justice!

Empress. Who asks for justice?

Cath. One that is most wronged
In his honour; cheated by a craven knight,
Who promised him to give him meeting here;

But hath broken his word—no doubt, through cowardice.
Empress. What is his name?
Cath. Sir Rupert.
Sir Rup. [*Stepping forward.*] He speaks false!
I am here to my appointment.
Cath. Are you so?
Are you not maimed in the arm?
Sir Rup. No!
Cath. Nor in the leg, that you can't sit your horse?
Sir Rup. No!
Cath. That is still more wonderful! Nor yet
In your spirit?
Sir Rup. No!
Cath. Most wonderful of all!
You do not mean to say you have the heart
To fight with me?
Sir Rup. That you shall see anon.
Cath. Anon, sir? now! but where are your good friends?
Sir Rup. Here!
[*Sir Otto and Sir Conrad come forward.*
Cath. Gentlemen, I am sorry for the fall
You got in tilting for the Countess; but
'Tis nothing to the one which he shall rue,
As you shall see. Down on your knees, and beg
Your life!
Sir Rup. And beg my life!
Cath. Now what's the use?
Down on your knees at once!
Valour won't come for stamping, sir! entreat
Your friends to hold you, that's a better way
To pass for a brave man.
Sir Rup. I'll smite thee.
Cath. Do!
If you dare! [*Throwing off cloak.*
Ha! Have I brought thee to thy knee at last, sir?
Said I not I would bring thee to thy knees?
Beware I say not I will keep you there.
Sir Rup. What! Catherine?
Coun. Yes, Catherine, Sir Rupert.
Sir Rup. Oh, happiness!
Coun. Which thou hast well deserved.

Sir Rup. Thou still wast gracious to me.
Coun. For thy truth,
Attested by thy jealous poverty.
I saw thy honest love for Catherine,
In secret cherished, as thou though'st—as one
Conceals a costly treasure he has found,
And rightfully may keep, but being poor,
Doth fear to own.
Thy Catherine, before thou fear'dst to claim,
Is rendered back to thee, confessed thine own.
And with her, tendered thanks, for sacrifice
In self-denying love and trust to me.
Cath. Oh, more than paid in profitting her friend.
Coun. Yet to be paid! Huon, canst thou forgive
The scornful maid, for the devoted wife
Had cleaved to thee, though ne'er she owned thee lord?
Huon. I nothing see, except thy wondrous love.
Coun. Madam, our happiness doth lift to thee
Its eyes in penitence and gratitude!
Thou, chief in station, first to give desert,
Despite its lowliness, its lofty due!
Oh, thou hast taught a lesson to all greatness,
Whether of rank or wealth, that 'tis the roof
Stately and broad, was never meant to house
Equality alone—whose porch is ne'er
So proud, as when it welcomes in desert,
That comes in its own fair simplicity [*Flourish.*

THE END

No. XVI.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

A Drama

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PRODUCED AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON,
AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE ST

1847.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This drama is a transplantation from the Parisian stage, it being the joint product of Messrs. Dumanois and Dennery. It was originally produced at the Porte St. Martin, where Frederic Lemaitre, the celebrated personator of *chevaliers d'industrie*, created a sensation in the character of *Don Cæsar*. The caterers for the London Theatres soon seized upon it; and the present English version was the first produced. It is from the pen of G. A A' Beckett and Mark Lemon, members of the Dramatic Authors' Society; and was originally performed at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of J. M. Maddox, the 8th of October, 1844. It is the best and most successful of the three versions, which were brought out in London. We have seen that translated for the Adelphi by Mr. Bourcicault, author of "London Assurance"; but though a spirited and effective piece, it is inferior to this. At the Haymarket, Mr. Charles Matthews produced a version to which he gave the title "A Match for a King;" but, though it was favorably received, it did not have a great run. James Wallack was the original *Don Cæsar* at the Princess's. The critic of of the "Athenæum" remarked of him, that if he was not the most agreeable he was the most effective personator of the hero, and appeared "in the smartest and truest version of the piece."

Don Cæsar de Bazan was first produced in America at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, December 9th, 1844. It was played, a few nights afterwards, at the Park, and has now become a favorite entertainment at all the principal theatres in the United States.

Much of the effect of the piece depends upon its melo-dramatic points and cleverly-contrived situations; but the dialogue is glib and witty, and far above the calibre of an ordinary playwright. The character of *Don Cæsar* is sustained with unwavering spirit. Generous, sanguinary, reckless and audacious, he is a strange mixture of the gentleman and the ruffian—not an altogether unnatural picture, we should imagine, of an outcast nobleman of Spain. His traits, though amusing,

have little that is admirable in them. His courage is the courage of heedlessness and unreflecting gayety. He is the very reverse of Joanna Baillie's description of a brave man:

> "The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
> For that were stupid and unnatural;
> But he, whose noble heart its fear subdues
> And freely dares the danger nature shrinks from!"

But Don Cæsar is not presented as a "model for the young men of the age." After we have said the best of him we can say, we must admit he is a desperate bully. He is one of a class, of which there have been too many in every age, and even in our own country: but the class is growing less and less numerous, and by and bye, let us hope, we shall have to look to the stage, that mirror of past times, to find its sole remaining representatives.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Princess' Theatre, 1844.	*Park, Dec.* 1845
Charles II. (King of Spain)	Mr. Walton.	Mr. Crocker.
Don Jose (his Minister)	" Fitzjames.	" Dyott.
Don Cæsar de Bazan.....	" James Wallack.	" Charles Kean
Marquis de Rotondo.....	" Granby.	" Fisher.
Lazarillo	Miss Marshall.	Miss Crocker.
Lopez.....	Mr. T. Hill.	Mr. Anderson.
Captain of the Guard.....	" A. Harris.	" M'Douall.
Judge.....	" Honner.	" Johnson.
Pacolo	" Cowlrick.	" Gallot.
Maritana (the Gipsey).....	Mrs. Stirling.	Mrs. Charles Kean
Countess de Rotondo	Mrs. Fosbrooke.	Mrs. Barry.

Nobles, Soldiers, Men-at-Arms, Alguazils, and Populace.

COSTUMES.

THE KING.—A rich brown Spanish dress, trimmed with gold lace, slashed with black satin, silk stockings with gold clocks, black shoes, large Spanish hat with black feathers, one red ditto, point lace collar and cuffs.

DON CÆSAR.—First Dress: Old blue velvet trunks, leather doublet, brown velvet sleeves, old brown sombrero with old feathers, large buff and red striped cloak, torn point-lace collar and cuffs, old silk stockings.—Second dress: Rich emerald green velvet Spanish dress, slashed with white satin, jacket of white satin, cloak of white satin, turn back, embroidered with broad philacteries of dead and bright gold, white hat, white feathers, white silk stockings, shoes, with gold and satin rosettes, and dress trimmed with satin of the same.—Third dress: Blue cloth doublet and breeches, blue silk stockings, jacket looped with black velvet, black velvet hat, blue feathers, point lace collar and cuffs, sword, black boots.

DON JOSE.—Amber jacket. purple velvet cloak, trunks richly trimmed with gold and bows of crimson satin ribbon, drab hat with one blue feather, russet boots, point lace cuffs and collar.

MARQUIS DE ROTONDO.—Scarlet cloth shape, blue velvet cloak richly trimmed with gold lace, bows of blue ribbon, russet boots, white gauntlets, black velvet hat, feather, lace cuffs and collar.

LAZARILLO.—First dress: Green cloth doublet, orange cloth sleeves and breeches, braided with black, loops, and plated buttons, green stockings, russet shoes, black hat.—Second dress: Violet velvet tab'd jacket, full breeches, looped with scarlet ribbon, scarlet silk under-sleeves, scarlet silk stockings, black shoes, rosettes.

LOPEZ.—Brown Spanish suit.

ARQUEBUSIERS.—Buff coats and full Spanish breeches, buff boots, helmets and breastplates.

MARITANA.—First dress: Amber petticoat trimmed with scarlet, scarlet overdress open in front, scarlet body, Neapolitan apron and cap.—Second dress: White satin with blue flounces, blue body trimmed with black lace.—Third dress: Black velvet tunic open in front, trimmed with silver, under-dress of blue satin, frill of lace, blond veil, head-dress of flowers and pearls, with coronet.

MARCHIONESS.—Scarlet tunic dress over white satin, trimmed with gold and black lace, black velvet head-dress trimmed with scarlet ribbon and lace.

Time of Representation, one hour and fifty minutes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place in Madrid. A group of Singers and Dancers discovered.*

Chorus and Dance.

Comrades, tread a merry measure,
Here are those who'll purchase pleasure;
Dance! sing! dance! sing!
See! already, coin in plenty
From their purses they have sent ye;
Dance! sing!

Omnes. Maritana! [*Music.*]

Enter MARITANA, U. E. R., *back of wine house, gaily dressed (as a street dancer), the group make way for her. She is following the* KING, *who is disguised in a cloak, &c.; he regards her attentively.* DON JOSE *follows at a distance, watching.*

Marit. A maravedi, sir; only one; ah! [*The King takes out his purse.*] I have lost the power of charming coin from purses. [*The King drops money in her tambourine, and exits hastily,* L.] No, no! what, gold! a doubloon! yes, and yet I feared to approach that *noble* cavalier, he seemed so cross and melancholy. [*She turns to group, and converses with them as though narrating her good fortune.*]

Don J. (L.) [*Looking off.*] I was not mistaken—it is the King! Thrice have I found him watching this pretty wench, seemingly spell-bound by her grace and beauty.

Marit. [*To the group.*] Yes, friends, it is my birth-day: therefore I devote these pieces to mirth and revelry.

There! [*Throws them money.*] Away with you! I'll join you presently.

[*Exeunt* U. E. R., *into wine store, all but Maritana and Don Jose. Music.*

Marit. [*Going, pauses.*] A doubloon! neither song nor dance was worth so large a recompense.

Don J. Your good fortune seems to have made you thoughtful.

Marit. Signor! Oh, no, no!

Don J. A golden piece, was it not? Here is its fellow. [*Gives money.*

Marit. For me?

Don J. Yes, pretty one, for you.

Marit. Thank you Signor, but—

Don J. Well, what fear you?

Marit. The influence of this glittering tempter. [*Holds up money.*] When I was a child, my step was light, and my song the tuneful echo of my merry heart; but now, when the hopes and fears of womanhood have made both heart and step less buoyant than of old, my reward is greater, should I not fear?

Don J. I do not understand you.

Marit. You *will* not, Signor. Think you that I am a woman, and know not that I am fair? Men tell me so by words and looks a hundred times a day. Think you that I am a woman and love not the incense that is offered to my beauty? or that I seek not to adorn the shrine that claims so many worshippers?

Don J. Go on. I see no cause for fear.

Marit. Ah! again you will not. The songstress of the street, the mime who treads the measures for the pleasure of the crowd, knows well the worth men set upon her, Signor; she covets gold to free her from bondage, and grows ambitious of a higher sphere. Each word of praise is as a breath to fan the sleeping flame; each gift is fuel to the growing fire.

Don J. [*Aside.*] The very instrument I need!

Marit. Have I not cause to fear the end?

Don J. No.

Marit. No! when thus I'm tempted, [*Shows money.*] haunted as I am by a vague presentiment, a secret hope

Don J. Indeed!

Marit. Yes, yes; since I attracted the gracious notice of the Queen, I have thought my ambition no longer criminal.

Don J. Let me be prophet of your future fortunes; confide in me, and all you desire shall be accomplished.

Marit. All accomplished?

Don J. I have the power to make your dreams realities. Your wish shall be the law of nobles.

Marit. [*Aside and pleasantly excited.*] I cannot breathe.

Don J. Come! to-morrow shall see you the glory of Madrid. [*Takes her hand.*

Marit. No, no! [*Flourish heard,* L. U. E.

Shouts within. Viva! the Queen! viva! the Queen!

Marit. Ah! the Queen! I will trust alone to her. [*Exit,* L. U. E.

Don J. Indeed, fair maiden! I have mastered more difficult intrigues than the conquest of a woman. The King admires this pretty piece of vanity; hem! The mistress of the King must care for him who raised her to dignity. One obstacle alone presents itself: the humble origin of Maritana. That must be concealed. The Queen will learn the wrong she has sustained, and, woman-like, resent it. [*Goes up.*] Oh, dare I hope so full a consummation of my wildest dreams? [*A noise within,* L. U. E, *and cries of "Down with him."*] What tumult's this! [*Looks off.*] The followers of Maritana? Ah! she appears amongst them, and by her presence has silenced them. The object of their anger comes this way; what strange fantastic fellow have we here?

Enter Don Cæsar, L. U. E., *followed by a crowd, murmuring, and* Maritana, *who repels them, and then exits with them,* R. U. E.

Don C. The curs! but that it would have disgraced my sword, I'd have spitted them like larks. That black scoundrel's stiletto would have found a sheath in the noble Don Cæsar de Bazan, but for yon pretty dancing girl. Where have I seen her? Ah! I remember—at Seville, when I pinked a coxcomb who thought that the cherries on her lips were to be plucked gratis. [*Crosses,* L.

Don J. [*Aside.*] As I live, 'tis Don Cæsar de Bazan; my old college friend at Salamanca.

Don C. [*Feeling his pockets.*] Not a maravedi! By the aid of the dice box, the rogues have cleaned me out as though they had been noblemen and men of honour. I must now trust to the air and the sky for board and lodging; well, my supper will be light and my room airy.

Don J. Am I mistaken in addressing you as Don Cæsar de Bazan?

Don C. Eh! no, Signor; what, Don Jose de Santarem?

Don J. [*Giving his hand.*] The same.

Don C. [*Aside.*] His doublet is of three-pile velvet—what can he want with me?

Don J. When last we met, you were young and prosperous.

Don C. Ah! you perceive the alteration, [*Looks at his dress.*] but I was always fond of change.

Don J. You inherited a noble name and a princely fortune.

Don C. True; I've preserved the one and spent the other. Is my name of any service to you?

Don J. I thank you, no. I had hoped you would have done great things, Don Cæsar.

Don C. So I have; if you doubt me, ask my creditors.

Don J. I thought your father paid your debts when you quitted Salamanca.

Don C. So he did, worthy soul! so he did; but then, from the force of habit, I acquired new ones.

Don J. You have paid somewhat dearly for a life of pleasure.

Don C. Possibly; though I have freed myself now from all anxieties. I've no money, so I am not teazed by poor relations. I've no lands, so am without grumbling tenantry. I've no particular destination, so never take a wrong turning. I've nothing to support but my sword, [*Points to broken scabbard.*] and that keeps a sharp look-out for itself.

Don J. Why have you visited Madrid?

Don C. [*Tenderly.*] Madrid! my native city! why have I revisited thee? But for the hope, Don Jose, the sweet, though foolish hope, that I should there find I had lost all, ay, all— [*Pauses and covers his face—Crosses, R.*

Don J. Your follies?

Don C. No, all my creditors; but I was deceived; creditors never die—their number is increased.

Don J. Indeed! how?

Don C. Most of them have children; creditors will have children, heirs to their ledgers; and the amount of my debts will mingle with their earliest recollections.

Don J. What plans have you got for profit?

Don C. None. I've not wherewithal [*Shows empty pockets.*] to make stakes with a street beggar.

Don J. Your enjoyments, then, will be few, for pleasure is costly.

Don C. Hem! I must content me with what I can get; a brisk quarrel is easily procured; so I will amuse myself with fighting. [*Crosses,* L

Don J. There, too, fortune is against you.

Don C. How?

Don J. The Carnival Week commences to-day; and the King has issued an edict making it death to engage in a duel.

Don C. What! death for the thrust of a sword? How human nature has degenerated!

Don J. Nay, the restriction is but for one week, the Carnival Week; you will have the rest of the year to enjoy yourself.

Don C. A whole week! 'tis hard for one who has nothing but a hot temper to warm his thin blood; but you who are—by the bye, Don Jose, what are you?

Don J. I—I am nothing.

Don C. Nothing! then we are still on an equality.

Enter LAZARILLO *and* PACOLO, *a water carrier,* L. H. S. E.; *they get,* C.

Pacolo. Nay, Signor Lazarillo, do not spurn my good offices; you have been cruelly used, that's the truth on't.

Laza. Thank you, comrade, thank you. Think me not proud or ungrateful; I have but one desire, and that is—to die. [*Crosses,* L.—*Don Jose muses aside.*

Don C. To die—before your beard grows?

Pacolo. Ay, Sir, he would drown himself.

Don C. How! Drown? In water? Exchange this bright and lovely earth for muddy water! The thought on't gives one the ague; at your age to wish for death, you—you can't be plagued by creditors!

Laza. No, Signor; I am an apprentice to the armourer who has in charge the arquebusses of the Royal Guards.

Don C. Well, that's no reason that you should drown yourself.

Laza. No, Signor; but this morning, under the pretext that the arms were neglected, the captain ordered me to receive fifty lashes.

Don C. [*Indignantly.*] Fifty!

Laza. It was not the number, Signor; I do not mind suffering, but ONE blow is too much to bear.

Don C. [*Crosses to Don Jose,* R.] The boy is a true Spaniard; [*Familiarly.*] WE—WE must speak in his favour, Don Jose.

Laza. My lieutenant interceded for me, but in vain, Signor.

Don C. Possibly; but he will not refuse the request of such noble advocates as ourselves, [*Takes Don Jose's arm.*] Don Jose.

Don J. Pardon me; [*Releasing his arm gently.*] but at present, there are reasons for my non-interference.

Don C. Oh, very well! then the boy must be dependent upon my influence alone. [*Footsteps heard.*

Laza. [*Looks off,* L. U. E.] Ah! I am pursued! I shall be again degraded. [*Going.*

Don C. Stay! place yourself behind me, we will defend you.

Don J. We!

Don C. [*Bows.*] Yes, Don Cæsar and his sword. [*About to draw.*

Don J. You forget the royal edict.

Don C. The——[*About to utter an imprecation—removes his hat.*] "But it is the Carnival Week."

[*Trumpet.*]

Enter CAPTAIN *and* SOLDIERS, L. S. E., *they cross at back to* R.

Cap. There is your prisoner, secure him. [*Points to Lazarillo.*

Don C. [*Interfering humbly.*] One moment, captain;—allow me, suffer me, to humbly intercede for this young delinquent.

Cap. [*To Soldiers, who pause, and not regarding Don Cæsar.*] Soldiers! why do you pause?

[*The Soldiers advance.*

Laza. Oh, mercy! captain, mercy!

Don C. You do not hear him, captain; the poor lad sues for mercy. Let me [*Uncovering.*] join with him in supplicating pardon.

Cap. [*To Lazarillo.*] Back to your duty, sirrah! I heed neither your tears nor the mouthings of this sottish mummer.

Don C. [*Indignantly.*] What! [*Recollecting himself.*] That cursed edict! Oh, if it were not the Hanging Week! [*Calmly.*] But, captain, if he returns, no blows; see, tears! they are not easily wrung from so brave a heart. [*Captain crosses* R.] Pardon, captain. [*Detains him by the cloak.*

Cap. [*Snatching it away.*] Unhand me! [*Takes stage,* R.

Don C. [*Indignantly.*] Dare—[*Recollecting.*] Oh, that edict! that cursed edict!

Don J. [*Aside to Don Cæsar,* C., *and going up.*] Hard words, Don Cæsar.

Don C. [*To Captain.*] One word more. You are a gentleman and a soldier, so am I; I have pledged my honour to protect this boy, you understand; I have sued, implored you to forgive. [*Crosses round to* R. *with Lazarillo.*

Cap. You have my answer. [*Crosses,* L.

Don C. No: what I solicited in vain, I must now compel.

Cap. Insolent!

Don C. Enough. In spite of the royal edict, I must have the *amende*, my noble captain.

Cap. How?

Don C. How! with my sword, which will ennoble yours by the contact. I am Don Cæsar de Bazan, [*Replacing his hat.*] Count de Garofa, possessing the right to remain covered in the presence of the King. I have sued to you, humbly sued to you, and you have insulted me and the royal edict. [*Draws.*

Cap. A challenge!

Don C. Yes, which you will accept, if you have either shame or courage.

Cap. You shall not doubt the latter; follow me, and receive the proof. [*Exit,* L. U. E.

Laza. (R.) You fight for me, oh, no! I will return, Don Cæsar.

Don C. (R. C.) You shall, my gallant lad, to your lieutenant, who would have spared you the ignominy of a blow; be patient, and in ten minutes I will make him a captain.

[*Exeunt all but Don Jose,* L. U. E.

Don J. Don Cæsar was the best swordsman in Madrid; should he retain his cunning, my plans will soon have a happy consummation; the edict enforced, Don Cæsar's reckless nature will make him the easy means of Maritana's advancement. Ah! here comes the fair enslaver of the King.

Enter MARITANA, L.; *she wears a scarf of gaudy colors.*

Marit. Again the Queen has smiled upon me. It is no idle phantasy that fills my brain; some lucky accident may place me at the height of my ambition. [*Sees Don Jose.*] Ah! Signor.

Don J. I would fain know what pleasant thoughts gave birth to such bright smiles, Maritana.

Marit. The Queen, Signor, the Queen! you see I have not been a niggard of your gift. [*Shows scarf.*

Don J. And you think yourself rich in the possession of such a trifle. Confide in me, and ere long the gayest lady of the court shall yield to you in splendour.

Marit. I dare not listen to you. I dare not trust the longing of my heart.

Don J. Wherefore?

Marit. My roving life has taugnt me truths beyond the common experience of my years. I have seen the rich man's idol of to-day the outcast of to-morrow. No, no, [*Mournfully.*] my destiny is known to me.

Don J. You do not believe your own prophecies; you may gull the dullards who bribe you to promise fortune, but know yourself the cheat. I will show you *my* skill in palmistry; [*Takes her hand.*] to-morrow you shall be a countess.

Marit. [*Delighted.*] A countess! [*Pauses.*] A countess but in name.

Don J. Nay, by right of honorable alliance. You know me not, or you would not doubt my power to realize the

hopes I have awakened. You rescued but now a stranger from the extortions of your band.

Marit. Yes, yes; he saved me from insult, I but repaid the debt I owed him.

Don J. Though now a ruined spendthrift, he is of noble lineage. He loves you, Maritana.

Marit. [*Appears affected.*] Indeed, Signor.

Don J. I have promised to be his advocate; should you consent to share his name and fortunes, I will restore him to position.

Marit. Have you the power?

Don J. Don Jose, the favourite minister of Charles of Spain, could do much more.

Marit. And you are—

Don J. Don Jose, commissioned by the Queen to raise Maritana to the rank she covets.

Marit. Indeed! then I have not dreamed; I have not trusted to phantom hopes.

Don J. Before to-morrow, I will prove their reality.

[*Murmurs heard. Maritana appears overpowered.*

Don J. [*Looks off—aside.*] Ah! fortune befriends me; Don Cæsar is the victor, and already in the hands of the alguazils. (*Music is heard.*).—[*Aloud.*] Your hand, fair lady; let me lead you to your honours. [*Exeunt,* R.

"*Four Alguazils enter, conducting Don Cæsar, Lazarillo "follows weeping. The crowd of dancers, &c., appear by "gesture to taunt Don Cæsar; he walks proudly.*

"*An Officer and twelve Soldiers enter from opposite side. "Soldiers march round and clear crowd back* R. *and* L. "*and go off with Don Cæsar,* U. E. R., *crowd taunting him "at end of chorus. Six Soldiers cross from* U. E. L. *to* R. "*down stage; six ditto down* L., *meet and charge crowd "up, and range* R. *and* L. *All exeunt,* U. E. R. *at end of*

Clock chimes and strikes Five at change of Scene.

"*chorus.*"

SCENE II.—*A Prison; doors,* R. *and* L. *Clock (at work). A Table and Stools.*

Enter PEDRO, R. *and* LOPEZ, L.

Pedro. Good news, good news! The Royal Idiot has sent you a prisoner.

Lopez. Good news, truly! It is now a week since I had the pleasure of turning a key upon any one, but my wife. But are you sure the news is true?

Pedro. True? I saw the duel; I saw the hot-blooded ruffler in the presence of the Alcade, who has been idle too long to let a chance escape him. See! here comes the prisoner.

Enter DON CÆSAR *and* LAZARILLO, R. *Two Alguazils and two Soldiers appear at the door, and all exeunt but Don Cæsar and Lazarillo.*

Laza. Arrested, tried, and condemned, all within an hour; he has but two hours to live!

Don C. [*Looking at clock.*] Two hours more; how the deuce am I to pass my time? I shall die of *ennui.* [*Takes a chair and sits,* L. C.—*pause.*] If you were in my place, and had a couple of hours before you, how would you employ them?

Laza. In recalling the errors of my past life.

Don C. What, in two hours? You must be very ignorant of my biography; recal my past errors—no, there is no time for that. I'll make my will; no, that would not consume two minutes.

Laza. Oh, signor, [*Taking his hand and sobbing.*] I have been the cause of this; it is for me you are about to die. Is there no service by which I can show my regret, my gratitude?

Don C. Yes, you can oblige me materially.

Laza. Oh, how? say how! [*Clinging to his hand.*

Don C. By showing a little more regard for my lace ruffle; see, how you've torn it!

Laza. Alas! Is there no one to entreat your pardon from the King? No one has *yet* pleaded for you.

Don C. Nay, boy, all are not so indifferent to my fate. There was one venerable old man who threw himself in

the path of the King, regardless of the wheels of the royal carriage, or the hoofs of the royal mules; he stretched forth his trembling hands, while tears bedewed his aged cheeks, and, in accents broken by emotion, he implored "Pardon, pardon, for Don Cæsar."

Laza. Ah! it was "the old count," your father!

Don C. No: it was one of my creditors: see how wrong you were.

Laza. But of all your noble friends and companions not one has come to visit you.

Don C. A mark of their good feeling, Lazarillo; [*Don Jose enters.*] to see me in my present position would be more than they could bear; so out of kindness they keep away.

Don J. [*Coming down,* R.] Excepting me.

Don C. Don Jose!

[*Lazarillo exits,* R. D., *at a sign from Don Jose.*

Don J. You seem surprised; you wrong me; I was always your friend; and do I not prove my sincerity by coming to you when all is over?

Don C. If your friendship was to be of any practical service, you might have made your visit a little earlier; but I confess if I had looked for sympathy, yours would have been the last I should have expected.

Don J. I may yet be in time to serve you; you have but two hours to live.

Don C. I beg your pardon, [*Looking at clock, which now is a quarter past five.*] it is an hour and three quarters; the error is of no consequence, but we may as well be right when we can, for life is *very* short.

Don J. Yours may be long enough to enable us to understand each other. Come: let us sit, I wish to speak with you.

Don C. With pleasure, [*They sit,*] for my time is all your own.

Don J. Well, then, Don Cæsar—

Don C. Well, Don Jose.

Don J. If I had it in my power to grant any demand, what would be your dying request?

Don C. My dying request? to live, to be sure.

Don J. As the King's favorite minister, and as your friend, if you will accept the conditions I am about to pro-

pose, I swear to grant whatever you ask, always excepting life—that I cannot promise.

Don C. It's awkward, as that happens to be almost the only thing I'm likely shortly to want.

Don J. Is there nothing else?

Don C. Nothing—stay, you saw a boy, did you not, as you entered?

Don J. The one to whom you owe your present position?

Don C. Yes: I believe I *do* owe him that. But, I owe something to every body. I should not like him to be at the mercy of the world when I am gone; will you assist him?

Don J. Yes, I will provide for him.

Don C. That is kind: I will pay you beforehand—with a thousand thanks.

Don J. Have you nothing else to ask—consider?

Don C. Hum, no, I think that's all.

Don J. [*Aside.*] He will never accede to my plan, for such a trifling recompense. [*Aloud.*] Don Cæsar, have you thought of the manner of your death.

Don C. Yes! I know all; [*Rises,*] a rope! would that death came by sword or arquebuss; but a rope! Yes, I think I have one request, Don Jose.

Don J. Name it.

Don C. I would bequeath the gallows to my creditors; but let me dispatched by the arquebusses of a dozen brave fellows; in short, let me die like a gentleman.

Don J. You shall have your wish.

Don C. You will not deceive?

Don J. I swear it, on the honor of a soldier.

Don C. You give me new life; that is to say, you have taken away half the inconvenience of death, if I receive it at the hands of brave men. I should like to drink with the worthy fellows.

Don J. Drink with them! You, the Count de Bazan?

Don C. I've drunk in worse company ere this; besides, if I am their superior now, they will soon have the advantage of me. You promised to grant my wish.

Don J. And I will: a banquet shall be prepared for you, that shall recall the revels of past times. Is that all?

Don C. Yes, that's all; and now for your conditions: what do you require of me? [*Both sit down.*

Don J. Not much for a man in your position. I simply require you to marry. [*Clock now at half-past five.*

Don C. Hum! to marry! I don't see the use of that. What can be the good of it for an hour and a half?

Don J. That is a mystery.

Don C. A mystery indeed! It can't be for my fortune, because I have nothing to leave, except my debts and my name. Ah, my name has still some value. I see it all; some woman wishes to be called a countess—is it not so?

Don J. It may be.

Don C. Well, she shall have it. It is nothing to me. I want to fill up my time: marriage is an occupation, and one may be as good as another; it's for so short a time, we can't have many matrimonial differences.

Don J. You agree to confer the title of Countess de Garofa.

Don C. Together with my interest in the county of Garofa, if you can find I have any remaining. But, by the bye, what's my wife's name? is she young and pretty?

Don J. You must not ask me.

Don C. Ah, I understand. I'll wager my life—[*Rises,*] no, by the bye, that's not mine—but the lady is at least fifty! No matter—the bargain's struck, and I'll marry with my eyes shut.

Don J. You need not do that: a thick veil will so effectually shut out your face, that it will be unseen by the Countess de Bazan.

Don C. Thank you for your delicate consideration—it will spare me from perceiving the full extent of my sacrifice; and the lady, the pain of observing the condition of the bridegroom.

Don J. Your attire is hardly suitable to a wedding.

Don C. It is my travelling dress, somewhat frayed and stained: I wear it as the last gift of my tailor.

Don J. [*Goes up to* L. D.] I have taken care to provide a costume more fitted for the occasion; and in the adjoining apartment you will find all prepared.

Don C. Do as you please; I am at your disposal. Deck me as gayly as you will; crown me with roses, ere you lead me to the altar—I shall then seem more fitted for the sacrifice. [*Exit* L. D. S. E.

(*Clock now at a quarter to six.*)

Don J. Ordinary diplomatists would let that man be hanged, and make no use of him. By superior tact, I shall make him subservient to the attainment of my fondest wishes. [*Calls.*] Ho! Pedro!

PEDRO *enters*, R.

Let a banquet be prepared in this apartment immediately; send Lazarillo to me; the boy in attendance on the prisoner. [*Pedro exits*, R. S. E.] At length, my fair Maritana, my prediction is about to be fulfilled; this step will bring you nearer to the King. There is now no barrier but this ruined spendthrift. The task to win Maritana was more difficult than I anticipated, but the name of the Queen at last achieved my triumph.

Enter LAZARILLO, R. D. S. E.

Laza. You sent for me, Signor.

Don J. Yes. Come near me, my good lad. Are your parents living?

Laza. Alas, sir, no.

Don J. What friends have you?

Laza. None—at least, but one, and he is condemned to die to-day, and for me—for me.

Don J. You mean Don Cæsar; he is, indeed, your friend. At his request, I have promised to take you at once into my service.

Laza. At once! Oh, sir, while Don Cæsar lives, let me tender him my unworthy service.

Don J. [*Aside.*] Faithful child! he is one that may be trusted. [*Aloud.*] Be it so; to-morrow, then, you will form a part of my household.

Laza. And to-morrow I shall be devoted to your service as truly as I am to Don Cæsar to-day.

Don J. Go, then, and send hither the soldiers that Don Cæsar has invited as guests.

[*Lazarillo bows and exits*, R. D.

(*Clock now at six.*)

Don J. [*Taking some papers from his pocket.*] Hem! a pardon for Don Cæsar. Poor Charles! It is as well that he should do an occasional good action, particularly when his minister has the credit of it. A subject is condemned to death—the King's heart is touched—of course, on the

advice of his minister—a pardon is signed, of course dictated by the minister. By—by one of those inexplicable accidents which occur—no one but the minister knows how—the pardon arrives an hour too late. It is a sad affair! Don Cæsar is to be executed at seven—the pardon will arrive at eight; but King and minister will be blessed for the exercise of clemency.

Enter LAZARILLO, R. D. S. E.

Laza. [*Announcing.*] The guard, Signor. (*Music.*)
[*He retires to the back, and makes a sign to servants, who bring forward a table richly served. Soldiers enter on opposite side; they come down* R. *and* L. *and sit.*

Chorus of Soldiers.

Comrades! when the martial drum
Wakes us from our slumbers,
And leaders cry, "The foe—they come!"
We charge, nor fear their numbers.
For then our path, tho' gory,
Is still the way to glory.
Comrades, who could fear, &c.

Comrades! when the muffled drum
Sounds to mar our gladness,
And tells some mortal's hour is come,
Our hearts are filled with sadness.
Though his death be gory,
It has no ray of glory, &c. &c.

At the end, DON CÆSAR *enters, magnificently dressed,* L. S. E.

Don C. Well, Don Jose, are velvet and gold thrown away upon me? How do they become me?

Don J. Famously. See, the banquet is prepared, and guests assembled.

Don C. Ah! wine and gold! The pleasures of my past life seem to be brought back to me! Every thing but lovely women. Women—that word reminds me of my approaching marriage.

Don J. True; time wears. In a few minutes I will have the pleasure of presenting you to your bride. [*Exit,* R. D.

Don C. [*To Soldiers.*] Now, friends, fall to. [*Glances at clock.*] I am compelled, by an appointment of some moment, to limit our revel. [*They all sit,* C., *and fill their glasses.*]

Ah! wine! my old and early friend. [*Holding up his glass.*] 'Tis long since you and I have met. Pretenders to thy name have often wooed and won me, but thou art the true descendant of the vine. Thy rich breath floats about my nostrils, and tempts me to embrace thee. Now, comrades, fill—each to the brim—and pledge me to the health of the Countess de Bazan!

All. The Countess de Bazan! [*All rise.*

Don C. The Countess de Bazan and her happy widowhood! [*Drinks.*] Music alone should sound the requiem of such a draught. Come; the song!

A DRINKING CHORUS.

I.

Bright wine is the spell, boys, 'gainst every care,
You'll find each delight that you seek is hid there;
We topers ne'er think how the hours decline,
When the glass of old Time runs smoothly with wine.

[*Pause. Clock strikes for half-past Six.*]

Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*At end of first verse of chorus.*]

Lopez. [*Enters, announcing,*] My lord, the judge!

Don C. Indeed! admit him, by all means. [*Music.*]

[*Lopez exits.*] *The* JUDGE *and four Alguazils enter,* R. D. *Don Cæsar bows to him with great respect.*

Judge. Don Cæsar de Bazan. [*Don Cæsar bows and hands a chair—the Judge reading.*] "The King graciously accords to Don Cæsar de Bazan, Count de Garofa, his royal mercy; the count will not suffer by the hands of the common executioner, his majesty having been graciously pleased to command that Don Cæsar shall be led into the barrack yard, and there shot by a detachment of the Royal Guard."

[*The Judge gives paper to the Officer, and retires solemnly. Don Cæsar salutes him. The Soldiers seem struck with consternation.*

(Clock now a quarter to seven.)

Don C. [*Sitting down as if nothing had happened.*] Now, comrades, we've just time for the other verse.

II.

The bacchanal asketh no tear drops for him;
Whilst goblets can weep, boys, no eye should be dim;
For he that hath worshipped at Bacchus's shrine
Would only be mourned by the tears of the vine.

(Pause.)

Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*Lazarillo, during the singing of the second verse, moves off the guns and returns with them before the end.*

Soldiers. Don Cæsar de Bazan! [*Drink.*

(Organ heard.)

Don C. [*Rising.*] My wife! [*To the Soldiers.*] It is the Countess de Bazan.

(Clock now ten minutes to seven.)

[*The Solaiers rise from table and go off,* R. D. DON JOSE *enters, leading in* MARITANA, *closely veiled.* PEDRO *following.*

Don J. [*Aside to Don Cæsar.*] Not a word, not a look.

Don C. A look would be vain indeed! 'Twould be a piercing glance that could penetrate that veil.

Don J. Don Cæsar, your bride waits your hand.

Don C. [*Takes her hand.*] It's tolerably soft, and gives me some curiosity to know if so small a hand belongs to a wrinkled face. [*Tries to look through the veil.*] I never saw a woman so muffled in my life. [*Don Jose points to clock—Aside.*] True, what matter? but ten minutes more. [*Aloud and gallantly.*] Madam, to you I devote the rest of my existence.

[*Organ Music. Don Cæsar leads Maritana out, followed by Lazarillo,* R.

Don J. [*To Pedro.*] Admit the Marquis de Rotondo and his wife. [*Exit,* R., *following Don Cæsar.*

[*Pedro ushers in the Marquis and Marchioness de Rotondo,* L. S. E., *and exits,* L. *The Marquis and Marchioness look about them with an air of amazement; they then meet face to face, and look at each other.*

Marq. Where on earth can we be?

March. Is it a prison?

Marq. A prison! [*Looking round.*] No, it can't be a pri-

son, for this isn't prison fare; a *fricandeau*, or my nose deceives me.

March. Is it a monastery?

Marq. Ah! it's more like a monastery; [*Taking up a bottle of wine and looking at it.*] Some wine still left! Then it's not a monastery; your true monk wouldn't leave enough to drown a thirsty spider.

March. What place can it be?

Marq. No matter, dearest, we have done as Don Jose desired us, and that is enough; he told us to get into a carriage, and we did; he said we should be taken somewhere, and we are taken somewhere.

March. That's all very well; but why are you the mere puppet of Don Jose? You can do nothing without him; all you possess seems to be at the disposal of Don Jose.

Marq. Madam, do not despise that sacred sentiment which goes by the euphonious name of Gratitude! What were we until we knew Don Jose? I rich, but obscure; you lovely, but unappreciated; my merits were undiscovered, your beauty nobody could ever see. Was it not Don Jose who got me the appointment of governor-general of his majesty's poultry?—aviary, I mean.

March. What has a marquis to do with hatching turkeys?

Marq. Marchioness, speak more reverently of incubation. For the honour Don Jose conferred on me, I have sworn to devote myself to the wishes of Don Jose, and to comply with all, however incomprehensible he may appear.

March. But this blind obedience might affect your honour; it might affect mine.

Marq. Your honour! Let any one attack your honour, and this good sword, rusting in honourable repose, will leap from its scabbard. Who has assailed my beautiful, my best?

March. Who would have dared—who would have looked me in the face and spoken of love?

Marq. Ah! you are ever the best protectress of your beauty. Time treads upon your cheek without leaving a wrinkle; that face can never lose its charms; your beauty's still the theme of all who share my dinners and my

wine; how they have praised your youthful air for the last thirty years. [*Kisses her.*

March. Fie! some one is coming: now, perhaps, we shall discover where we are.

Enter DON JOSE, *leading* MARITANA, R. D.

Don J. I wish you joy, Marquis. [*Marquis bows.*] You had better now return to your palace at Saint Fernando, with the Countess de Bazan, your niece.

[*Passes her across to* R. C

Marq. [*Aside.*] My niece?

March. [*Aside.*] What does all this mean?

(Clock strikes seven.)

Don J. You will *return with your niece*, whom you have not seen for the last *five* years.

Marq. Five years! yes, I think it rather longer than that. Shall I have the honour of receiving my nephew the count, the lady's husband?

Don J. The lady's husband is—

[*A discharge of musquetry without.*]

Marit. [*Starts.*] What's that?

Don J. Hum! nothing. [*Aside.*] Farewell, Don Cæsar.

Officer. [*Entering*, R.] My lord, your orders—

Don J. Hush!

Drum—Trumpet—Distant.

Tableau.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Summer Pavilion in the Palace of the Marquis de Rotondo.*

[*Dancing going on in different parts of Stage.* MARITANA *seated, and a group of Cavaliers are standing round her.* DON JOSE *standing opposite to her, with his eyes fixed on her,* L. *The* MARQUIS *and* MAR-

CHIO. ESS *paying attention to their various guests. Lords and Ladies promenading. Music, which dies away, as they dance up.*

1st Cav. [*To Marquis.*] Upon my honor, Marquis, I never saw the Marchioness looking so well.

2nd Cav. And so youthful.

March. Really, gentlemen, your compliments overpower me.

Marq. [*Aside.*] How unanimous they all are! [*Aloud.* You must really come and dine with me to-morrow; I want your opinion of some wine of a rare quality, and you show so much taste in other matters, that I should value your opinion very much. Women and wine, you know—a judge of the one is generally a judge of the other.

Don J. [*Still gazing on Maritana.*] Thoughtful and musing! Ah! that's well.

Marq. [*Going up to him.*] Well, my lord, do you admire the fête? The women are lovely, are they not? By the bye, speaking of lovely women, have you seen my marchioness? Your lordship's eyes seem fixed on—hem! my niece.

Don J. Yes: how well she sustains her new dignity! I really think that you and I have only rectified a little error of destiny, in placing her in the position which is evidently the one for which nature intended her; what is your opinion?

Marq. My opinion is, that your lordship's opinion is my opinion, and that you are perfectly right.

Don J. Ah, marquis, you are quite a courtier, your tact is unrivalled. How go on his Majesty's birds, of which you are the governor?

Marq. I am proud to say, that since I have been at the head of the establishment, the royal birds have reached an unprecedented plumpness.

Don J. By the bye, Don Carlo is seriously ill, and if his appointment should become vacant, pray remind me of it.

Marq. Oh, this is too much! Don Carlo, grand master of the royal lap-dogs! Oh, could I ever aspire to such a dignity—chief of the precious pets! Can I be worthy of such a position?

Don J. Your peculiar talents design you for the situation. [*Pointing to Marchioness.*] But my dear Marquis, do you see those two young tall gallants paying attention to that lovely wife of yours? Upon my honour, I think she grows younger every day.

[*He turns away, and approaches Maritana.*

Marq. He, too, is struck with the beauty of my wife; poor young creature, she little knows the havoc she is making with her charms!

Don J. [*To Maritana.*] You seem thoughtful; are you not pleased with the fête? There is all that wealth and taste could bring together; nothing is wanting.

Marit. [*Partly aside.*] Nothing is wanting but one whose absence leaves a void within my heart, and makes me loathe the splendor which surrounds me.

A SERVANT *comes down and speaks aside to* DON JOSE.

Ser. The person whom your lordship expected has arrived. [*Goes up.*

Don J. 'Tis well. [*Aside to Marquis.*] Get rid of these people at once.

Marq. [*Aside.*] At once! that's rather unceremonious; but it must be done. [*Aloud.*] Gentlemen, pray lead your partners to the adjoining room; there is something provided there, which I flatter myself will gratify and astonish you. [*Aside.*] Sandwiches and wine! [*Music. All the guests go off,* L. C.] It was necessary to get rid of them, as Don Jose desired it; that wine must do it.

[*The Marquis and Marchioness are about to follow guests, when Don Jose stops them.*

Don J. The lovely countess had better remain here; will you also oblige me by doing so, my good host?

Marq. Certainly, it is we that are obliged; I am particularly obliged.

Don J. [*Aside to Maritana.*] This fete shall be complete, even "to his presence whose absence leaves a void, and makes this splendor nothing."

[*Exit, leading Marchioness,* L. C.

Marit. [*To Marquis.*] Did you hear his lordship's last words? You are the host—'tis you that invite the guests—will it be as Don Jose has promised?

Marq. I daresay it will. [*Aside.*] I did not hear what

Don Jose said, but I think it was my duty nevertheless to echo it.

Marit. What does all this mean? why this mystery? This marriage, which I was told was the wish of the Queen, my gracious benefactress? If I ask to see the Queen, I am told to wait. If I inquire where is the husband to whom I was so mysteriously united—whether he is an exile, whether he is alive, when he will return—I am told to wait; always the same reply. Tell me, Marquis, am I deceived? has Don Jose been deceiving me?

Marq. I hope not; for if he has deceived you he is capable of deceiving me, and my hopes with regard to the royal lap-dogs would be blighted forever; but have you never seen your husband since you married him?

Marit. I did not see him then.

Marq. Your love must have been particularly blind.

Marit. Not so: it was his generosity that I admired [*Enter* Don Jose, c.,] that inspired in me the strongest interest towards him; for my sake he has suffered much, perhaps suffers now. I will demand of Don Jose when shall I see the Queen? when shall I see my husband?

Don J. [*Coming down*, c.] I am glad I am just in time to answer the question, lady; you shall see your husband to-day.

Marit. To-day?

Marq. [*Aside to Don Jose.*] Isn't he dead, then, after all?

Don J. Silence!

Marit. Surely, count, I must have misunderstood you.

Don J. Be calm, and listen to what I am about to say.

Marq. Now I shall hear something—now, then.

[*He is approaching to listen, when Don Jose makes a sign to him to retire; he does so with an air of disappointment, bowed up* c. *by Don Jose.*

Marit. You wished us to be alone; now let me hear of my husband.

Don J. (R.) He is at hand. [*The* King *enters* c. *from* R.] He is compelled to keep himself concealed, being in hourly danger from the law; for your sake, and your sake alone, he has ventured here. [*Crosses up*, L.

Marit. Oh, we will find him a place of refuge! where is he!

Don J. Here!

[*The King advances, puts his cloak off on chair,* R. C. *Maritana recoils with an exclamation.*

King. (R.) Lady! Maritana! Do you not recollect me?

Marit. [*Aside.*] He! [*To Don Jose.*] That is not my husband. He to whom I gave my hand was—

Don J. (L.) [*Aside.*] Don Cæsar de Bazan—behold him there!

Marit. No, no! I never felt an interest but for one, and HE, you told me, was Don Cæsar.

Don J. I did but deceive you for your good. [*Gets up,* C.

Marit. Oh, wretched Maritana!

King. Do you not remember in the Public place, one whose eyes followed you wherever you moved; one who, of all the multitude around, was alone charmed by the melancholy of your songs?

Marit. I remember you, Signor. [*Aside.*] For I trembled whilst I sought his bounty.

King. It was because I loved you; it was because my happiness was centred all in you, that I determined to raise you to the station which you coveted. I resolved that you should share my love and—

Don J. (C.) [*Interrupting.*] But being then proscribed, Don Cæsar could offer you nothing but his name.

King. But now we meet again under happier influences; give me but one word, one look, to bid me hope for your love, and you shall be my sovereign mistress. I will live for you, yes, for you alone. [*Passionately.*

Don J. Don Cæsar, remember, some one may overhear.

King. Lovely Maritana, my return must be unknown, but my danger need not separate me from you; we can be happy separated from the world. Let us hence together.

Marit. Together!

King. A few miles from Madrid there is a retreat, where love may revel in security; thither let us fly.

Don J. [*Looking off,* R.] You must not delay: the guests will soon grow weary of the dance.

King. My Maritana, come! Why this ungenerous hesitation?

Marit. [*Aside.*] Oh, heaven! [*Aloud.*] But to leave thus suddenly, without even saying farewell to the Marquis.

Don J. [*Aside.*] The guests are returning. [*Aloud.*] Don Cæsar, the Countess is right. It might awaken suspicion if she were to quit the fête thus suddenly. She will follow you.

King. A carriage will be waiting at the door of yonder garden. Remember, your lover—[*Don Jose looks at him,*] *your husband* waits for you.

Don J. Some one comes, quick, quick, begone!

[*Music. Takes King's cloak from chair and puts it on him. Ladies and gentlemen cross from* L. *to* R.

Marit. Oh, I am justly punished! how I hate these gauds, purchased, as they must be, by days of misery!

[*Music. The King exits rapidly,* C. *and off,* R.

The MARCHIONESS *enters, and at a signal from Don Jose, leads out Maritana, who is in tears,* L. C.

Don J. How every obstacle that stood between me and my desires melts into air!

DON CÆSAR *enters, in the disguise of a monk,* C. L.

Don C. [*Approaching Don Jose with great humility.*] Alms for our monastery, son. [*Don Jose crosses to* L.] So, Don Jose, here I am once more! [*Throwing off disguise and discovering himself.*]

Don J. You! Don Cæsar! not dead!

Don C. Not yet.

Don J. Who saved your life?

Don C. You did, by rescuing me from the gallows.

Don J. But I saw you led out to execution; I heard the muskets.

Don C. So did I. [*Aside.*] And here are the bullets extracted in good time from the guns by my faithful Lazarillo. [*Shows bag containing bullets.*] Yes, here they are, six in number; they're better in my pocket than in my body. I never expected to receive them with so much satisfaction. [*Crosses,* L.

Don J. But you fell.

Don C. Of course I did; I could not do less when six gallant soldiers took the trouble to make me their target; I should have wounded their pride if I had made them think they had missed their aim.

Don J. I have been deceived.

Don C. And so have I; the illusion was so perfect, that I really thought I was dead, and, consequently, all my creditors paid, till I found myself among some of my old companions, with a dice-box in my hand and a flagon before me. [*Crosses* R.

Don J. Who can have betrayed me?

Don C. [*Aside.*] Thank heaven, he does not suspect the dear boy. [*Sitting down unceremoniously. Aloud.*] There seems to be a fête here.

Don J. There is. You are in danger! Why did you come?

Don C. I'll tell you, if you'll have a little patience. I happened to see a carriage with my own arms upon it, and on inquiry, I found it belonged to the Countess de Bazan; so here I am. Where's my wife? for you know I've not much time to lose, if the sentence of that cursed edict is to be respected.

Don J. [*Aside.*] He is not aware of his pardon. [*Aloud, with dignity.*] Tell me, Don Cæsar, what are your plans?

Don C. To see my wife; she's mine, and I may as well take possession; you gave her to me, and I have come to you, therefore, to profit by your benevolence.

Don J. [*Aside.*] Must all my designs be thus o'erthrown? No it shall not be.

Enter MARQUIS, C. *from* L.

Marq. My guests are merry fellows, they do nothing but drink to the Countess de Bazan.

Don C. (R.) The deuce they do! the Countess de Bazan! my wife! where is she?

Marq. I beg pardon, are you Don Cæsar? Are you the gentleman that is—not dead?

Don J. (L.) [*Aside to Marquis.*] Not a word, not another word; evince no astonishment at anything you hear or see. Do as I wish. [*Crosses,* L.

Marq. And the lap-dogs?

Don J. Shall be yours. [*Crosses to Don Cæsar. Aloud.*] Don Cæsar, your rights are sacred, and they shall be respected; your wife, the Countess de Bazan, is here, and shall join you immediately; wait for her.

[*Exit,* C.

Don C. She comes, and I shall see her as I have seen her in my dreams, radiant in youth and beauty! [*The Marquis is going.*] Stay near me, Sir, and support me, I am sure I shall require it, the rapture will be too much for me; that soft white hand haunts me like a spectre.

Enter Don Jose *leading in* Marchioness, c. *from* L.

Marq. [*To Don Cæsar.*] Don't agitate yourself, be calm I know what it is to await the coming of a lovely woman I have a marchioness!

Don J. [*Looking significantly at Marquis.*] Don Cæsar, behold the Countess de Bazan. [*Presents Marchioness.*

Don C. The Countess—the devil!

Marq. [*Aside.*] He's giving him my wife! [*The Marchioness smiles.*] She likes it.

Don C. [*Bows formally. Aside.*] No wonder she wore a veil; sixty, by the mass!

Marq. He's struck with her!

Don C. [*To Marquis.*] Will you—will you show me the nearest way to the door?

Don J. Don Cæsar, the Countess de Bazan is prepared to fulfil all the duties of a wife to him—who has right to demand them.

Don C. I trust she will make no sacrifice on my account. [*Marchioness turns away. To Don Jose.*] You can make out another warrant for my execution; I should prefer it to this. [*To Marquis.*] My good friend, did you ever see such a perfect Gorgon? Frightful, isn't she?

Marq. [*Aside.*] Frightful, Don Cæsar? The man's troubles have ruined his eyesight.

Don J. The countess awaits your bidding. She is prepared to share your state and fortunes.

Don C. Madam, I will not take advantage of the accident of fate, charmed as I must be at the generosity of her who would share the lot of so poor, so dunned, so desperate a libertine as myself.

Don J. She knew your position when she consented to the union.

Don C. Did she? Then I will not be outdone in generosity. [*Crosses,* c.] Madam, I will not take you from those to whom you are endeared by years, [*Looks at her,*] *long years* of tender association. At your age—I mean—that

is—in fact, madam, I free you from every tie; I am no longer a husband. [*Crosses*, R. C. *To Marquis.*] Did you ever see such infernal wrinkles?

Marq. Dimples, Sir, dimples! [*Aside.*] I shall betray myself, and lose the lap-dogs.

Don C. Perhaps, Madam, at some distant period, some *very* distant period—[*She turns to him.*] No, I can never venture. [*To Marquis.*] As a reasonable man, Marquis, I ask you, if, on any consideration in the world, you would call that venerable woman—wife?

Marq. Hem! [*Aside.*] This is too bad. [*Aloud.*] If you don't like her yourself, you needn't make other people dissatisfied.

Don C. Other people! Is there any foo—pray let me not stand in anybody's way.

Don J. [*Who has conversed apart with the Marchioness.*] Come, let us end this business; [*Crosses*, L.] you know, Don Cæsar, that the object of this marriage was your title and not yourself.

Don C. I am willing to stand by *that* bargain.

Don J. At your nuptials you had scarcely ten minutes to live.

Don C. Ah! I was happier then than I am now.

Don J. The Countess does not love you.

Don C. What wonderful unanimity in man and wife!

Don J. Your chains may yet be golden ones; your wife is rich, you have nothing.

Don C. Your estimate of my property is singularly ex act.

Don J. You shall have a pension of six thousand piasters, if you quit Madrid forever.

Don C. Quit Madrid? the city of my birth! the home of my creditors!—the last apostrophe has decided me, I'll go.

Don J. You must also renounce all right acquired by your marriage.

Don C. Forego the bliss of—[*Peeps at the Marchioness.*] It's a bargain.

Don J. Will you sign a paper to that effect?

Don C. [*Hurries to table*, R.] Will I? Dictate the terms—the more binding the better.

Don J. [*Dictating.*] Don Cæsar, Count de Garofa, en-

gages, on the honour of a gentleman, to quit Madrid forever.

Don C. [*Pauses.*] Forever; my poor creditors!

Don J. And renounces the Countess de Bazan, his wife.

Don C. Six thousand piasters for that; I would have purchased the same advantages at double the amount. [*Writes.*] My wife.

Don J. Never to claim the name of husband.

Don C. Oh, never, never!

Don J. Sign.

Don C. Don C—

A SERVANT *enters at back, and calls,* L. C.

Ser. The carriage of the Countess de Bazan.

Don C. [*Pauses.*] Eh!

Don J. Sign, sign, Don Cæsar. [*Goes up to him.*

Ser. Make way for the Countess de Bazan.

MARITANA *passes at back from* L. *to* R., *attended by Nobles.*

Don C. I have been deceived; what do I see?

[*Maritana exits,* R. C. *Don Cæsar is about to follow, when Don Jose interposes.*

Don J. Stay, your signature! you have pledged the honour of a gentleman.

Don C. [*Tears the paper.*] I see the trick. There!

Don J. Don Cæsar, remember you are a condemned criminal; a word from me would be the signal of your death.

Don C. Ah! at last you throw off the mask; now we understand each other.

Don J. Flight is still possible. I will aid you on one condition.

Don C. No! no more shameful bargains.

Don J. Be warned! Pursue your wife a single step, and it will lead you to destruction.

Don C. She *is*, then, my wife? Give me free passage, or I shall owe the law another life; away!

[*Pushes him aside, and rushes off.*

Don J. Ho! guards! [*Drum—Soldiers enter, from* L.] Pursue that man; if he resist, fire upon him immediately.

Music. General Movement. Tableau.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon furnished, windows and balcony,* C., *doors* R. *and* L. *A Madonna,* R., *chair,* L.

LAZARILLO *discovered, arranging table,* R.

Laza. All is prepared for the arrival of Don Jose What can be the meaning of these mysterious proceedings? This house so suddenly engaged; this lady for whom he seems to entertain so great a respect? Should the Queen hear of this, farewell to the count's hopes of conquest. Ah! he is here!

Enter DON JOSE, L. S. E.

Don J. Has any one arrived?

Laza. Yes, my lord, the lady; she is now in that chamber.

Don J. The servants and horses?

Laza. Returned instantly to Madrid. Shall I announce your lordship?

Don J. No. Do you remember the cavalier who addressed me yesterday, near the Escurial?

Laza. Yes, my lord; was it not the King?

Don J. Silence! [*Passes him to* L.] He will be here to-night; he alone must be admitted to this apartment.

Laza. Should any others present themselves, my lord?

Don J. Refuse them admittance. If they insist, you have your arquebuss—use it.

Laza. I will use it, my lord.

Don J. Go! [*Lazarillo exits,* L. S. E.] This Don Cæsar, whom I thought dead—how did he escape? His presence at this moment would ruin all. I will delay no longer; to-night shall see my plans accomplished. The King will be here anon, and I have already dispatched a message to the Queen, apprising her of her husband's infidelity. She comes to-night to the neighboring palace of Aranguez; there will I seek her, and urge a suit, which, in revenge, she may accord me. [*A horn at a distance.*] Ah! the signal of the King.

Enter MARITANA, R. S. E.

Marit. What means that? [*Sees Don J.*] Ah! the Count de Santarem.

Don J. [*With ceremony.*] I trust that my orders have been punctually obeyed, madam; there is nothing you require?

Marit. Nothing, nothing, I thank you.

Don J. Then your bright dreams are realized; you have title, splendor, homage. Did I not prophesy rightly, madam? I have kept every promise.

Marit. You have, Don Jose; though the Countess de Bazan already regrets the wishes of Maritana. [*Weeps.*

Don J. Wherefore? why these tears?

Marit. Oh, think me not ungrateful to you and to the Queen: but 'midst the splendor which surrounds me, I often sigh for the free course and happy thoughts of the poor dancing girl.

Don J. Hush!

Enter LAZARILLO, L. S. E.

Laza. HE is here, my lord.

Marit. Who?

Don J. Your husband, madam.

Marit. My husband! [*Weeps.*

The KING *enters*, L. S. E.

[*Don Jose salutes him respectfully, and signs to Lazarillo, and both exeunt*, R.

King. [*Aside.*] At length we are together. [*Aloud.*] Maritana!

Marit. [*Aside.*] Heaven! how I tremble, even at his voice!

King. Why do you not answer me? why do you not approach me?

Marit. Pardon me, my lord, but—

King. Your lips are colourless; [*Takes her hand,*] your hand is icy as death.

Marit. [*Taking away her hand.*] I—I—[*Aside.*] I cannot speak.

King. Wherefore this chilling welcome? are you not happy?

Marit. [*Aside.*] Happy! [*Aloud.*] How shall I answer you? Can you wonder at my uneasiness? Our strange marriage, the distance which separates us, the noble and the beggar; I still feel how much you are my superior; I dare not raise my eyes to yours; I—I—fear you.

King. Fear me! [*With hauteur.*] We would know—[*Pauses.*] Oh, Maritana, how you wrong me by such feelings! I love you, and would sacrifice all to know my love returned. [*Kisses her hand, which she withdraws.*

Marit. Oh!

King. What? Don Jose told me you waited my coming with impatience. He has deceived me.

Marit. Not you alone, my lord; I also have been deceived.

King. How?

Marit. By this union. The husband that he assigned me, was one proscribed and ruined; but still both brave and noble. His sword was ever the defender of the weak; his voice, the advocate of the oppressed; where'er he went, mirth followed after. A wanderer like myself, I felt almost his equal. I thought that he would know my heart, and from his memory of the past, forgive the errors of the present.

King. Nor shall you be deceived. Each luxury shall minister to your desires. My love shall be so prodigal, that in despite of all, you shall return my passion. [*Embracing her.*

Marit. [*Disengaging herself.*] Unhand me, count; unhand me.

King. [*Enraged.*] I understand. You love another, Maritana; your heart, I thought, never beat with passion or desire. I am deceived. For this I've made you what you are! Ingrate! To your chamber, madam; you must learn the duty you owe your lord and husband.

Marit. I obey you; you have reason for your anger; I obey you, my lord and my master. [*Exit,* R. D.

King. Doth she relent? why should I hesitate? [*Going towards* R. D.] She may yet be won.

(*A shot heard.*)

DON CÆSAR *enters over Balcony,* L. C.

Don C. That's a villanous way to receive a guest.

What the devil have I done to be continually made a target? [*The King retires and observes.*

LAZARILLO *enters*, L. C., *with an arquebuss in his hand.*

Laza. [*Starts.*] Ah! Don Cæsar. [*Exit*, L. D.

Don C. Well! [*Sees the King.*] Pardon, Signor, I had not the honor of seeing you till this moment.

King. [*Bows.*] Why did you enter by that window?

Don C. Well, Signor, simply because the door was shut!

King. I am in no humour for jesting: what is your motive?

Don C. A pardonable one. By the light of the moon, I saw in the next balcony a very pretty woman, and I wished to speak to her.

King. What, Sir?

Don C. I knocked at the door, the porter refused me admittance how was: I to get in? There was but one opening, and that was this window; I was about to ascend, when whizz came a bullet through my hat. [*Shows hole in hat.*] Sacred hospitality, how you are insulted!

King. What is your business with this lady?

Don C. Pardon me, I never violate confidence; I merely wish—to see her—that's all.

King. Impertinent! I desire you to quit the room.

Don C. After the trouble I 've had to get here? Are you—

King. The master of this house.

Don C. The master of this house—hum! this house, where I have seen the Countess de Bazan!

King. You know her, then?

Don C. Very slightly; I've only seen her for about ten minutes. But, if she resides here, may I ask your name?

King. [*Haughtily.*] I am—[*Pauses, looks at the door of Maritana's chamber.*] I am Don Cæsar de Bazan. [*Sits.*

Don C. Eh! Don Cæsar de Bazan! [*Aside.*] Egad! I excel the Phœnix, for two Don Cæsars have arisen from my ashes.

Enter LAZARILLO, C.

King. Now that I have satisfied you, I demand to know your name

Don C. [*Aside.*] The unblushing rascal!

Laza. [*Whispers aside to Don Cæsar.*] It is the King.

[*Exit,* L. D. F

Don C. Eh, Lazarillo?

King. You hesitate, sir.

Don C. [*Aside.*] The King here; I understand all.

King. My question embarrasses you. I demand an answer.

Don C. Certainly. If you are Don Cæsar de Bazan, [*Seats himself* L. C. *with dignity, and places his hat on his head.*] I am the King of Spain.

King. What! The King?

Don C. The—King—of—Spain.

King. You!

Don C. [*Tauntingly and pleasantly.*] As surely as you are Don Cæsar de Bazan. Ah! it astonishes you to see majesty unattended at this hour of the night, at the door of a pretty woman who is not the Queen. There's nothing surprising in it, I assure you. I was out of spirits—Kings require relaxation sometimes; but not a word of this royal folly; though with you, Don Cæsar, I may rest satisfied; you will not betray our secret.

King. [*Aside.*] Insolent! Who can he be?

Don C. Ha! by the bye, I remember Don Cæsar; I know all my subjects—a witty, gallant fellow, somewhat of my own humour. He killed the captain of our guard in a duel, in spite of our royal edict. He was shot in the outer court of the barrack. [*Rises and advances to the King.*] Be kind enough to answer me one question—If you are Don Cæsar, what right have you to be alive? If I were to denounce you, every loyal Spaniard would be ready to pink you. [*Calmly.*] But we will not betray you.

King. [*Rises.*] Your Majesty forgets—

Don C. 'Tis possible. The keeper of the King's memory has gone hunting with the keeper of the King's conscience. But what has our Majesty forgotten?

King. You forget that Don Cæsar received the pardon of the King.

Don C. Indeed!

King. At eight o'clock on the night of his condemnation.

Don C. His pardon at eight! [*Aside.*] But I was shot

at seven. [*Aloud.*] I remember; we did pardon Don Cæsar—an hour too late, [*Aside,*] though I don't grumble.

King. You see it would be useless to denounce me.

Don C. As useless as for me to retain a title which does not belong to me.

King. Then you are *not* the King of Spain?

Don C. No; you suspected as much, I suppose. Am I right?

King. And you are——

Enter LAZARILLO, L.

Don C. A man who need not fear to meet a legion of Alguazils. I am——

Laza. [*Down,* L.] Sire, a private messenger.

[*Kneels and gives letter.*

King. [*Crosses to Lazarillo quickly.*] What is this? [*Reads.*] Eh! treason! The Queen knows of my absence; at the palace of Aranguez. My horse, boy; stay. [*Aside to Lazarillo.*] You are attached to Don Jose?

Laza. Yes, sire.

King. Keep close watch on that man. Let him be removed; and above *all,* learn his name. [*Exit,* L.

Laza. Don Cæsar, is it you?

Don C. Yes, me that you rescued from a dishonourable death.

Laza. I had nigh performed the office of executioner myself.

Don C. [*Shows hat.*] True.

Laza. But I knew not that it was you. I——

Don C. Psha! could I doubt you, Lazarillo? But tell me, am I to leave this house?

Laza. Such are my orders.

Don C. If I refuse—if I resist?

Laza. Resist! Who will oppose you? There is no one here but myself; I am the servant of Don Cæsar.

Don C. Good lad! should I ever grow rich——

Laza. You will retain me in your service.

Don C. Service! you shall have a dozen lacqueys to wait on you; but, Lazarillo, there is a lady in this house?

Laza. Yes.

Don C. I wish to see her—you must take me to her.

Enter MARITANA, R.

Laza. She is here, my lord.

Marit. A stranger!

Don C. Leave us, Lazarillo. [*Exit Lazarillo,* L. S. E.] Well, madam, we have met at last—[*Maritana starts at his voice and listens intently; as her recognition of him occurs, she evinces pleasure,*] not without some trouble and some danger on my part. I've been hunted by a full pack of Alguazils, and fired at by a tolerably good marksman, and all for this interview.

Marit. That voice! "I fear to satisfy myself, lest my "new-born hopes should wither."

Don C. You seem surprised; you do not know me, Maritana—"nevertheless, we are known to each other; so "well, that I can tell you your history.

"*Marit.* Signor! [*Aside.*] To what will this lead?

"*Don C.* Maritana, you are called beautiful—[*Looking at "her*]—*very* beautiful. You knew that you were so, and "grew dissatisfied with your humble station; you thought "so fair a flower ought not to fade in the streets, whilst the "*salons* of Madrid might be adorned by its beauty. The "thought pleased you, and from that time it became a de-"sire. Was it not so?

Marit. "You are right, Signor; and" you are—

"*Don C.* Your judge, madam; but one that would not "judge so harshly of you, as of myself; for you but sought "an honourable position, he has abandoned one.

"*Marit.* Go on.

"*Don C.* Though I have belied my rank, I have pre-"served my honour and my name?

"*Marit.* Why ask this of me?

Don C. "Because I am" your husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

Marit. You! [*Regards him passionately.*

Don C. "You doubt me," Maritana. I "now" know all. You thought my death was certain; you paused not to acquire the title you coveted even in a prison. When you left the altar, you listened for the sounds that were to bring death to me, and liberty to you.

Marit. [*Horror stricken.*] What say you?

Don C. Thus did you to acquire title and a name, which

you have consigned to infamy. "It was more than crimi-
"nal—it was cowardly."

Marit. 'Tis false! I have never wronged my husband's honour, even in thought. [*Tenderly.*] But are you indeed my husband? another has claimed the title of Don Cæsar, and—

Don C. Mockery! The King of Spain needs not the influence of so poor a name. [*Crosses,* R.

Marit. The King of Spain!

Don C. Ay, the King of Spain! Royal wooers seldom sue in vain.

Marit. Stay; prove to me your right to question, and I will answer all. What proof have you to give that you are not deceiving me—that you are my husband?

Don C. "What proof?" My honour.

Marit. Ah! you spoke to me but once. Do you remember the words you then addressed to me?

Don C. Perfectly, madam: "To you I devote the rest of my existence."

Marit. You are my husband; those are the words you uttered! [*She is advancing—He repels her.*

Don C. Your pardon, madam; your royal lover brooks no rival. [*Crosses,* L.

Marit. Oh, Don Cæsar—husband! let not my sufferings be thus repaid. Hear me, and then condemn me if you can. On the day—I—I saved you from the fury of the mob, Fate threw me in the way of one who professed an interest in my welfare, and told me he was commissioned by the Queen to raise me to the station I coveted. The means proposed were—

Don C. [*Sarcastically.*] Most honourable.

Marit. Yes, most honourable; for in marrying you, I believed I wedded one who had professed a regard for me, [*Tremulously,*] one for whom I had felt a deeper interest than for any other being.

Don C. Are you deceiving?

Marit. Are these tears the offspring of deceit? [*Seizes his hand and kneels.*] Oh, husband! I have suffered for my pride; but be thou the judge how I have preserved thy honour. If I have been faithless, let me answer with my life.

Don C. Fearful conditions, Maritana.

Marit. I dare abide the issue. Oh, Don Cæsar! you know not to what a thing of power that love has grown, which had its birth almost at the altar. The hours of fear and self-reproach which I have passed, have made your image an idol to my heart.

Don C. [*Embracing her.*] I must believe you, Maritana. Don Cæsar, the adventurer, is no more; the Count Garofa will live worthy of his name, since you must share it with him. [*Drum heard.*] Ah! soldiers approach the house.

Marit. Then fly; save yourself.

Don C. Fly, when the King is at your chamber door?

Marit. Fear not for me; go seek the Queen. She is at Aranguez; tell her that Maritana is in danger. She will rescue me.

Don C. Not whilst I have a sword to second a stout heart.

Marit. [*Clinging to him.*] I know how much I ask of you, who would rather trust to your own arm, than seek succour of a woman. But for my sake—for her who will prove how deeply she adores you—go to the Queen.

Don C. [*Kisses her.*] To the Queen! [*Exit*, C.

[*She kneels before a Madonna.*

Organ heard.

At the end of Organ, LAZARILLO *enters,* L. D.

Laza. Madam, the King.

Marit. What is to be done? Do not leave me, Lazarillo.

Laza. He will order me to withdraw.

Marit. True, you must obey him; but at least let me have some protection. [*Takes a dagger from his girdle.*] At the worst, this will free me from his power.

The KING *enters,* L.

King. [*To Lazarillo.*] Where is the stranger that I left here?

Laza. Gone, Sire.

King. What has brought him here?

Laza. He had escaped from prison, Sire.

King. Leave us. [*Lazarillo looks at Maritana.*

Marit. Lazarillo, obey the orders of his Majesty.

[*Exit Lazarillo,* L. D

King. Majesty! who has dared to betray me?

Marit. He that has betrayed you, Sire, is the same who counselled you to commit a meanness unworthy of a King.

King. How, madam!

Marit. He who has made a mockery of the altar—who brought you to me as my husband, the Count de Bazan.

King. Maritana, I am the King. My pride has long revolted at the deceit we practised on you. Now that you know me for what I am, listen to me.

Marit. Leave me, Sire, I implore you—leave me.

King. Leave you! you—the only one I have ever truly loved!

Marit. Oh, Sire! in pity, go. Be generous—be merciful.

"*King.* But one embrace—one.

"*Marit.* [*Draws dagger.*] One step nearer, and I strike."

King. What, Maritana! am I so loathsome to you?

Marit. No, Sire; but I am wife of one who must find me worthy of him, or find me no more.

King. Of whom speak you?

Marit. Of my husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

King. He is dead.

DON CÆSAR *enters*, L. D.

Don C. Not yet, Sire, thanks to your Majesty's gracious pardon.

Marit. Ha! [*Crosses to him, and throws dagger down.*] My husband will protect me.

King. Your husband!

[*Don Cæsar crosses* R., *locks both doors, and takes out keys.*

King. What have you done, sir?

Don C. (R. D.) Locked the doors, Sire, that no one may enter—that no one may hear that to which we alone should listen. [*Crosses*, C.

Marit. [*Aside.*] What will be the end of this?

Don C. [*Fiercely.*] If the persecutor of my wife had been a gentleman and soldier like myself, I fear that I should have denied him even the chance of an encounter—I think that at once I should have dispatched him; for in such a case one does not look for reparation, but revenge; you, Sire, are my King, [*Presents his sword,*] and thus do I disarm my vengeance.

King. You are speaking, sir, to the King of Spain.

Don C. To whom else should I speak? We cannot always subdue the will or restrain the hand. I will render both powerless. [*Throws away sword.*] But reparation must be made.

King. [*With effort.*] Proceed, sir; your audacity pleases me.

Marit. Remember, Don Cæsar, it is your King.

Don C. Yes, it is my King. Sire, this poor weak woman, against whom such power has combined, has sought the protection of our beloved Queen.

King. The Queen!

Don C. Yes, Sire, I was her messenger to the Palace of Aranguez.

King. Then you have seen the Queen?

Don C. You shall hear, Sire. When I arrived at the palace, I was denied admittance; but, regardless of the guns of the sentinels—

Marit. Ah! you have been in danger.

Don C. No; you forget that I am bullet-proof.

King. Well, well.

Don C. I climbed the garden wall; under the shadow of some trees, I crept close to a pavilion, whence proceeded two voices—that of a man and a woman's. The woman, though greatly moved, spoke proudly; the voice of the man trembled with passionate emotion. I heard this —"Madam, you are deceived—your husband meets his mistress to-night. Some officers of the King shall follow him to a secluded chateau in the forest, and bring you proof of his infidelity."

King. Who has dared to place a watch upon my actions?

Don C. The man was Don Jose de Santarem, your favourite minister; the lady—was the Queen.

King. 'Tis false! if it were true—

[*Crosses up* L. *towards doors.*

Don C. [*Coolly.*] Your Majesty forgets that I have locked the doors.

King. Traitor! [*Comes down,* L.

Don C. I told you, Sire, that reparation must be made; do you understand me now? The minister betrays his King, the subject would dishonor his Queen.

King. Don Cæsar, on your allegiance open that door.

Don C. The wrong you would have inflicted on me, another now practices towards you; yet you cannot leave this room. [*The King puts his hands to his face, and falls in a chair.*] Each moment is an age of agony, and yet you cannot quit this place to satisfy your doubt. All that you mad me suffer, you are now enduring; and yet you cannot stir but at my will.

King. [*Points to door.*] Don Cæsar, at your peril hesitate a moment longer.

Don C. This retribution is terrible, is it not?

King. Take up your sword; [*Rises,*] I am a King no longer; your treason forces me to become your equal. Defend yourself, and save me from becoming an assassin.

Marit. [*Crosses* C. *and is put back by Don Cæsar.*] Oh, Sire, for heaven's sake!

King. (L.) Take up your sword, or I will strike

Don C. You will be too late.

King. Too late! How?

Don C. When did a Spanish gentleman hesitate to revenge an insult to his King? Think you I have spared the man who would have made my dishonour the stepping-stone to yours? No, Sire, I have struck. Sire, your honour is preserved. It is now your turn to deal with mine.

[*Kneels and points to Maritana.*

King. [*Raises him.*] Rise, Don Cæsar.

[*Drum heard, and cries of "The King! The King!"*]

The doors are burst open, and Nobles enter. Lazarillo takes back chair.

Officers. It is the King.

King. Yes, gentlemen, we have visited Don Cæsar de Bazan, one of our most faithful servants. [*All seem surprised.*] Don Cæsar de Bazan, we have appointed you Governor of Valencia.

Don C. The government of Granada is also vacant, Sire.

King. Why rather Granada than Valencia?

Don C. Granada is twice the distance from Madrid, [*Points to Maritana,*] and that doubles the obligation; and besides, there I've no creditors.

King. [*Smiles.*] Be it as you wish. We appoint our

faithful subject, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Governor of Granada.

Finale.

Long live the King! Long live the King! Long live the King!
Who e'er repays our love with love again,
Let peace be joined to length of days,
Let peace be joined to bless his happy reign.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SOLDIERS. SOLDIERS.
LADIES. NOBLES. NOBLES. LADIES
MARITANA. DON CÆSAR. KING.

THE END

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

No. LXVII.

'HE IRON CHEST.

A Play

IN THREE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

TH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

ERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This play was quite unsuccessful on its first representation, ıich took place at Covent Garden in 1796. The author attri-ted its failure to the apathy and inattention of John Philip ımble, who is said to have walked through the part of *Sir lward Mortimer* without an effort to impart to it that tragic ect, of which it is undoubtedly capable. By way of reveng-; himself upon the actor, Mr. Colman wrote a vituperative l sarcastic preface, in which he gave full expression to his content; but he lived to repent this hasty ebullition of bad aper, and tried to suppress the edition of his play, which con-ned it—an effort which he found rather difficult to accom-sh.

It seems to be admitted that Kemble did not come up to his ual standard of excellence in his performance of *Sir Edward.* ; was indisposed at the time, and perhaps did not enter into ı spirit of the character with sufficient promptitude of ap-ciation. But what probably contributed more than his in-iciency to the bad reception of the play, was the immoderate gth of the part of the garrulous old man, *Adam Winterton,* ıich even the congenial talents of Dodd could not save from coming wearisome. This fault has since been rectified.

The play was originally produced, with appropriate music, Stephen Storace, a composer, who had been educated in the ormed Italian school at the close of the last century, and ıose models of style were the works of Pacini, Sacchini, l Paesiello. He possessed a strong and capacious mind, was ll versed in literature, aud, like Mozart, was, when a boy, tinguished for his powers of calculation. Sheridan is said to ve once remarked of Storace, that had he been bred to the v he must have become Lord Chancellor. His health was

always delicate, and he died in consequence of his exertions in bringing out this play of "The Iron Chest," in the success of which he had become much interested. "On the first rehearsal," says Kelly, "though labouring under a severe attack of gout and fever, after having been confined to his bed for many days, he insisted on being wrapped up in blankets, and carried in a sedan chair to the cold stage of the play-house. The entreaties and prayers of his family were of no avail—go he would; he went, and remained to the end of the rehearsal. He returned to his bed, whence he never rose again." He died on the 19th of March, 1795, in the thirty-third year of his age.

Undaunted by a first failure, Colman reproduced "The Iron Chest" at his own theatre, in the Haymarket. Mr. Elliston, then a young and aspiring actor, was the hero; and on this occasion the tables were turned in favour of the author and the play. The audience were vehement in their applause. Mr. Rae afterwards became a favourite in the character of *Sir Edward;* and at length Edmund Kean achieved a joint triumph for himself and Colman. A true interpreter of the author's conception was found in him; and the play was revived often with marked success. Mr. Charles Kean's personation of the same part is spirited and bold; and with Mrs. Kean as *Wilford*, he has frequently performed it to the satisfaction and pleasure of American audiences.

The plot of the "Iron Chest" is partially founded upon the well-known novel of "Caleb Williams," by Godwin; the character of *Sir Edward* corresponding to that of *Falkland* in the latter. Mr. Colman has, we think, made the most of his materials, and produced a play, which, if it does not rank among the first of a similar class, has that dramatic merit, which will keep it long from sinking into abandonment.

COSTUMES.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.—Black velvet slashed jacket, trimmed with silver buttons and silver lace, white satin vest, buff tights, handsomely trimmed, crimson scarf, russet boots, point lace collar, and ruffles.

FITZHARDING.—Crimson velvet doublet, trunk, and cloak, slashed with white satin, and trimmed with silver bell buttons, velvet hat, and white ostrich feathers, point lace collar, grey hairs—red hose, russet shoes, and rosettes, belt, sword, and walking cane.

WILFORD.—Buff tunic and pantaloons, russet boots, black cap and feathers, broad black belt, and brass buckle, plain collar.

ADAM WINTERTON.—Black cloth doublet, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with black ribbon, black cap, point lace collar, long grey hairs, black cloth shoes, white worsted hose.

RAWBOLD.—Leather doublet, brown cloak and trunks, grey hose, large russet boots, broad belt and buckle, brown flap hat, and collar.

SAMSON.—*First dress:* Brown doublet and trunks, red hose, russet shoes, red wig. *Second dress:* Yellow doublet, trunks, and cloak, hat to match, trimmed with red and blue binding—collar.

BOY.—Brown tunic and trunks, belt, grey hose, hat to match.

PETER, WALTER, SIMON, and GREGORY.—Red doublets, trunks, and hose, russet shoes—collars.

ARMSTRONG.—Light brown tunic and trunks, trimmed with red and black, fleshings, hat to match, with black feathers, breastplate, pistols, carbine, sword, chain, and collar, russet boots.

ORSON.—Dark brown ditto, without pistols or carbine.

FIRST ROBBER.—Dark grey ditto, trimmed with black, &c.

SECOND, THIRD, and FOURTH ROBBERS.—Stone colour—dark blue—dark green, ditto.

ROBBER'S BOY.—Brown tunic, &c.

HELEN.—White satin, trimmed with point lace and silver, white silk stockings, white satin shoes, hat, and ostrich feathers.

BLANCH.—Black velvet body, pink petticoat, pointed black hat, the whole trimmed with point lace, and black and blue ribbon, point lace apron.

DAME RAWBOLD.—Flowered gown, white night cap, white kerchief, check apron.

BARBARA.—Light blue stuff petticoat, with black binding, black body, white kerchief and apron, red hose, black shoes.

MARGARET.—Flowered chintz gown, red petticoat, check apron, coloured kerchief, black shoes.

JUDITH.—Bottle-green petticoat and jacket, trimmed with red binding, long hair, red hose, black shoes.

CHILDREN.—Brown tunics, &c.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1796.	*Drury Lane*, 1816.	*Park*, 1845.
Sir Edw'd Mortimer	Mr. Kemble.	Mr. Kean.	Mr. C. Kean.
Fitzharding	" Wroughton,	" Powell.	" Vache.
Wilford	" Bannister, jun.	" Wallack.	Mrs. C. Kean.
Adam Winterton	" Dodd.	" Munden.	Mr. Fisher.
Gilbert Rawbold	" Barrymore.	" Holland.	" De Walden.
Samson Rawbold	" Suet.	" Harley.	" G. Andrews.
Boy	Master Welsh.	Master Tibutt.	
Peter	Mr. Banks.	Mr. Evans.	
Walter	" Maddocks.		
Simon	" Webb.		" Heath.
Gregory	" Trueman.	" Winton.	" M'Donall.
Armstrong	" Kelly.	" T. Cooke.	" S. Pearson.
Orson	" Palmer.	" Palmer.	" Barry.
First Robber	" Dignum.	" Cooke.	" Gallot.
Second Robber	" Sedgwick.	" J. Smith.	" King.
Third Robber	" Bannister.	" Miller.	" Gourlay.
Fourth Robber		" Smith.	
Robber's Boy	Master Webb.	Master Phillips.	Master King.
Helen	Miss Farren.	Mrs. Horn.	Mrs. Abbott.
Blanch	Mrs. Gibbs.	" Orger.	" Dyott.
Dame Rawbold	Miss Tidswell.	" Maddocks.	
Barbara Rawbold	Signora Storace.	" T. Cooke.	" Wilkins.
Margaret		" Horribow.	
Judith	Miss De Camp.	" Harlowe.	Miss F. Gordon.

SCENE.—*The New Forest in Hampshire, and on its Borders.*

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

THE IRON CHEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of Rawbold's Cottage—a narrow staircase in the back,* L.—*a door,* R. F.—*a table,* R. C., *on which a taper is burning—the whole scene exhibits poverty and wretchedness.*

Several Children, squalid and beggarly, discovered in different parts of the Room, some asleep, L.—DAME RAWBOLD *seated, leaning over the embers of the fire*—BARBARA *seated near her*—SAMSON *standing in the front,* R. C.

GLEE.

Sam. Five times, by the taper's light,
The hour-glass I have turned to-night.
Boy. Where's father?
Sam. He's gone out to roam:
If he have luck,
He'll bring a buck
Upon his lusty shoulders home.

Different Voices.

Home! home!
He comes not home!
Hark! from the woodland vale below,
The distant clock sounds dull and slow,
Home! home! home!

Sam. (R.) Five o'clock, and father not yet returned from New Forest! An he come not shortly, the sun will rise, and roast the venison on his shoulders. [*Calling.*] Sister Barbara! Well, your rich men have no bowels for us lowly: they little think, while they are gorging on the fat haunch of a goodly buck, what fatigues we poor honest souls undergo in stealing it! Why, sister Barbara!

Bar. [*Rising and coming forward,* L. C.] I am here, brother Samson.

Sam. Here!—Marry, out upon you for an idle baggage!—Why, you crawl like a snail.

Bar. I pr'ythee, now, do not chide me, Samson!

Sam. 'Tis my humour. I am father's head man in his poaching: the rubs I take from him, who is above me, I hand down to you, who are below me. 'Tis the way of office, where every miserable devil domineers it over the next more miserable devil that's under him. You may scold sister Margery, an you will; she's your younger by a twelvemonth.

Bar. Truly, brother, I would not make any one unhappy for the world: I am content to do what I can to please, and to mind the house.

Sam. Truly, a weighty matter! Thou art e'en ready to hang thyself for want of something to wile away time. What hast thou much more to do than to trim the faggots, nurse thy mother, boil the pot, patch our jackets, kill the poultry, cure the hogs, feed the pigs, and comb the children?

Bar. Many might think that no small charge, Samson.

Sam. A mere nothing; while father and I (bate us but the mother and children,) have the credit of purloining every single thing that you have the care of. We are up early, and down late, in the exercise of our industry.

Bar. I wish father and you would give up the calling.

Sam. No: there is one keen argument to prevent us.

Bar. What's that, brother?

Sam. Hunger. Wouldst have us be rogues, and let our family starve? Give up poaching and deer-stealing! Oons! dost think we have no conscience? Yonder sits mother, poor soul! old, helpless, and crazy.

Bar. Alas! brother, 'tis heart-aching to look upon her. This very time three years she got her maim: it was a piteous tempest!

Sam. Ay, 'twas rough weather.

Bar. I never pass the old oak that was shivered that night in the storm, but I am ready to weep: it remembers me of the time when all our poor family went to ruin.

Sam. Pish! no matter: the cottage was blown down, the barn fired, father undone. Well, landlords are flinty-hearted—no help; what then?—We live, don't we?

Bar. Troth, brother, very sadly. Father has grown desperate—all is fallen to decay; we live by pilfering on the forest, and our poor mother distracted, and unable to look to the house. The rafter which fell in the storm struck so heavy upon her brain, I fear me 'twill never again be settled. The little ones, too, scarce clothed—hungry—almost starving! Indeed, we are a very wretched family. [*A knock at the cottage-door*, R. F.

Sam. Hark! methought I heard a tread.

[*He opens the door*, R. E.

Enter RAWBOLD, L.

Raw. (C.) Bar the door; so—softly!

Sam. (R. C.) What success, father?

Raw. Good: my limbs ache for't. How you stand!—The chair, you gander!

Sam. [*To Barbara.*] Why, how you stand!—The chair, you gander.

[*They bring forward a chair—Rawbold sits*, C.

Raw. Here, take my gun—'tis unscrewed. The keepers are abroad; I had scarce time to get it in my pocket. [*He pulls the gun from a pocket under his coat, in three pieces, which Samson screws together while they are talking.*] Fie! 'tis sharp work! Barbara, you jade! come hither.

Sam. Barbara, you jade! come hither.

Raw. Who bid thee chide her, lout? Kiss thy old father, wench—kiss me, I say!—So.—Why dost tremble? I am rough as a tempest; evil fortune has blown my lowering nature into turbulence; but thou art a blossom that dost bend thy head so sweetly under my gusts of passion, 'tis pity they should ever harm thee.

Bar. (L.) Indeed, father, I am glad to see you safe returned.

Raw. I believe thee. Take the keys; go to the locker in the loft, and bring me a glass to recruit me.

[*Exit Barbara*, L. U. E.

Sam. Well, father, and so—

Raw. Peace!—I ha' shot a buck.

Sam. Oh, rare! Of all the sure aims on the borders of the New Forest here, give me old Gilbert Rawbold; though I, who am his son, say it, that should not say it. Where have you stowed him, father?

Raw. Under the furze, behind the hovel. Come night again, we will draw him in, boy. I have been watched.

Sam. Watched!—Oh, the pestilence!—Our trade will be spoiled if the groom-keepers be after us; the law will persecute us, father.

Raw. Dost know Mortimer?

Sam. What, Sir Edward Mortimer? Ay, sure; he is head-keeper of the forest. 'Tis he who has shut himself up in melancholy; sees no rich, and does so much good to the poor.

Raw. He has done me naught but evil. A gun cannot be carried on the border here, but he has scent on't at a league's distance. He is a thorn to me: his scouts this night were after me, all on the watch. I'll be revenged—I'll—So, the brandy.

Re-enter BARBARA, *with the liquor*, L. U. E.

Raw. [*After drinking.*] 'Tis right, i'faith!

Sam. (R.) That 'tis, I'll be sworn; for I smuggled it myself. We do not live so near the coast for nothing.

Raw. Sir Edward Mortimer, look to it!

Bar. (L.) Sir Edward Mortimer! Oh, dear father, what of him?

Raw. Ay, now thou art all agog! Thou wouldst hear somewhat of that smooth-tongued fellow, his secretary—his clerk, Wilford, whom thou so often meet'st in the forest. I have news on't. Look how you walk thither again! What; thou wouldst betray me to him, I warrant—conspire against your father!

Sam. Ay, conspire against your father, and your tender loving brother, you viper, you!

Bar. Beshrew me, father, I meant no harm; and, indeed, indeed, Wilford is as handsome a—I mean, as good a youth as ever breathed. If I thought he meant ill by you, I should hate him.

Raw. When didst see him last?—Speak!

Bar. You terrify me so, father, I am scarce able to speak. Yesternoon, by the copse: 'twas but to read with him the book of sonnets he gave me.

Sam. That's the way your sly, grave rogues, work into the hearts of the females. I never knew any good come of a girl's reading sonnets with a learned clerk in a copse.

Raw. Let me hear no more of your meeting. I am content to think you would not plot my undoing.

Bar. I?—Oh, father!

Raw. But he may plot yours. Mark me: fortune has thrust me forth to prowl, like the wolf; but the wolf is anxious for its young. I am an outcast, whom hunger has hardened; I violate the law, but feeling is not dead within me; and callous villain as I am accounted, I would tear that greater villain piecemeal, who would violate my child, and rob an old man of the little remains of comfort wretchedness has left him! [*A knocking at the door*, R. F.

A voice. [*Without.*] Hilliho! ho!

Raw. How now?

Sam. There, an they be not after us already! I'll—We have talked, too, till 'tis broad daylight.

Wilford. [*Without*, R. D. F.] Open, good Master Rawbold; I would speak to you suddenly.

Bar. Oh, Heaven! 'tis the voice of Wilford himself!

Raw. Wilford!—I'm glad on't! Now he shall—I'm glad on't! Open the door—quickly, I say! He shall smart for it!

Sam. Are you mad, father? 'Tis we shall smart for it. Let in the keeper's head man! The buck you have just shot, you know, is hard at hand.

Raw. Open, I say!

Sam. Oh, lord! I defy any secretary's nose not to smell stolen venison now, the moment 'tis thrust near our hovel!

[*Opens the door*, R. F.

Enter WILFORD, R. D. F.

Wil. (R. C.) Save you, good people. You are Gilbert Rawbold, as I take it.

Raw. (C.) I am. Your message here, young man, bodes me no good; but I am Gilbert Rawbold, and here's my daughter: dost know her?

Wil. Ah, Barbara! good wench, how fares it with you?

Raw. Look on her well, then consult your own conscience: 'tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain!

Wil. You lie! Hold! I crave pardon. You are her father; she is innocent, and you are unhappy. I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one, or insult the other.

Raw. 'Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

Wil. Because I love her.

Raw. And would ruin her.

Wil. That's a strange way of showing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams; now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

Raw. Wouldst not poison her mind?

Wil. 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert; her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil here of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty. I would fain cheer it with the little sunshine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor, like her's: should occasion serve, I might haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To make her aught else would affect her, you, and myself: and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

Raw. Your hand: on your own account, we are friends.

Bar. (L. C.) Oh, dear father!

Raw. Be silent. Now to your errand: 'tis from Mortimer.

Wil. I come from Sir Edward.

Raw. I know his malice: he would oppress me with his power—he would starve me and my family. Search my house.

Sam. (L.) No, father, no!—[*Aside.*] You forget the buck under the furze.

Raw. Let him do his worst, but let him beware—a tyrant! a villain! [*Samson gets round to* R. *corner.*

Wil. Hark ye: he is my master; I owe him my gratitude—every thing; and had you been any but the father of my Barbara, and spoken so much against him, indignation had worked into my knuckles, and crammed the words down your rusty throat!

Sam. [*Aside.*—R. C.] I do begin to perceive how this will end: father will knock down the secretary as flat as a buck!

Raw. Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me?—*This morning*, as he dogged me in the forest—

Wil. Hush, Rawbold! keep your counsel. Should you make it public, he must notice it.

Raw. Did he not notice it?

Wil. No matter; but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks for you and your family.

Raw. From Sir Edward Mortimer?

Wil. 'Tis his way; but he would not have it mentioned. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders; but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes, which his public duty must punish.

Raw. Did Mortimer do this? did he?—Heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children! Shame on't! I have stood many a tug, but the drops now fall, in spite of me! I am not ungrateful, but—I cannot stand it! We will talk of Barbara when I have more man about me.

[*Exit up the staircase*, L.

Wil. Farewell! I must home to the lodge quickly; Ere this, I warrant, I am looked for.

Bar. Farewell!

QUINTETTO.

Wil. The sun has tipped the hills with red,
The lout now flourishes his flail;
The punchy parson waddles from his bed,
Heavy and heated with his last night's ale.
Adieu! adieu!—I must be going,
The dapper village cock is crowing.
Adieu, my little Barbara!

Bar. Adieu!—And should you think upon
The lowly cottage, when you're gone,
Where two old oaks, with ivy decked,
Their branches o'er the roof project,
I pray, good sir, just recollect
That there lives little Barbara.

Sam. And Samson, too, good sir, in smoke and smother;
Barbara's very tender, loving brother.

Boy. [*To Samson.*] Brother, look; the sun aloof
Peeps through the crannies of the roof.
Give us food, good brother, pray;
For we ate nothing yesterday.

Children. Give us food, good brother, pray!
Sam. Oh, fire and faggot! what a squalling!
Bar. Do not chide 'em.
Sam. Stop their bawling!
Hungry stomachs there's no balking:
I wish I could stop their mouths with talking.
But very good meat is (cent per cent)
Dearer than very good argument.

Wil. Adieu! adieu!—I must be going;
The dapper village cock is crowing.
Adieu, my little Barbara! }
Bar. Oh, think on little Barbara! }
Children. Give us food!
Sam. Leave off squalling!
Wil. & Bar. Adieu! adieu!
Sam. Stop their bawling!

Sam. } Adieu! my little Barbara!
Wil. & } Oh, think on little Barbara!
Bar. } You'll think on little Barbara!

[*Exeunt Wilford,* R. D. F., *Samson and two Children,* L., *and the scene closes on Dame Rawbold and two other Children.*

SCENE II.—*An old-fashioned Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge—a table and two chairs.*

Enter PETER, *and several other Servants,* R., *and cross with flagons, tankards, cold meat, &c.*

Enter ADAM WINTERTON, R.

Win. Softly, varlets, softly! See you crack none of the stone flagons. Nay, 'tis plain your own breakfasts be toward, by your scuttling thus. A goodly morning! Why, you giddy-pated knave! [*To Peter,*] is it so you carry a dish of pottery?—No heed of our good master, Sir Edward Mortimer's ware? Fie, Peter Pickbone, fie!

Peter. I am in haste, master steward, to break my fast.

Win. To break thy fast!—To break thy neck, it should seem. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! good, i'faith! Go thy ways, knave! [*Exit Peter,* L.] 'Tis thus the rogues ever have me: I would fain be angry with them, but straight a merry jest passeth across me, and my choler is over. To break thy neck, it should seem! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! 'twas well conceited, by St. Thomas! My table-book for the business of the day. Ah! my memory holds not as it

did—it needs the spur. [*Looking over his book.*] Nine-and-forty years have I been house-steward and butler. It is a long lease. Let me see—my tablets.

[*Looking over them and singing.*

"When birds do carol on the bush,
With a heigh no nonny"—Heigho!

These fatigues of office somewhat wear a man. I have had a long lease on't: I ha' seen out Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James. 'Tis e'en almost time that I should retire, to begin to enjoy myself. [*Looking off,* L.] Eh! by St. Thomas! hither trips the fair mistress Blanch. Of all the waiting-gentlewomen I ever looked on, during the two last reigns, none stirred my fancy like this little rose-bud.

Enter BLANCH, L.

Blanch. A good day, good Adam Winterton.

Win. What, wag! what, tulip!—I never see thee, but I am a score of years the younger.

Blanch. Nay, then; let us not meet often, or you will soon be in your second childhood.

Win. What, you come from your mistress, the Lady Helen, in the forest here; and would speak with Sir Edward Mortimer, I warrant?

Blanch. I would. Is his melancholy worship stirring yet?

Win. Fie, you mad-cap!—He is my master, and your lady's friend.

Blanch. Yes, truly, it seems, her only one, poor lady: he protects her, now she is left an orphan.

Win. A blessing on his heart! I would it were merrier. Well, should they happen to marry, (and I have my fancies on't,) I'll dance a galliard with thee in the hall, on the round oak table. 'Sbud! when I was a youth, I would ha' capered with St. Vitus, and beat him.

Blanch. You are as likely to dance now, as they to marry. What has hindered them, if the parties be agreed? Yet I have, now, been with my mistress these two years, since Sir Edward first came hither, and placed her in the cottage hard by his lodge.

Win. Tush! family reasons. Thou knowest nothing—thou art scarce *catched.* Two years back, when we came

from Kent, and Sir Edward first entered on his office here of head-keeper, thou wert a colt, running wild about New Forest. I hired you myself, to attend on Madam Helen.

Blanch. Nay, I shall never forget it. But you were as frolicsome then as I, methinks. Dost remember the box on the ear I gave thee, Adam?

Win. Peace, peace, you pie!—An' you prate thus, I'll stop your mouth—I will, by St. Thomas!

Blanch. An I be inclined to the contrary, I do not think you are able to stop it.

Win. Tut, you baggage! thou hast more tricks than a kitten. Well, go thy ways; [*Blanch crosses to* R.] Sir Edward is at his study, and there thou wilt find him.—Ah, Mistress Blanch! had you but seen me sixty years ago, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign!

Blanch. How old art thou now, Adam?

Win. Fourscore, come Martlemas; and, by our lady! I can run with a lapwing.

Blanch. Canst thou?—Well said!—Thou art a merry old man, and shalt have a kiss of me, on one condition.

Win. Shall I?—Odsbud! name it, and 'tis mine.

Blanch. Then catch me. [*Runs off*, R.

Win. Pestilence on't!—There was a time when my legs had served: I was a clean-limbed stripling, when I first stood behind Sir Marmaduke's arm-chair in the old oak eating-room. [*Retires up*, L.

Enter Wilford, R.

Wil. Every new act of Sir Edward's charity sets me a thinking; and the more I think, the more I am puzzled. 'Tis strange that a man should be so ill at ease, who is continually doing good! At times, the wild glare of his eye is frightful. I would stake my life there's a secret; and I could almost give my life to unravel it. I must to him for my morning's employment. [*Crosses to* L

Win. Ah, boy! Wilford! secretary! whither away, lad?

Wil. Mr. Winterton!—[*Aside.*] Ay, marry, this good old man has the clue, could I but coax him to give it to me.—[*Aloud.*] A good morning to you, sir.

Win. Yea, and the like to thee, boy! Come, thou shalt have a cup of Canary from my corner cupboard, *yonder.*

Wil. Not a drop!

Win. Troth I bear thee a good will for thy honest, old, dead father's sake.

Wil. I do thankfully perceive it, sir. Your placing me in Sir Edward's family some nine months ago, when my poor father died, and left me friendless, will never out of my memory.

Win. Tut, boy! no merit of mine in assisting the friendless; 'tis our duty. I could never abide to see honest industry chop-fallen; I love to have folks merry about me, to my heart.

Wil. I would you could instil some mirth into our good master, Sir Edward. You are an old domestic, the only one he brought with him, two years back, from Kent; and might venture to give his spirits a jog. He seems devoured with spleen and melancholy.

Win. You are a prying boy—go to! I have told thee, a score of times, I would not have thee curious about our worthy master's humour.

Wil. I should cease to pray, sir, would you but once (as I think you have more than once seemed inclined,) gratify my much-raised curiosity.

Win. What, greenhorn! dost think to trap the old man? Go thy ways, boy! I have a head: old Adam Winterton can sift a subtle speech to the bottom.

Wil. Ah! good sir, you need not tell me that. Young as I am, I can admire that experience in another, which I want myself.

Win. [*Aside.*] There is something marvellously engaging in this young man. Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another.—[*Aloud.*] Well, beware how you offend Sir Edward.

Wil. I would not, willingly, for the world. He has been the kindest master to me; but, whilst my fortunes ripen in the warmth of his goodness, the frozen gloom of his countenance chills me.

Win. Well, well, take heed how you prate on't. Out on these babbling boys! There is no keeping a secret with younkers in a family.

Wil. [*Very eagerly.*] What, then, there is a secret?

Win. Why, how now, hot-head? Mercy on me! an' this tinder-box boy do not make me shake with apprehension! *Is it thus you take my frequent counsel?*

Wil. Dear sir, 'tis your counsel which most I covet: give me but that, admit me to your confidence, steer me with your advice (which I ever held excellent), and, with such a pilot, I may sail prosperously through a current, which, otherwise, might wreck me.

Win. Well, well, I'll think on't, boy.

Wil. [*Aside.*] The old answer; yet he softens apace. Could I but clench him now!—[*Aloud.*] Faith, sir, 'tis a raw morning, and I care not if I taste the Canary your kindness offered.

Win. Aha! lad, say'st thou so? Here's the key of the corner cupboard yonder; see you do not crack the bottle, you heedless goose, you! [*Exit Wilford, L., and returns with bottle and glasses.*] Ha! fill it up. Od! it sparkles curiously. Here's to—I prithee, tell me, now, Wilford, didst ever in thy life see a waiting-gentlewoman with a more inviting eye than the little Mrs. Blanch?

Wil. [*Drinking.*] Here's Mrs. Blanch!

Win. Ah, wag! well, go thy ways! Well, when I was of thy age—'Tis all over, now! But here's little Mrs. Blanch! [*Drinks.*

Wil. 'Tis thought here, Sir Edward means to marry her lady, Madam Helen.

Win. Nay, I know not: she has long been enamoured of him, poor lady! when he was the gay, the gallant Sir Edward, in Kent. Ah, well! two years make a wondrous change!

Wil. Yes, 'tis a good tough love now-a-days that will hold out a couple of twelvemonths.

Win. Away! I mean not so, you giddy pate! He is all honour; yet I wonder sometimes he can bear to look upon her.

Wil. Eh! why so? Did he not bring her, under his protection, to the forest, since, 'tis said, she lost her relations?

Win. Hush, boy!—On your life, do not name her uncle—I would say, her relations!

Wil. Her uncle!—Wherefore?—Where's the harm in having an uncle, dead or alive?

Win. Peace, peace! In that uncle lies the secret.

Wil. Indeed!—How, good Adam Winterton?—I prithee, how? Let us drink Sir Edward's health.

Win. That I would, though 'twere a mile to the bottom. [*Drinking.*] Ha! 'tis cheering, i'faith!

Wil. And this uncle, you say—

Win. Of Madam Helen?—Ah, there lies the mischief!

Wil. What mischief can be in him?—[*Wilford invites Adam to drink again—they do so.*] Why, he is dead.

Win. Come nearer: see you prate not, now, on your life! Our good master, Sir Edward, was arraigned on his account, in open court.

Wil. Arraigned!—How mean you?

Win. Alas! boy, tried—tried for—nearer yet—his murder!

Wil. Mu—mur—murder!

Win. Why, what! why, Wilford!—Out, alas! the boy's passion will betray all! What, Wilford, I say!

Wil. You have curdled my blood!

Win. What, varlet! thou darest not think ill of our worthy master?

Wil. I—I am his secretary; often alone with him, at dead midnight, in his library; the candles in the sockets; and a man glaring upon me who has committed mur—Ugh! [*Crosses to* R.

Win. Committed!—Thou art a base, lying knave to say it! Well, well; hear me, pettish boy, hear me.—Why, look now, thou dost not attend.

Wil. I—I mark—I mark.

Win. I tell thee, then, our good Sir Edward was beloved in Kent, where he had returned, a year before, from his travels. Madam Helen's uncle was hated by all the neighbourhood, rich and poor—a mere brute. Dost mark me?

Wil. Like enough; but when brutes walk upon two legs, the law of the land, thank Heaven! will not suffer us to butcher them.

Win. Go to, you firebrand! Our good master laboured all he could, for many a month, to sooth his turbulence, but in vain. He picked a quarrel with Sir Edward in the public county assembly; nay, the strong ruffian struck him down, and trampled on him. Think on that, Wilford; on our good master, Sir Edward, whose great soul was nigh to burst with the indignity!

Wil. Well, but the end on't?

Win. Why, our young master took horse for his own house, determined, as it appeared, to send a challenge to this white-livered giant in the morning.

Wil. I see: he killed him in a duel.

Win. See, now, how you fly off! Sir Edward's revenge, boy, was baffled; for his antagonist was found dead in the street that night, killed by some unknown assassins on his return from the assembly.

Wil. Indeed!—Unknown assassins!

Win. Nay, 'tis plain our good Sir Edward had no hand in the wicked act; for he was tried, as I told you, at the next assize. Heaven be thanked! he was cleared beyond a shadow of doubt.

Wil. He was? [*Crossing to* L.] I breathe again!—'Twas a happy thing—'twas the only way left of cleansing him from a foul suspicion.

Win. But, alas! lad, 'tis his principal grief; he was once the life of all company, but now—

Sir Edward Mortimer. [*Without*, R.] Winterton!

Win. Hark! some one calls. Out on thee! thou hast sunk my spirits into my heels. [*Looking off*, R.] Who calls merry old Adam Winterton?

Sir Edward. [*Without*, R.] Adam Winterton, come hither to me!

Win. Nay, by our lady, 'tis Sir Edward himself!—Pestilence on't! if I seem sad now 'twill be noted. I come, good Sir Edward! Now, I charge thee, Wilford, do not speak of it for thy life. [*Singing.*] "When birds"—[*To Wilford, speaking.*] Not a word, on thy life! [*Singing.*]—"do carol on the bush,

With a heigh no nonny."

Mercy on me! [*Exit*, R.

Wil. This accounts, then, for all. Poor, unhappy gentleman! This unravels all, from the first day of my service, when a deep groan made me run into the library, and I found him locking up his papers in the iron chest, as pale as ashes. Eh! what can be in that chest? Perhaps some proof of—No, I shudder at the suggestion! 'Tis not possible one so good can be guilty of—I know not what to think, nor what to resolve; but curiosity is roused, and, come what may, I'll have an eye upon him.

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Library—a door,* R. F.—*a book-case,* R. C. —*an iron chest, with a key in it,* L. C.—*a table,* L., *with writing materials, a pistol, &c.*

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER *discovered at the writing-table,* L., ADAM WINTERTON, *attending,* R.

Sir E. 'Tis his first trespass, so we'll quit him, Adam;
But caution him how he offend again.
As keeper of the forest, I should fine him.
Win. Nay, that your worship should: he'll prove ere long,—
Mark but my words—a sturdy poacher. Well,
'Tis you know best.
Sir E. Well, well, no matter, Adam:
He has a wife and child.
Win. Ay, bless your honour!
Sir E. They killed his dog?
Win. Ay, marry, sir, a lurcher;
Black Martin Wincot, the keeper, shot him—
A perilous good aim. I warrant me,
The rogue has lived this year upon that lurcher.
Sir E. Poor wretch! Oh, well bethought: send Walter to me;
I would employ him; he must ride for me
On business of much import.
Win. Lackaday!
That it should chance so! I have sent him forth
To Winchester, to buy me flannel hose,
For winter's coming on. Good lack! that things
Should fall so crossly!
Sir E. Nay, nay, do not fret:
'Tis better that my business cool, good Adam,
Than thy old limbs.
Win. Ah! you've a kindly heart!
Sir E. Is Wilford waiting?
Win. [*Aside.*] Wilford!—Mercy on me!
I tremble, now, to hear his name.—[*Aloud.*] He is;
Here, in the hall, sir.
Sir E. Send him in, I prithee.
Win. I shall, sir. Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you! [*Exit,* R.

Sir E. Good morning, good old heart! [*Rising.*] This honest soul
Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom,
And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,
Smiles in the midst of blast and desolation,
Where all around him withers. Well, well—wither!
Perish this frail and fickle frame! this clay,
That, in its dross-like compound, doth contain
The mind's pure ore and essence! Oh! that mind,
That mind of man! that godlike spring of action!
That source whence learning, virtue, honour, flow!
Which lifts us to the stars—which carries us
O'er the swoll'n waters of the angry deep,
As swallows skim the air!—that fame's sole fountain,
That doth transmit a fair and spotless name,
When the vile trunk is rotten!—Give me that!
Oh! give me but to live in after-age,
Remembered and unsullied! Heaven and earth!
Let my pure flame of honour shine in story,
When I am cold in death, and the slow fire
That wears my vitals now will no more move me,
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument!
[*A knock at the door*, R. F.
How now!—Who's there?—Come in.

Enter WILFORD, R. D. F.

Wilford, is't you? You were not wont to knock.
Wil. I feared I might surprise you, sir.
Sir E. Surprise me!
Wil. I mean, disturb you, sir; yes, at your studies.
Disturb you at your studies.
Sir E. Very strange!
You were not used to be so cautious.
Wil. No,
I never used; but I—hum!—I have learned—
Sir E. Learned!
Wil. Better manners, sir. I was quite raw
When, in your bounty, you first sheltered me;
But, thanks to your great goodness, and the lessons
Of Mr. Winterton, I still improve,
And pick up something daily.
Sir E. Ay, indeed!

Winterton!—[*Aside.*] No, he dare not! [*Stepping up to Wilford.*] Hark you, sir!

Wil. Sir!

Sir E. [*Retreating from him,* L.] What am I about? Oh, Honour! Honour!
Thy pile should be so uniform, displace
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble
For his whole building! Reach me from the shelf
The volume I was busied in last night.

Wil. Last night, sir?

Sir E. Ay; it treats of Alexander.

Wil. Oh, I remember, sir—of Macedon.
I made some extracts by your order.
[*Goes to the book-case,* R. C.

Sir E. Books
(My only commerce now,) will sometimes rouse me
Beyond my nature. I have been so warmed,
So heated by a well-turned rhapsody,
That I have seemed the hero of the tale,
So glowingly described. Draw me a man
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory, in polished phrase,
And I can follow him through every turn,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me, to ponder on the thing I am! [*Crosses to* R.

Wil. [*Coming down,* L., *and giving him the book.*] To my poor thinking, sir, this Alexander
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

Sir E. Indeed?—Why so, lad? He is reckoned brave,
Wise, generous, learned, by older heads than thine.

Wil. I cannot tell, sir; I have but a gleaning.
He conquered all the world, but left unconquered
A world of his own passions; and they led him
(It seems so there), on petty provocation,
Even to murder.

[*Mortimer starts—Wilford and he exchange looks—both confused.*

[*Aside.*] I have touched the string!
'Twas unawares—I cannot help it.

Sir E. [*Attempting to recover himself.*] Wilford,—
Wilford, I—You mistake the character.
I—mark you—he—Death and eternal tortures!
[*Dashes the book on the floor, and seizes Wilford.*
Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame,
That no vile particle of prying nature
May—[*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha! ha! ha! I will not harm thee, boy!
Oh, agony! [*Exit,* R. D. F.

Wil. Is this the high-flown honour, and delicate feeling, old Winterton talked of, that cannot bear a glance at the trial? This may be guilt. If so—Well, what have I to do with the knowledge on't?—What could I do?—Cut off my benefactor, who gives me bread,—who is respected for his virtues, pitied for his misfortunes, loved by his family, blessed by the poor! Pooh! he is innocent. This is his pride and shame. He was acquitted: thousands witnessed it—thousands rejoiced at it—thousands—Eh! the key left in the iron chest! Circumstance and mystery tempt me at every turn. Ought I? No matter: these are no common incitements, and I submit to the impulse. I heard him stride down the stairs. It opens with a spring, I see. I tremble in every joint!
[*Goes to the chest,* L. C.

Re-enter Sir Edward Mortimer, R. D. F.

Sir E. I had forgot the key, and—[*Seeing Wilford at the chest.*] Ha! by hell!
[*Snatches a pistol from the table,* L., *runs up to him, and holds it to his head—Wilford, on his knees, claps down the lid of the trunk, which he has just opened—after an apparent struggle of mind, Mortimer throws the pistol from him.*

Begone! [*Wilford crosses to* R.] Come back—come hither to me!
Mark me,—I see thou dost at every turn,
And I have noted thee, too. Thou hast found
(I know not how) some clue to my disgrace—
Ay, my disgrace!—We must not mince it now.
Public dishonour! trod on! buffeted!
Then tried, as the foul demon who had foiled

My manly means of vengeance! Anguish gnaws me;
Mountains of shame are piled upon me,—me,
Who have made fame my idol! 'Twas enough,
But something must be superadded. You—
A worm, a viper I have warmed, must plant,
In venomed sport, your sting into my wounds,
Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch,
And work me into madness! Thou wouldst question
My very—(slave!)—my very innocence,
Ne'er doubted yet by judges nor arraigners.
Wretch! you have wrung this from me; be content:
I am sunk low enough. [*Retires up.*

Wil. [*Returning the key.*] Oh! sir! I ever
Honoured and loved you; but I merit all:
My passions hurried me, I know not whither. [*Kneels.*
Do with me as you please, my kind, wronged master!
Discard me—thrust me forth—nay, kill me!

Sir E. Kill you!

Wil. I know not what I say; I know but this,
That I would die to serve you!

Enter GREGORY, R. D. F.

Gre. Sir, your brother
Is just alighted at the gate.

Sir E. My brother!
He could not time it worse. Wilford, remember!
Come, show me to him.

[*Exit,* R. D. F., *followed by Gregory.*

Wil. Remember!—I shall never, while I live, forget it; nay, I shall never, while I live, forgive myself! My knees knock together still, and the cold drops stand on my forehead, like rain-water on a pent-house.

Enter BARBARA, L.

Bar. Oh, dear! what would any of the servants say if they should see me? Wilford!

Wil. Eh! Barbara!—How camest thou here?

Bar. With my father, who waits below to see Sir Edward.

Wil. He—he is busied; he cannot see him now; he is with his brother.

Bar. Troth, I am sorry for it. My poor father's heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain ease it, by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor. Oh, Wilford! yours is a happy lot, to have such a master as Sir Edward!

Wil. Happy? Oh, yes—I—I am very happy.

Bar. Mercy! has any ill befallen you?

Wil. No, nothing.

Bar. Nay, I'm sure there's more in this. Bless me! you look pale. I couldn't bear to see you ill or uneasy, Wilford.

Wil. Couldn't you, Barbara? Well, well, I shall be better presently; 'tis nothing of import.

Bar. Trust me, I hope not.

Wil. Well, question me no more on't now, I beseech you, Barbara.

Bar. Believe me, I would not question you but to console you, Wilford. I would scorn to pry into any one's grief, much more yours, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity; though I am told there are such in the world who would.

Wil. I—I am afraid there are, Barbara. But come, no more of this; 'tis a passing cloud on my spirits, and will soon blow over.

Bar. Ah! could I govern your fortunes, foul weather should ne'er harm you.

Wil. Should not it, sweet? Kiss me. [*Kissing her.*] The lips of a woman are a sovereign cordial for melancholy.

DUETT.—Wilford and Barbara.

Wil. Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing,
Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove.
Bar. Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,
When little Barbara is met by her love.
Wil. When I am grieved, love, oh! what would you say?
Bar. Tattle to you, love,
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.
Wil. Sweet little Barbara, &c.
Bar. Poor little Barbara, &c.
Wil. Yet, dearest Barbara, look all through the nation,
Care, soon or late, my love, is every man's lot.
Bar. Sorrow and melancholy, grief and vexation,
When we are young and jolly, soon is forgot.

Wil. When we grow old, love, then what will you say?
Bar. Tattle to you, love,
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.
Wil. Sweet little Barbara, &c.
Bar. Poor little Barbara, &c.

Exeunt Barbara, L., *Wilford*, R. D. F.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The New Forest.*

Enter ARMSTRONG *and* ORSON, R., *from the top through cut wood.*

Arm. (C.) Go to!—I tell thee, Orson (as I have told thee more than once), thou art too sanguinary.

Ors. (L.) And I tell you, Captain Armstrong—but always under favour, you being our leader—you are too humane.

Arm. Humanity is scarcely counted a fault; if so, 'tis a fault on the right side.

Ors. Umph!—Perhaps not with us: we are robbers.

Arm. And why should robbers lack humanity? They who plunder most respect it as a virtue, and make a show on't to gild their vices. Lawyers, physicians, placemen, all—all plunder and slay, but all pretend to humanity.

Ors. They are regulars, and plunder by license.

Arm. Then let us quacks set the regulars a better example.

Ors. This humanity, captain, is a high horse you are ever bestride upon: some day, mark my word, he'll fling you.

Arm. Cruelty is a more dangerous beast. When the rider is thrown, his brains are kicked out, and no one pities him.

Ors. Like enough; but your tough horseman, who ventures boldly, is never dismounted. When I am engaged in a desperate chase (as we are, captain), I stick at nothing. I hate milk-sops.

Arm. And love mutiny. Take heed, Orson; I have before cautioned you not to glance at me.

Ors. I say nothing; but if some escape to inform against us, whom we have robbed, 'tis none of my fault. Dead men tell no tales.

Arm. Wretch! [*Holding a carbine to his head.*] Speak that again, and you shall tell none!

Ors. Flash away! I don't fear death.

Arm. More shame for thee; for thou art unfit to meet it!

Ors. I know my trade: I set powder, ball, and rope, at defiance.

Arm. Brute! you mistake headstrong insensibility for courage. Do not mistake my horror of it for cowardice; for I, who shudder at cruelty, will fell your boldness to the earth when I see you practice it. Submit!

Ors. I do. But my courage was never yet doubted, captain.

Arm. Your nerves, fool! Thou art a mere machine: could I but give it motion, I would take an oak from the forest here, clap a flint into it for a heart, and make as bold a fellow as thou art. Listen to my orders.

Ors. I obey.

Arm. Get thee to our den; [*Orson crosses to* R.] put on thy disguise; then hie thee to the market-town, for provision for our company. Here—here is part of the spoil we took yesternight; [*Giving money.*] see you bring an honest account of what you lay out.

Ors. My honour!

Arm. Well, I do not doubt thee, here. Our profession is singular—its followers do not cheat one another. You will not be back till dusk; see you fall not on any poor straggling peasant as you return.

Ors. I would fain encounter the solitary man, who is sometimes wandering by night about the forest;—he is rich.

Arm. Not for your life! 'Tis Sir Edward Mortimer, the head keeper. Touch him not—'tis too near home: besides, he is no object for plunder. He is good to the poor, and should walk unmolested by charity's charter.—'Twere pity that he who administers to necessity all day, should be rifled by necessity at night. An' thou shouldst meet him, I charge thee spare him.

Ors. I must, if it be your order. The profession will soon tumble into decay, when thieves grow tender-hearted. When a man drives the trade of a wolf, he should not go to his business like a lamb. [*Exit*, R.

Arm. This fellow is downright villain, hardened and relentless. I have felt, in my penury, the world trample on me; it has driven me to take that, desperately, which wanting I should starve. Death! my spirit cannot brook to see a sleek knave walk negligently by his fellow in misery, and suffer him to rot. I will wrench that comfort from him which he will not bestow. But nature puts a bar: let him administer to my wants, and pass on; I have done with him!

SONG.—ARMSTRONG.

When the robber his victim has noted,
  When the freebooter darts on his prey,
Let Humanity spare the devoted,—
  Let Mercy forbid him to slay.

Since my hope is by penury blighted,
  My sword must the traveller daunt;
I will snatch from the rich man, benighted,
  The gold he denies to my want.

But the victim when once I have noted,
  At my foot when I look on my prey,
Let Humanity spare the devoted,—
  Let Mercy forbid me to slay!

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.*

Enter FITZHARDING, L.

Fitz. Well, business must be minded; but he stays
A tedious time, methinks.

Enter GREGORY, R., *and crosses to* L.

You, fellow!
Gre. Sir!
Fitz. Where is Sir Tristful? where's Don Melancholy?
Gre. Who, sir?
Fitz. My brother, knave—Sir Edward Mortimer.
Gre. He was with you but now, sir.
Fitz. Sir, I thank you.
That's information! Louts, and serving-men,
Can never parley straight. Who brought in my luggage?

Gre. It was not I, sir.
Fitz. There—they never can!
Go to your master; pray him to despatch
His household work; tell him, I hate fat folios.
Plague! when I cross the country, here, to see him,
He leaves me, rammed into an elbow chair,
With a huge heavy book, that makes me nod,
Then tumbles on my toes! Tell him—dost hear?
Captain Fitzharding's company has tired me.
Gre. Whose company?
Fitz. My own, knave.
Gre. Sir, I shall. [*Exit*, R.
Fitz. A book to me's a sovereign narcotic,
A lump of opium—every line a dose.
Edward is all deep reading. Poor fellow!
Grief will do much. Well, some it drives to reading,
And some to drinking. Plague upon't! this house
Appears the very cave of melancholy!
Nay, hold, I lie!—Here comes a petticoat.

Enter BLANCH, R., *and crosses to* L.

Od! a rare wench! This is the best edition
In Edward's whole collection. Here, come hither:
Let me peruse you.
Blanch. Would you speak to me, sir?
Fitz. Ay, child. I'm going now to read you.
Blanch. Read me!
You'll find me full of errors, sir.
Fitz. No matter.
Come nearer, child; I cannot see to read
At such a distance.
Blanch. You had better, sir,
Put on your spectacles.
Fitz. [*Aside.*] Ay, there she has me!
A plague upon old Time!—Old Scythe and Hourglass
Has set his mark upon me!—[*Aloud.*] Hark ye, child:
You do not know me; you and I must have
Better acquaintance.
Blanch. Oh, I've heard of you:
You are Sir Edward's kinsman, sir—his brother.
Fitz. Ay, his half-brother, by the mother's side;
His elder brother.

Blanch. Yes, sir, I see that.
Fitz. [*Aside.*] This gipsy's tongue is like her eye—I know not
Which is the sharpest.—[*Aloud.*] Tell me what's your name.
Blanch. My name is Blanch, sir; born here in the forest.
Fitz. 'Sbud! I must be a keeper in this forest.
Whither art going, sweet one?
Blanch. Home, sir.
Fitz. Home!
Why, is not this thy home?
Blanch. No, sir. I live
Some half mile hence, with Madam Helen, sir.
I brought a letter from her to Sir Edward.
Fitz. Odso! with Helen? So, with her! the object
Of my grave brother's groaning passion! Plague!
I would 'twere in the house. I do not like
Your pastoral rheumatic assignations,
Under an elm, by moonlight! This will end
In flannels and sciatica. My passion
Is not Arcadian. Tell me, pretty one,
Shall I walk with you home?
Blanch. No, sir, I thank you;
It would fatigue you sadly.
Fitz. Fatigue me!
[*Aside.*] Oons! this wild forest filly here would make me
Grandfather to Methusaleh!—[*Aloud.*] Look here,
Here is a purse of money.
Blanch. Oh, the father!
What, will you give me any?
Fitz. [*Aside.*] Gold I find
The universal key—the *passe par tout:*
It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,
As easy as a politician's.—[*Aloud.*] Here,—
Here are two pieces, rose-bud; buy a top-knot—
Make thyself happy with them.
Blanch. That I will.
The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,
Lies sick in bed: I'll take her this, poor soul!
To comfort her.
Fitz. Hold!—Hey, the devil! hold!

This was not meant to comfort an old woman.
Blanch. Why, wouldn't you relieve her, sir?
Fitz. Um!—Yes;
But—Psha! pooh!—Pr'ythee—there's a time for all things:
Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool?
Of comforting the aged now?
Blanch. I thought
That you might have a fellow-feeling, sir.
Fitz. This little rural devil's laughing at me!
Oons! come and kiss me, jade!—I am a soldier,
And justice of the peace,
Blanch. Then shame upon you!
Your double calling might have taught you better.
I see your drift now. Take your dirt again,
[*Throws down the money,* R.
Good Captain Justice, stoop for it! and think
How an old soldier and a justice looks,
When he is picking up the bribes he offers
To injure those he should protect! [*Exit,* L.
Fitz. I warrant me,
Could I but see my face now in a glass,
That I look wondrous sheepish. I'm ashamed
To pick up the two pieces. Let them lie.
I would not wrong the innocent: good reason,—
There be so few that are so. She is honest:
I must make reparation. Odso! Wilford!

Enter WILFORD, L.

How fares it, boy?
Wil. I thank you, sir. I hope you have enjoyed
Your health, these three months past, since last you honoured us
With your good presence at the lodge.
Fitz. Indifferent;
Some cramps and shooting pains, boy,—I have dropped
Some cash here, but I am afraid to bend
To pick it up again, lest it should give me
An awkward twinge. Stoop for it, honest Wilford,
There's a good lad.
Wil. Right willingly, sir.
[*Crosses to* R., *and picks up the money.*

Fitz. So!
The soldier and the justice save their blushes!
Now carry it, I pr'ythee, at your leisure,
To an old gossip near the lodge here—northward,
I've heard of her; she's bed-ridden and sick.
You need not say who sent you.
Wil. I conceive.
'Tis private bounty; that's true charity.
Fitz. Nay, pish!—My charity!
Wil. Nay, I could swear
'Tis not the first time you have offered this
In secret.
Fitz. Um!—Why, no, not quite the first.
But tell me, lad, how jogs the world here, eh?
In Rueful Castle? Harkye, Wilford, harkye:
Thou'rt a sly rogue! What! you could never tell me
Of Helen's waiting-maid—the little cherry;
Of—Plague upon her name! Of—
Wil. Blanch, sir?
Fitz. Blanch;
That's she—the forest fairy. You and I
Must have some talk about her. Come hither.
[*They retire up*, L.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, R.

Sir E. Now for my brother, and—Ha! Wilford with him!
That imp is made my scourge. They whisper, too.
Wilford!
Wil. Who calls?—Eh! 'tis Sir Edward!
Fitz. Mum!
Sir E. I seem to interrupt you.
Wil. [*Earnestly.*] No, indeed,—
No, on my life, sir. We were only talking
Of—
Fitz. Hold your tongue! Oons, boy! you must not tell.
Sir E. Not!
Fitz. Not!—No, to be sure. Why, 'tis a secret.
Wil. You shall know all, sir. 'Twas a trifle—nothing;
In faith, you shall know all.
Fitz. In faith, you lie! [*Crosses to Sir Edward.*

Be satisfied, good Edward: 'tis a toy;
But, of all men, I would not have thee know on't;
It is a tender subject.
Sir E. (R.) Ay, indeed!
Fitz. (C.) May not I have my secret? Oons! good brother,
What would you say, now, should a meddling knave
Busy his brains with matters, though but trivial,
Which concern you alone?
Sir E. I'd have him rot,—
Die piecemeal—pine—moulder in misery!
Agent and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,
When castigating plagues are hurled on man,
Stands lean and lynx-eyed Curiosity,
Watching his neighbour's soul; sleepless himself,
To banish sleep from others. Like a leech,
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,
He gorges on't; then renders up his food
To nourish Calumny, his foul-lunged mate,
Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose breath,
Infecting the wide surface of the world,
Strikes pestilence and blight! Oh, fie on't! fie!
Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole,
Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,
A victim, making victims!
Fitz. By the mass,
'Twere a sound whipping that, from pole to pole!
From constable to constable might serve.
Sir E. Your pardon, brother;
I had forgot. Wilford, I've business for you:
Wait for me—ay—an hour after dinner,
Wait for me in the library,
Wil. [*Aside.*] The library!
I sicken at the sound!—[*Aloud.*] Wait there for you—and—
Captain Fitzharding, sir?
Sir E. For me alone.
Wil. Alone, sir?
Sir E. Yes.—Begone!
Wil. I shall, sir. [*Aside to Sir Edward*, R.] But
If I have ever breathed a syllable
That might displease you, may—

Sir E. Fool! breathe no more!
Wil. I'm dumb.
[*Aside.*] I'd rather step into a lion's den,
Than meet him in the library!—[*Aloud.*] I go, sir.
[*Exit*, R.
Fitz. Brother, you are too harsh with that poor boy.
Sir E. Brother, a man must rule his family
In his own way.
Fitz. Well, well, well; don't be touchy.
I speak not to offend; I only speak
On a friend's privilege. The poor are men,
And have their feelings, brother.
Sir E. So have I.
Fitz. One of the best that we can show, believe me,
Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks,
And that is galling in itself enough;
We should not goad them under it.
Sir E. Brother, your hand. You have a gentle nature:
May no mischance e'er ruffle it, my brother!
I've known thee from my infancy, old soldier;
And never did I know—I do not flatter—
A heart more stout, more cased with hardy manhood,
More full of milk within. Trust me, dear friend,
If admiration of thy charity
May argue charity in the admirer,
I am not destitute.
Fitz. You!—I have seen you
Sometimes o'erflow with it.
Sir E. And what avails it?
Honour has been my theme—good-will to man
My study. I have laboured for a name
As white as mountain snow, dazzling and speckless.
Shame on't! 'tis blurred with blots! Fate, like a mildew,
Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,
And all my crop is weeds!
Fitz. Why, how now, brother?
This is all spleen. You mope yourself too much
In this dull forest here. Come, come, rouse you, man!
I came on purpose, thirty miles from home,
To jog your spirits. Pr'ythee, now, be gay;
And, pr'ythee, too, be kind to my young favourite—
To Wilford there.

Sir E. Well, well; I hope I have been.
Fitz. No doubt, in actions; but in words and looks.
A rugged look's a damper to a greenhorn.
I watched him now, when you frowned angrily,
And he betrayed—
Sir E. Betrayed!
Fitz. Ten thousand fears.
Sir E. Oh!
Fitz. The poor devil couldn't have shown more scared
Had you e'en held a pistol to his head.
[*Sir Edward starts.*
Why, hey-day! what's the matter?
Sir E. Brother,
Question me not; my nerves are aspen-like,
The slightest breath will shake 'em. [*Crossing to* R.]
Come, good brother.
Fitz. You'll promise to be gay?
Sir E. I'll do my best.
Fitz. Why, that's well said; a man can do no more.
Od! I believe my rattling talk has given you
A stir already.
Sir E. That it has, indeed.
Come, brother.

SCENE III.—*Helen's Cottage.*

Enter HELEN *and* SAMSON, L.

Hel. Are you he that wish to enter in my service?
Sam. Yes, so please you, Madam Helen, for want of a better.
Hel. Why, I have seen you in the forest, at Rawbold's cottage. He is your father, as I think.
Sam. Yes, so please you, madam, for want of a better.
Hel. I fear me, you may well say that. Your father, as I have heard, bears an ill name in the forest.
Sam. Alas! madam, he is obliged to bear it—for want of a better. We are all famished, madam; and the naked and hungry have seldom many friends to speak well of them.
Hel. If I should hire thee, who will give thee a character?
Sam. My father, madam.

Hel. Why, sirrah, he has none of his own.

Sam. The more fatherly in him, madam, to give his son what he has need of for himself. But a knave is often applied to, to vouch for a good servant's honesty. I will serve you as faithfully as your last footman, who, I have heard, ran away this morning.

Hel. Truly, he did so.

Sam. I was told on't some half hour ago, and ran, hungrily, hither, to offer myself. So, please you, let not poverty stand in the way of my preferment.

Hel. Should I entertain you, what could you do to make yourself useful?

Sam. Anything: I can wire hares, snare partridges, shoot a buck, and smuggle brandy for you, madam.

Hel. Fie on you, knave! 'Twere fitter to turn you over to the verderors of the forest for punishment, than to encourage you in such practices.

Sam. I would practice anything better that might get me bread. I would scrape trenchers, fill buckets, and carry a message. What can a man do? He can't starve.

Hel. Well, sirrah, to snatch thee from evil, I care not if I make a trial of thee.

Sam. No! will you?

Hel. Nineteen in twenty might question my prudence for this; but whatever loss I may suffer from thy roguery, the thought of having opened a path to lead a needy wanderer back to virtue, will more than repay me.

Sam. Oh, bless you, lady! If I do not prove virtuous, never trust in man more! [*Kneeling.*] I am overjoyed!

Hel. Get thee to the kitchen; you will find a livery there will suit you.

Sam. [*Rising.*] A livery!—Oh, the father!—Virtuous and a livery, all in a few seconds! Heaven bless you!

Hel. Well, get you to your work.

Sam. I go, madam. If I break anything to-day, beseech you let it go for nothing; for joy makes my hand tremble. Should you want me, please to cry Samson, and I am with you in a twinkling. Heaven bless you! Here's fortune! [*Exit,* L.

Hel. Blanch stays a tedious time. Heaven send Mortimer's health be not worse! He is sadly altered since we came to the forest. I dreamed last night of the fire

he saved me from; and I saw him, all fresh, in manly bloom, bearing me through the flames, even as it once happened.

Enter Blanch, L.

How now, wench? You have almost tired my patience.

Blanch. And my own legs, madam. If the old footman had not made so much use of his, by running away, they might have spared mine.

Hel. Inform me of Sir Edward Mortimer.
Hast seen him?

Blanch. Yes, I have, madam.

Hel. Say—tell me,
How looked he?—How's his health?—Is he in spirits?
What said he, Blanch?—Will he be here to-day?

Blanch. A little breath, madam, and I will answer all duly.

Hel. Oh, fie upon thee, wench!
These interrogatories should be answered
Quicker than breath can utter them.

Blanch. That's impossible, lady.

Hel. Thou wouldst not say so, hadst thou ever loved.
Love has a fleeter messenger than speech
To tell love's meaning; his expresses post
Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue
Can shape them into words. A lover's look
Is his heart's Mercury. Oh! the eye's eloquence,
Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice,
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash,—
The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it!

Blanch. I am not skilled in eye-talking, madam. I have been used to let my discourse ride upon my tongue; and I have been told, 'twill trot at a good round pace upon occasion.

Hel. Then let it gallop now, beseech you, wench,
And bring me news of Mortimer.

Blanch. Then, madam, I saw Sir Edward in his library, and delivered your letter. He will be here, either in the evening, or on the morrow—'tis uncertain which; for his brother, Captain Fitzharding, is arrived on a visit to him. But Sir Edward's letter may chance to specify further particulars.

Hel. His letter!—has he written? Fie upon thee!
Why didst not give it me at once?—Where is it?
Thou art turned dreamer, wench! Come—quickly!

Blanch. You talked to me so much of reading eyes, madam, that I e'en forgot the letter. Here it is.

[*Gives it.*

Hel. Come to me shortly in my cabinet;
I'll read it there. I am almost unfit
To open it: I ne'er receive his letters,
But my hand trembles. Well, I know 'tis silly,
And yet I cannot help it. I will ring,
Then come to me, good Blanch—not yet. My Mortimer!
Now for your letter. [*Exit,* R.

Blanch. I would they were wedded once, and all this trembling would be over. I am told your married lady's feelings are little roused in reading letters from a husband.

Re-enter SAMSON, L., *dressed in a livery.*

Sam. This sudden turn of fortune might puff some men up with pride. I have looked in the glass already; and if ever man looked braver in a glass than I, I know nothing of finery.

Blanch. Hey-day! who have we here?

Sam. Oh, lord! this is the maid—I mean, the waiting-woman. I warrant we shall be rare company in a long winter's evening.

Blanch. Why, who are you?

Sam. I'm your fellow-servant—the new-comer.—The last footman cast his skin in the pantry this morning, and I have crept into it.

Blanch. Why, sure, it cannot be! Now I look upon you again, you are Samson Rawbold, old Rawbold's son, of the forest here.

Sam. The same. I am not like some upstarts: when I am prosperous, I do not turn my back on my poor relations.

Blanch. What, has my lady hired thee?

Sam. She has taken me, like a pad nag, upon trial.

Blanch. I suspect you will play her a jade's trick, and stumble in your probation. You have been caught tripping ere now.

Sam. An' I do not give content,' 'tis none of my fault.

A man's qualities cannot come out all at once. I wish you would teach me a little how to lay a cloth.

Blanch. You are well qualified for your office, truly, not to know that.

Sam. To say truth, we had little practice that way at home. We stood not upon forms; we had sometimes no cloth for a dinner—

Blanch. And sometimes no dinner for a cloth.

Sam. Just so. We had little order in our family.

Blanch. Well, I will instruct you.

Sam. That's kind. I will be grateful. They tell me I have learned nothing but wickedness yet; but I will instruct you in anything I know, in return.

Blanch. There, I have no mind to become your scholar. But be steady in your service, and you may outlive your beggary, and grow into respect. [*Exit*, R.

Sam. Nay, an' riches rain upon me, respect will grow, of course. I never knew a rich man yet who wanted followers to pull off their caps to him.

SONG.—SAMSON.

A traveller stopped at a widow's gate;
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,
  But the landlady slighted her guest.
For when Nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded the traveller's face,
  As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose and the hump at his back,
  (A hump isn't handsome, no doubt);
And, though 'tis confessed that the prejudice goes
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
  Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid,
  And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
The money immediately altered the case;
They were charmed with his hump, and his snout, and his face,
  Though he still might have frightened the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
Then flopped on his horse at the door like a sack;
  While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried, "Sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
  Will stop at the widow's to drink."

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE IV.—*The Library as before.*

WILFORD *discovered.*

Wil. I would Sir Edward were come. The dread of a fearful encounter is often as terrible as the encounter itself. Eh! he's coming! No! The old wainscot cracks, and frightens me out of my wits; and I verily believe, the great folio dropped on my head just now from the shelf, on purpose to increase my terrors.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, R. *door, which he locks after him—Wilford turns round on hearing him shut it.*

[*Aside,* L. C.] What's that? 'Tis he himself!—Mercy on me! he has locked the door! What is going to become of me!

Sir E. Wilford, is no one in the picture-gallery?

Wil. No—not a soul, sir—not a human soul;
None within hearing, if I were to bawl
Ever so loud.

Sir E. [*Pointing to* L.] Lock yonder door.

Wil. The door, sir!

Sir E. [*Sitting,* R. C.] Do as I bid you.

Wil. What, sir, lock— [*Mortimer waves his hand.*
I shall, sir. [*Goes to the door,* L., *and locks it.*
His face has little anger in it, neither;
'Tis rather marked with sorrow and distress.

Sir E. Wilford, approach me. What am I to say
For aiming at your life? Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?

Wil. I!—Oh, sir—

Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!

Wil. Indeed, indeed, sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equals' love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you; and I—I owe you all—
I am most bound to bless you!

Sir E. Mark me, Wilford.
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;

I feel, to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial,
Which the remunerating angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven.
I feel this—I! How must my nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
In human blood? And yet, it seems, this day
I sought your life. Oh, I have suffered madness!
None know my tortures—pangs; but I can end them,—
End them as far as appertains to thee.
I have resolved it: hell-born struggles tear me;
But I have pondered on't, and I must trust thee.

Wil. Your confidence shall not be—

Sir E. You must swear.

Wil. Swear, sir! Will nothing but an oath, then—

Sir E. [*Rising and seizing Wilford's arm.*] Listen:
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret! May your body turn
Most lazar-like and loathsome, and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,
Who strangle babes for very wantonness,
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth;
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days; while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!

Wil. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me.

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee; swear thou hopest it,
By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betray'st me!

Wil. [*Hesitating.*] Well—I—

Sir E. No retreating.

Wil. [*After a pause.*] I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine or human, never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret—yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford, that—Damnation!
Wil. Dearest sir,
Collect yourself; this shakes you horribly.
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.
Sir E. There it is. Her uncle—
Wil. Her uncle!
Sir E. Him. She knows it not—none know it:
You are the first ordained to hear me say,
I am—his murderer!
Wil. Oh, Heaven!
Sir E. His assassin!
Wil. What! you that—mur—the murder—I am choked!
Sir E. Honour—thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar
Sit war and homicide, oh! to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! By Heaven!
In the world's range there does not breathe a man,
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stained me!—Oh, death and shame! the world looked on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street.
I stabbed him to the heart; and my oppressor
Rolled lifeless at my foot! [*Crosses to* L.
Wil. Oh, mercy on me!
How could this deed be covered?
Sir E. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,

And my opponent's death thus linked with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import and communication.
We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appeared, to urge it on:
'Twas meant to clear my fame. How clear it, then?
How cover it? you say. Why, by a lie—
Guilt's offspring and its guard! I taught this breast,
Which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie—
This tongue to utter it; rounded a tale,
Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted, that the o'er-thronged court
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finished.
The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
Bore me in triumph home. Ay, look upon me!
I know thy sight aches at me.

Wil. Heaven forgive me!
It may be wrong: indeed, I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity—
I ask no consolation! Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity? Love of fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me thus
To quash the curious mischief in its birth:
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder—lying;—'twould again!
My honesty—sweet peace of mind—all, all
Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it!
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead in the church-yard! Boy, I would not kill thee:
Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger;
To check them, there was no way left but this,
Save one—your death. You shall not be my victim,

Wil. My death!—What! take my life—my life, to prop

'his empty honour!
Sir E. Empty!—Grovelling fool!
Wil. I am your servant, sir; child of your bounty,
.nd know my obligation. I have been
'oo curious, haply—'tis the fault of youth;
ne'er meant injury. If it would serve you,
would lay down my life—I'd give it freely.
ould you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
'ou could not—should not.
Sir E. How!
Wil. You dare not.
Sir E. Dare not!
Wil. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you;
.eflection interposed, and held your arm.
ut, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
ly innocence would give me strength to struggle,
.nd wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
[ow would you look to find a peasant boy
.eturn the knife you levelled at his heart,
.nd ask you which in heaven would show the best—
. rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?
Sir E. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To spare it,
have endangered mine. But dread my power;
'ou know not its extent. Be warned in time;
'rifle not with my feelings. Listen, sir:
[yriads of engines, which my secret working
an rouse to action, now encircle you.
'our ruin hangs upon a thread; provoke me,
.nd it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
'he slightest movement to awake my fears,
.nd the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,
eft on the heath to blister in the sun,
'ill lingering death shall end his agony,
ompared to thee, shall seem more enviable
'han cherubs to the damned!
Wil. Oh, misery!
'iscard me, sir; I must be hateful to you.
anish me hence: I will be mute as death;
ut let me quit your service.
Sir E. Never! Fool!
'o buy this secret you have sold yourself.

Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your breath,
From this time forth, are fettered to my will.
You have said, truly, you are hateful to me;
Yet you shall feel my bounty: that shall flow,
And swell your fortunes; but my inmost soul
Will yearn with loathing when—[*A knock*, R. D. F.] Hark! some one knocks.
Open the door. [*Wilford opens the door*, R. F.

Enter Adam Winterton.

How now, Winterton? [*Crosses to him.*
Did you knock more than once? Speak—did you listen?
I mean, good Adam, did you wait—ay, wait
Long at the door here?

Win. Bless your honour, no:
You are too good to let the old man wait.

Sir E. What, then, our talk here—Wilford's, here, and mine,
Did not detain you at the door?—Ha! did it?

Win. Not half a second.

Sir E. Oh!—Well, what's the matter?

Win. Captain Fitzharding, sir, entreats your company.
I've placed another flagon on the table;
Your worship knows it—number thirty-five;
The supernaculum.

Sir E. Well, well, I come.
What, has he been alone?

Win. No; I've been with him.
Od! he's a merry man, and does so jest!
He calls me first of men, 'cause my name's Adam.
Well, 'tis exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas!

Sir E. Come, Adam, I'll attend the captain. Wilford,
What I have just now given you in charge,
Be sure to keep fast locked. I shall be angry—
Be very angry, if I find you careless.
Come, Adam. [*Exit*, R. D. F., *followed by Winterton.*

Wil. This house is no house for me: fly I will, I am resolved; but whither? His threats strike terror into me; and were I to reach the pole, I doubt whether I should elude his grasp. But to live here a slave—slave to his fears, his jealousies! Night is coming on: darkness be my friend! for I will forth instantly. The thought

of my innocence will cheer me, as I wander through the gloom. Oh! when guilty Ambition writhes upon its couch, why should barefoot Integrity repine, though its sweet sleep be canopied with a ragged hovel. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE V.—*The Inside of an Abbey, in ruins—part of it converted into a habitation for Robbers—various entrances to their apartment, through the broken arches of the building, &c.—Nearly dark.*

Enter JUDITH *and a* BOY, L.

Jud. Well, sirrah, have you been upon the scout? Are any of our gang returning?

Boy. No, Judith, not a soul.

Jud. The rogues tarry thus to fret me.

Boy. Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves: they never come punctual to their meals.

Jud. No tidings of Orson yet from the market-town?

Boy. I have seen nothing of him.

Jud. Brat! thou dost never bring me good news.

Boy. Judith, you are ever so cross with me!

Jud. That wretch, Orson, slights my love of late!—Hence, you hemp-seed, hence! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch; 'tis all you are good for.

Boy. You know I am but young yet, Judith; but, with good instructions, I may be a robber in time.

Jud. Away, you imp! you will never reach such preferment. [*A whistle without*, R.] So, I hear some of our party. [*The whistle again—the Boy puts his fingers in his mouth, and whistles in answer.*] Why must you keep your noise, sirrah?

Boy. Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall never come to good if you check me so. [*Looking off*, R. U. E.] Huzza! here come three!

Enter THREE ROBBERS *through the broken arches*, R. U. E.

Jud. So! you have found your road at last. A murrain light upon you!—Is it thus you keep your hours?

1*st Rob.* What, hag! ever at this trade—ever grumbling?

Jud. I have reason: I toil to no credit; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table for your return, and no one returns in due time to notice my industry. Your meat is scorched to cinders. Rogues! would it were poison for you!

1*st Rob.* [*Aside.*] What a devil in petticoats is this!—I never knew a woman turn to mischief that she did not undo a man clean.

Jud. (C.) Did any of you meet Orson on your way?

1*st Rob.* (L. C.) Ay, there the hand points. When that fellow is abroad, you are more savage than customary; and that is needless.

2*d Rob.* (L.) None of our comrades come yet?—They will be finely soaked.

1*st Rob.* Ay, the rain pours like a spout upon the ruins of the old abbey-wall here.

Jud. I'm glad on't: may it drench them, and breed agues!—'Twill teach them to keep time.

1*st Rob.* Peace, thou abominable railer! A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation. Peace, devil! or I'll make thee repent!

Jud. You!—'Tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

1*st Rob.* What! you will set Orson, your champion, upon me?

Jud. Coward! he should not disgrace himself by chastising thee.

1*st Rob.* [*Drawing his sword.*] Death and thunder!

Jud. Ay, attack a woman—do! it suits your hen-hearted valour. Assault a woman!

1*st Rob.* Well, passion hurried me; but I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. [*Returns his sword to the scabbard.*] Come, Judith, be friends; nay, come, do; and I will give thee a farthingale I took from a lawyer's widow.

Jud. Where is it?

1*st Rob.* You shall have it.

Jud. Well, I—[*Music without,* R.] Hark!

2*d Rob.* Soft! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.—JUDITH *and* ROBBERS.

[*At different periods of the music, the Robbers enter through various parts of the ruins in groups.*

Listen!—No; it is the owl,
That hoots upon the mould'ring tower.
Hark! the rain beats—the night is foul;
Our comrades stay beyond their hour.
Listen!
All's hushed around the abbey-wall:
Soft! now I hear a robber's call.
Listen!
They whistle!—Answer it!—'Tis nigh!
Again!—A comrade comes!—'Tis I!
And here another!—And here another!
Who comes?—A brother! Who comes?—A brother!
Now they all come pouring in,
Our jollity will soon begin.
Sturdy partners, all appear.
We're here!—And here!—And here—And here!
Thus we stout freebooters prowl,
Then meet to drain the flowing bowl.

Enter ORSON, L. U. E., *with luggage at his back, as returned from market.*

1st Rob. See, hither comes Orson at last. He walks in, like Plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

Jud. (R. C.) Oh, Orson! why didst tarry, Orson?—I began to fear. Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy clothes. Oh! my heart leaps to see thee.

Ors. (C.) Stand off! This hamper has been wearisome enough; I want not thee on my neck.

Jud. Villain! 'tis thus you ever use me! I can revenge!—I can—Do not, dear Orson—do not treat me thus!

Ors. Let a man be ever so sweet-tempered, he will meet somewhat to sour him. I have been vexed to madness.

2d Rob. (L.) How now, Orson?—What has vexed thee now?

Ors. A prize has slipt through my fingers.

3d Rob. (R.) Ha!—Marry, how?

Ors. I met a straggling knave on foot, and the rogue resisted. He had the face to tell me, that he was thrust on the world to seek his fortune, and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provision at my back! I had no time to rifle him; but I have spoiled him for fortune-seeking, I warrant him.

3d Rob. Orson, you are ever disobeying our captain's order: you are too remorseless and bloody.

Ors. Take heed, then, how you move my anger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine; I will answer to the consequence. [*A whistle heard without*, R. U. E.

4th Rob. I hear our captain's signal. Here he comes. Ha! he is leading one who seems wounded.

Enter Armstrong, R. U. E., *supporting* Wilford.

Arm. Gently, good fellow!—Come, keep a good heart.

Wil. You are very kind: I had breathed my last but for your care. Whither have you led me?

4th Rob. Where you will be well treated, youngster. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "Stand" to a traveller.

Wil. How! among robbers?

4th Rob. Why, so the law's cant calls us gentlemen who live at large.

Wil. So!—For what am I reserved?

Arm. Fear nothing; you are safe in this asylum. Judith, lead him in.

Jud. I do not like the office. You are ever at these tricks; 'twill ruin us in the end. What have we to do with charity? But come, fellow, since it must be so.—The rogues here call me savage; but I have a kindly heart, for all that. [*Exit*, C. F., *leading Wilford.*

Arm. I would I knew which of you had done this!—Well, time must discover him; for he who had brutality enough to commit the action, can scarcely have courage enough to confess it.

Ors. (L.) Courage, captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What signify words? I did it.

Arm. I suspected thee, Orson. 'Tis scarce an hour since he whom thou hast wounded quitted the service of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the forest here; and inquiry will doubtless be made.

2d Rob. Nay, then, we are all discovered.

Arm. Now mark what thou hast done. Thou hast endangered the safety of our party; thou hast broken my order ('tis not the first time by many), in attacking a passenger; and what passenger? One whose unhappy case should have claimed thy pity. He told you he had dis-

pleased his master, left the house of comfort, and, with his scanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you struck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languish in the forest.—Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

Robbers. None! none!

Arm. Comrades, in this case my voice is single; but if it have any weight, this brute, this Orson, shall be thrust from our community, which he has disgraced. Let it not be said, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantonness prompts us to butchery.

Robbers. Oh, brave captain!—Away with him!

Ors. You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

Arm. Rascal! do you mutter threats? Begone!

Ors. Well, if I must, I must. I was ever a friend to you all; but if you are bent on turning me out, why, fare you well.

Robbers. Ay, ay!—Away! away!

Ors. Farewell, then. [*Exit*, L. U. E.

Arm. Come, comrades, think no more of this: let us drown the choler we have felt in wine and revelry.

FINALE.

Jolly friars tippled here,
Ere these abbey-walls had crumbled;
Still the ruins boast good cheer,
Though long ago the cloisters tumbled.
The monks are gone:
Well—well!
That's all one;
Let's ring their knell.
Ding dong! ding dong! to the bald-pated monk!
They set an example,
We'll follow the sample,
And all go to bed most religiously drunk.
Huzza! huzza!—We'll drink and we'll sing,
We'll laugh and we'll quaff,
And make the welkin ring.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A Room in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.*

Sir Edward Mortimer, L., *and* Helen, R., *discovered on a sofa*, C.

Hel. Sooth, you look better now, indeed you do,—
Much better, since, upon your sudden sickness,
I came to visit you.
Sir E. Thou'rt a sweet flatterer!
Hel. Ne'er trust me, then,
If I do flatter. This is wilfulness:
Thou wilt be sick, because thou wilt be sick.
I'll cure you of this fancy, Mortimer.
Sir E. And what wouldst thou prescribe?
Hel. I would distil
Each flower that lavish happiness produced
Through the world's paradise, ere disobedience
Scattered the seeds of care; then mingle each
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,
To chase away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,
As he sailed with thee tow'rd eternity.
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life,
A golden holiday; and should a cloud
O'ercast thee, be it light as gossamer,
That Helen might disperse it with her breath,
And talk thee into sunshine.
Sir E. Sweet, sweet Helen! [*They rise.*
Death, softened with thy voice, might dull his sting,
And steep his darts in balsam. Oh, my Helen!
These warnings which that grisly monarch sends,
Forerunners of his certain visitation,
Of late, are frequent with me. It should seem
I was not meant to live long.
Hel. Oh, Mortimer!
I could not talk so cruelly to you:
I would not pain you thus for worlds!
Sir E. Nay, come,
I meant not this. I did not mean to say
There's danger now; but 'tis the privilege

Of sickness to be grave, and moralize
On that which sickness brings. I pr'ythee, now,
Be comforted. Believe me, I shall mend;
I feel I shall, already.
Hel. Do you, Mortimer?
Do you, indeed, feel so?
Sir E. Indeed, I do.
Hel. I knew you would—I said it—did I not?
I see it in your looks now—you are better.
Sir E. Scarce possible, so suddenly.
Hel. Oh, yes:
There is no little movement of your face
But I can mark on the instant—'tis my study;
I have so gazed upon it, that I think
I can interpret every turn it has,
And read your inmost soul.
Sir E. What?
Hel. Mercy on me!
You change again.
Sir E. 'Twas nothing; do not fear:
These little shocks are usual—'twill not last.
Hel. Would you could shake them off!
Sir E. I would I could!
Hel. I pr'ythee, now, endeavour. This young man—
This boy—this Wilford, he has been ungrateful;
But do not let his baseness wear you thus;—
E'en let him go.
Sir E. I'll hunt him through the world!
Hel. Why, look you there, now!—Pray be calm.
Sir E. Well, well;
I am too boisterous. 'Tis my unhappiness
To seem most harsh where I would show most kind.
The world has made me peevish: this same boy
Has somewhat moved me.
Hel. He's beneath your care.
Seek him not now, to punish him. Poor wretch!
He carries that away within his breast,
Which will embitter all his life to come,
And make him curse the knowledge on't.
Sir E. The knowledge!
Has he, then, breathed—Carries within his breast!
What does he know?

Hel. His own ingratitude.
Sir E. Oh! very true.
Hel. Then leave him to his conscience.
Believe me, love,
There is no earthly punishment so great,
To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,
To tell him he is guilty.
Sir E. 'Tis a hell!
I pray you talk no more on't. I am weak:
I did not sleep last night.
Hel. Would you sleep now?
Sir E. No, Helen, no. I tire thy patient sweetness.
Hel. Tire me!—Nay, that you do not. You forget
How often I have sat by you, and watched,
Fanning the busy summer flies away,
Lest they should break your slumbers. [*Looking off*, R.
Who comes here?
[*Sir Edward retires to the sofa*, C.

Enter ADAM WINTERTON, R.

What, Winterton!—How dost thou, old acquaintance?
How dost thou, Adam?
Win. Bless your goodness, well.
Is my good master better?
Hel. Somewhat, Adam.
Win. Now, by our lady, I rejoice to hear it!
I have a message—
Hel. Oh, no business now!
Win. Nay, so I said. Quoth I, "His honour's sick—
Perilous sick." But the rogue pressed and pressed,
I could refuse no longer.
Hel. Who has thus importuned you?
Win. To say the truth, a most ill-favoured varlet;
But he will speak to none but to his worship.
I think 'tis forest business.
Sir E. Oh, not now;
Another time—to-morrow—when he will.
I am unfit; they tease me!
Win. E'en as you please, your worship. I should think,
From what he dropped, he can give some account
Of the poor boy.

Sir E. [*Starting up, and crossing to Winterton.*] Of Wilford?

Win. Troth, I think so.
The knave is shy, but Adam has a head.

Sir E. Quick!—Send him hither on the instant!—Haste!—
Fly, Adam, fly!

Win. Well, now, it glads my heart
To hear you speak so briskly.

Sir E. Well, despatch.

Win. I go. Heaven bless you both!—Heaven send you well,
And merry days may come again! [*Exit*, R.

Hel. I fear this business may distract you, Mortimer:
I would you would defer it till to-morrow.

Sir E. Not so, sweet.—Do not fear.—I pr'ythee, now,
Let me have way in this. Retire awhile;
Anon I'll come to thee.

Hel. Pray, now, be careful:
I dread these agitations. Pray, keep calm;
Now do not tarry long. Adieu, my Mortimer!

Sir E. Farewell, awhile, sweet!

Hel. Since it must be so, farewell! [*Exit*, L.

Sir E. Dear, simple innocence! thy words of comfort
Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,
When first she spake of conscience, shot a glance
Like her dead uncle on me. Well, for Wilford:
That slave can play the Parthian with my fame,
And wound it while he flies. Bring him before me—
Place me the runagate within my gripe,
And I will plant my honour on its base
Firmer than adamant, though hell and death
Should moat the work with blood! Oh! how will sin
Engender sin—throw guilt upon the soul,
And, like a rock dashed on the troubled lake,
'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,
Each wider than the—

Enter ORSON, R.

How now?—What's your business?

Ors. Part with your office in the forest; part
Concerns yourself in private.

Sir E. How myself?
Ors. Touching a servant of your house—a lad,
Whose heels, I find, were nimbler than his duty.
Sir E. Speak—what of him? Quick: know you where he is?
Canst bring me to him?
Ors. To the very spot.
Sir E. Do it.
Ors. Nay—softly.
Sir E. I'll reward you amply—
Insure your fortunes.
Ors. First insure my neck;
'Twill do me little good else. I've no heirs;
And, when I die, 'tis like the law will bury me
At its own charge.
Sir E. Be brief, and to your purpose.
Ors. Then, to the business which concerns your office,
Here, in the forest.
Sir E. Nay, of that anon.
First, of my servant.
Ors. Well, e'en as you please.
'Tis no rare thing: let public duty wait,
Till private interests are settled. But
My story is a chain: take all together.
'Twill not unlink.
Sir E. Be quick, then. While we talk,
This slave escapes me.
Ors. Little fear of that:
He's in no plight to journey far to-day.
Sir E. Where is he hid?
Ors. Hard by—with robbers.
Sir E. Robbers!
[*Aside.*] Well, I'm glad on't; 'twill suit my purpose best.
[*Aloud.*] What, has he turned to plunder?
Ors. No, not so;
Plunder has turned to him. He was knocked down
Last night here in the forest, flat and sprawling;
And the milk-hearted captain of our gang
Has sheltered him.
Sir E. It seems, then, thou'rt a thief.
Ors. I served in the profession, but last night
The scurvy rogues cashiered me. 'Twas a plot

To ruin a poor fellow in his calling,
And take away my means of getting bread.
I come now in revenge: I'll hang my comrades
In clusters on the forest's oak, like acorns.

Sir E. Where lies their haunt?

Ors. Give me your honour first.

Sir E. I pledge it, for your safety.

Ors. Send your officers
To the old abbey ruins; you will find
As bold a gang as e'er infested woods,
And fattened upon pillage.

Sir E. What! so near me?
In some few minutes, then, he's mine! [*Crossing to* R., *and calling.*] Ho! Winterton!
Now for his lurking place: hope dawns again!
[*To Orson.*] Remain you here; I may have work for you.
[*Aside.*] Oh, I will weave a web so intricate
For this base insect—so entangle him!
[*Calling.*] Why, Winterton!—Thou jewel, Reputation!
Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now,
And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution
Will cheaply pay the purchase! Winterton! [*Exit,* R.

Ors. There may be danger in my stay here; I will e'en slink off in the confusion I have raised. I value not reward: I hang all my acquaintance, and that shall content me. [*Exit,* R.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Lodge.*

Enter FITZHARDING, L.

Fitz. Rare scuttling tow'rd! This lodge is little Babel,
And Spleen and Sickness are the household gods
In this, my brother's castle of confusion.
The hue and cry is up. I am half tempted
To wish the game too nimble for the dogs,
That hunt him at the heels. Wilford dishonest!
I'll ne'er trust looks again. I'll mix with none
In future but the ugly; honest men,
Who can out-grin a griffin, or the head
Carved on the prow of the good ship, the Gorgon.
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,
That frighten little children, and might serve

For knockers to hell gates.

Enter Samson Rawbold, R.

Now, who are you?
Sam. Head serving-man to Madam Helen, sir.
Fitz. Well, I may talk to thee; for thou dost answer
To the description of the sort of men
I have resolved to live with.
Sam. I am proud, sir,
To find I have your countenance.
Fitz. Canst tell me.
The news of Wilford?
Sam. He is turned a rogue, sir—
An errant knave, sir. 'Tis a rare thing now
To find an honest servant; we are scarce.
Fitz. Where lies the abbey where they go to seek him?
Dost know it?
Sam. Marry, do I, in the dark.
I have stood near it many a time in winter,
To watch the hares by moonlight.
Fitz. A cold pastime!
Sam. Ay, sir, 'twas killing work; I've left it off.
Fitz. Think you they will be back soon?
Sam. On the instant;
It is hard by, sir. Hark! I hear their horses.
They are returned, I warrant.
Fitz. Run you, fellow;
If Wilford's taken, send him here to me.
Sam. Why, he's a rogue, sir: would your worship stoop
To parley with a rogue?
Fitz. Friend, I would stoop
To prop a sinking man that's called a rogue,
And count him innocent till he's found guilty.
I learned it from our English laws, where Mercy
Models the weights that fill the scales of Justice,
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,
Stands by to prompt her. Till detection comes,
I side with the accused.
Sam. Would I had known
Your worship sooner!—You're a friend, indeed!
All undiscovered rogues are bound to pray for you;

So, Heaven bless you!
Fitz. Well, well; bustle—stir;
Do as I bid thee.
Sam. Ay, sir; I shall lean
Upon your worship in my time of need.
Heaven reward you! [*Aside.*] Here's a friend to make!
[*Exit*, L.
Fitz. I have a kind of movement still for Wilford
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings against him? Should the boy
Prove guilty! Well, why should I pity guilt?
Philosophers would call me driveller. Let them.
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel
What some call weak—I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compassion should be set abroach,
Till it run waste, than let a system-monger
Bung it with logic; or a trencher-cap
Bawl out his ethics on it, till his thunder
Turns all the liquor sour. So! here he comes.

Enter WILFORD, L.

Wil. I am informed it is your pleasure, sir,
To speak with me.
Fitz. Ay, Wilford. I am sorry—
Faith, very sorry, you and I meet thus.
How could you quit my brother thus abruptly?
Wil. I was unfit to serve him, sir.
Fitz. Unfit!
Wil. I was unhappy, sir. I fled a house
Where certain misery awaited me,
While I was doomed to dwell in't.
Fitz. Misery!
What was this certain misery?
Wil. Your pardon; I never will divulge.
Fitz. Indeed!
Wil. No, never.
Pray, do not press me. All that I can say
Is, that I have a strong and rooted reason,
Which has resolved me. 'Twere impossible
I should be tranquil here: I feel it, sir,
A duty to myself, to quit this roof.

Fitz. Hark ye, young man: this smacks of mystery,
And now looks foully. Truth and innocence
Walk round the world in native nakedness,
But guilt is cloaked.
Wil. Whate'er the prejudice
My conduct conjures up, I must submit.
Fitz. 'Twere better, now, you conjured up your friends;
For I must tell you—No, there is no need:
You learned it, doubtless, on the way, and know
The danger you now stand in.
Wil. Danger, sir!
What?—How?—I have learned nothing, sir: my guides
Dragged me in silence hither.
Fitz. Then 'tis fit
I put you on your guard. It grieves me, Wilford,
To say there is a heavy charge against you,
Which, as I gather, may affect your life.
Wil. Mine!—Oh, good Heaven!
Fitz. Pray be calm; for, soon,
Here, in the face of all his family,
My brother will accuse you.
Wil. He!—What, he?—
He accuse me! Oh, monstrous! Oh, look down,
You who can read men's hearts!—A charge against me!
[*Much agitated.*] Ha! ha!—I'm innocent! I'm innocent!
Fitz. Collect your firmness; you will need it all.
Wil. I shall, indeed. I pray you, tell me, sir,
What is the charge?
Fitz. I do not know its purport;
I would not hear on't; for on my voice rests
The issue of this business; and a judge
Should come unbiassed to his office. Wilford,
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,
You should have even and impartial justice.
Farewell; and may you prosper? [*Exit*, R.
Wil. Let me recall my actions. My breast is unclogged with crime; then why should I fear? Let him inflict his menaces upon me in secret; he shall not, cannot, touch my good name.

Enter Barbara Rawbold, L.

Bar. [*Falling on his neck.*] Oh, Wilford!

Wil. Barbara!—At such a time, too!

Bar. To be brought back thus, Wilford! and to go away without seeing me—without thinking of me!

Wil. It was not so: I was hastening to your cottage, Barbara, when a ruffian in the forest encountered and wounded me.

Bar. Wounded you!

Wil. When I was dragged hither, the whole troop escaped, or they had vouched for the truth on't.

Bar. Bethink you, Wilford: the time is short; I know your heart is good; but if, in a hasty moment, you have done aught to wrong Sir Edward, throw yourself on his mercy—sue for pardon.

Wil. For pardon!—I shall go mad! Pardon!—I am innocent—Heaven knows I am innocent!

Bar. Heaven be thanked! The family is all summoned. Oh, Wilford! my spirits sink within me!

Wil. I am now but a sorry comforter. Be of good cheer; I go armed in honesty, Barbara. This charge is to be open in the eyes of the world and of the laws; then wherefore should I fear? I am native of a happy soil, where justice guards equally the life of its richest and poorest inhabitant. [*Exit*, R.

Bar. Alas! I tremble for his safety. Should they tear him from me!

SONG.—BARBARA RAWBOLD.

Down by the river there grows a green willow,
  Sing all for my true love, my true love, O!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
  And all for my true love, my true love, O!
When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating;
For true lovers' joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting.
  Sing O for my true love, &c.
Maids, come in pity, when I am departed,
  Sing all for my true love, &c.
When dead on the bank I am found, broken-hearted,
  And all for my true love, &c.
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
  'Tis all for my true love, &c.

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Lodge.—Table, chairs, &c.*

FITZHARDING, L., WILFORD, R., *and various Domestics, behind, discovered.*

Fitz. Is not Sir Edward coming? Oh, here he is.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, L.

Now, brother; you look pale,
And faint with sickness. Here's a chair. [*Sits*, L.
Sir E. (C.) No matter; to our business, brother.—Wilford,
You may well guess the struggle I endure
To place you here the mark of accusation.
I gave you ample warning; cautioned you,
When many might have scourged; and even now,
While I stand here to crush you—ay, to crush you,
My heart bleeds drops of pity for your youth,
Whose rashness plucks the red destruction down,
And pulls the bolt upon you.
Wil. (R.) You know best
The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind,
And cannot read them; but there is a Judge,
To whose all-seeking eye our inmost thoughts
Lie open. Think to Him you now appeal.
Omniscience keeps Heaven's register;
And, soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,
Our trembling souls must answer to the record,
And meet their due reward or punishment.
Fitz. Now to the point, I pray you.
Sir E. Thus it is, then.
I do suspect—By Heaven! the story lingers,
Like poison, on my tongue; but he will force it.
Fitz. What is it you suspect?
Sir E. That he has—robbed me!
Wil. Robbed!—Oh, horrible!
Fitz. Pray, tell me, brother,
How ground you this suspicion?
Sir E. Briefly, thus:
You may have noticed in my library
A chest.—[*Wilford starts.*] You see he changes at the word.

Wil. [*Aside.*] And well I may!
Sir E. Where I have told you, brother,
The writings which concern our family,
With jewels, cash, and other articles
Of no mean value, were deposited.
Fitz. You oftentimes have said so.
Sir E. Yesterday,
Chance called me suddenly away. 'I left
The key in't; but as suddenly returned,
And found this Wilford
Fixed o'er the chest, upon his knees, intent,
As now I think, on plunder. Confusion
Shook his young joints as he let fall the lid,
And gave me back the key.
Fitz. Did you not search
Your papers on the instant?
Sir E. No: for, first,
(Habit so long had fixed my confidence)
I deemed it boyish curiosity;
But told him this would meet my further question.
And, at that moment, came a servant in,
To say you were arrived. He must have marked
Our mixed emotion.
Fitz. Is that servant here?
Gregory. [*Coming down*, L.] 'Twas I, sir.
Sir E. Was it you? Well, saw you aught
To challenge your attention?
Gre. Sir, I did.
Wilford was pale and trembling; and our master
Gave him a look, as if t'would pierce him through,
And cried, "Remember!" Then he trembled more;
And we both quitted him.
Sir E. [*To Fitzharding.*] When first we met,
You found me somewhat ruffled.
Fitz. 'Tis most true.
Sir E. But somewhat more, when, afterwards, I saw
Wilford conversing with you; like a snake,
Sunned by your looks, and basking in your favour.
I bade him quit the room with indignation,
And wait my coming in the library.
Fitz. I witnessed that, with wonder.
Sir E. Oh, good brother!

You little thought, while you so gently schooled me
For my harsh bearing toward him, on what ground
That harshness rested. I had made my search
In the brief interval of absence from you,
And found my property had vanished.
Fitz. Well,
You met him in the library?
Sir E. [*Rising.*] Oh, never
Can he forget that solemn interview!
Wil. Ay, speak to that: it was a solemn interview!
Sir E. Observe, he does acknowledge that we met.
Guilt was my theme: he cannot now deny it.
Wil. It was a theme of—[*Checking himself.*] No!
Sir E. He pleaded innocence;
While every word he spake belied his features,
And mocked his protestation.
Fitz. What said you to him?
Sir E. "Regulate your life
In future better. I now spare your youth,
But dare not to proceed. All I exact,
('Tis a soft penance) that you tarry here;
Attempt not flight:
Flight ripens all my doubt to certainty,
And justice to the world unlocks my tongue."
He fled, and I arraign him.
Fitz. [*Rising, and coming down,* L.] Trust me, brother,
This charge is staggering; yet accidents
Sometimes combine to cast a shade of doubt
Upon the innocent. May it be so here!
Here is his trunk: 'twas brought here at my order.
'Tis fit it be inspected.
Wil. Take the key—
E'en take it freely. You'll find little there
I value, save a locket, which my mother
Gave me upon her death-bed; and she added
Her blessing to't. Perhaps her spirit now
Is grieving for my injuries.
Fitz. [*Crossing, and unlocking the box.*] How now?—
What's here?
The very watch Sir Edward's father wore,
And here our mother's jewels!
Wil. I am innocent!

Just heaven hear me—I am innocent!

[*Sir Edward Mortimer sits*, R. C.

Fitz. Make it appear so. [*Pointing to the trunk.*] But look there! look there!

Wil. Do you not know—

Sir E. What?

Wil. 'Tis no matter, sir;
But I could swear—

Sir E. [*Rising.*] Nay, Wilford, pause awhile:
Reflect that oaths are sacred. Weigh the force
Of these asseverations—mark it well:
"I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine or human!" Think on that, and shudder.

Wil. [*Aside.*] The very words I uttered!—I am tongue-tied!

Fitz. Wilford, if there be aught that you can argue
To clear yourself, advance it.

Wil. Oh! I could—
I could say much, but must not—no, I will not!
Do as you please. I have no friend—no witness,
Save my accuser. Did he not—pray, ask him—
Did he not menace, in his pride of power,
To blast my name, and crush my innocence?

Fitz. What do you answer, sir?

Sir E. I answer, no.
More were superfluous, when a criminal
Opposes empty volubility
To circumstantial charge. A stedfast brow
Repels not fact, nor can invalidate
These dumb, [*Pointing to the trunk*, L. C.] but damning, witnesses before him.

Wil. By the just Power that rules us, I am ignorant
How they came there!—But 'tis my firm belief,
You placed them there to sink me.

Fitz. Oh, too much!
You steel men's hearts against you. [*To the Servants.*] Call the officers:
He shall meet punishment. [*The Servants are going*, R.

Sir E. Hold! [*Seating himself*, R.] Pray you, hold.
Justice has thus far struggled with my pity,
To do an act of duty to the world.
I would unmask a hypocrite—lay bare

The front of guilt, that men may see and shun it.
'Tis done, and I will now proceed no further.
Fitz. Look ye, brother; this act
Is so begrimed with black, ungrateful malice,
That I insist on justice. Fly, knaves—run!
And let him be secured. [*Exeunt Servants*, R.] You tarry here. [*To Wilford.*
Sir E. I will not have it thus.
Fitz. You must—you shall!
Does not this rouse you, too? Look on these jewels;
Look at this picture—'twas our mother's. Stay,
Let me inspect this nearer. [*Examining the trunk.*] What are here?
Parchments!
Sir E. Oh, look no further. They are deeds,
Which, in his haste, no doubt, he crowded there,
Not knowing what, to look o'er at his leisure.
Family deeds: they all were in my chest.
Wil. [*Aside.*] Oh, 'tis deep laid! These, too, to give a colour!
Fitz. What have we here? Here is a paper
Of curious enfolding; slipt, as 'twere,
By chance within another. This may be
Of note upon his trial. What's this drops?
A knife, it seems.
Sir E. [*Starting up.*] What!
Fitz. Marks of blood upon it!
Sir E. Touch it not! throw it back! bury it! sink it!
Oh, carelessness and haste! Give me that paper!
Darkness and hell!—Give back the paper!
[*Sir Edward rushes down*, R., *and attempts to snatch it—Wilford runs between the two brothers, falls on his knees, and prevents him, clinging to Fitzharding.*
Wil. [*Rapidly.*] No!
I see—I see! Preserve it: you are judge.
My innocence—my life, rests on it!
Sir E. Devils!
Foil me at my own game! Fate! [*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha! ha! ha!
Sport, Lucifer! He struck me—
[*Mortimer is fainting and falling—Wilford runs and catches him.*

Wil. (c.) I'll support him.
Read! read! read!
Fitz. What is this? My mind misgives me:
It is my brother's hand. [*Reading.*] "*To be destroyed before my death.*
Narrative of my murder of—" Oh, great Heaven!
[*Reading.*] "*If, ere I die, my guilt should be disclosed,*
May this contribute to redeem the wreck
Of my lost honour!" I am horror-struck!
Wil. Plain—plain! Stay! he revives.
Sir E. What has been—Soft!
I have been wandering with the damned, sure! Brother!
And—ay, 'tis Wilford! Oh! thought flashes on me
Like lightning!—I am brain-scorched!—Give me leave;
I will speak—soon I will—a little yet!—
Come hither, boy—wronged boy! Oh, Wilford! Wilford!
[*Bursts into tears, and falls on Wilford's neck.*
Wil. Be firm, sir—pray, be firm! My heart bleeds for you—
Warms for you! Oh! all your former charity
To your poor boy is in my mind;—still, still
I see my benefactor.
Sir E. Well, I will—
I will be firm: one struggle, and 'tis over.
I have most foully wronged you. Ere I die,
And I feel death-struck, let me haste to make
Atonement. Brother, note. The jewels—
Yes, and that paper—Heaven and accident
Ordained it so—were placed—curse on my flesh,
To tremble thus!—were placed there by my hand.
Fitz. Oh, mercy on me!
Sir E. More. I feared this boy;
He knew my secret, and I blackened him,
That, should he e'er divulge the fatal story,
His word might meet no credit. Infamy
Will brand my memory for't; Posterity,
Whose breath I made my god, will keep my shame
Green in her damning record. Oh! I had—
I had a heart o'erflowing with good thoughts
For all mankind: one fatal—fatal turn
Has poisoned all! Where is my honour now?

To die—to have my ashes trampled on
By the proud foot of scorn!—Polluted!—Hell!
Who dares to mock my guilt?—Is't you? or you?
Wrack me that grinning fiend!—Damnation!
Who spits upon my grave?—I'll stab again!
I'll—Oh! [*Falls.*

Fitz. This rives my heart in twain!—Why, brother! brother!
His looks are ghastly.

Enter GREGORY, R.

Gre. Sir, the officers—

Fitz. Away, knave!—Send them hence—the boy is innocent!
Tell it your fellows. Hence! Send in some help:
Your master's ill o' the sudden. Send some help.
[*Exit Gregory*, R.

Wil. [*Crossing to Sir Edward.*] 'Twere best to raise him, sir.

Fitz. Soft—who comes here?

Enter HELEN, R

Hel. Where is he?—Ill, and on the ground!—Oh! Mortimer!
Oh, Heaven!—My Mortimer!—Oh, raise him—gently!
Speak to me, love. He cannot!

Sir E. Helen—'twas I—that—killed—

[*He struggles to speak, but, unable to utter, he falls and dies—Helen kneels over him as the curtain slowly descends.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

HELEN.

WILFORD. R.] MORTIMER. FITZHARDING. [L.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.
No. LI.
EDITED BY F. C. WEMYSS

GOTOBED TOM.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY
THOMAS MORTON,
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"*Sink or Swim*," &c. &c. &c.

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F. C. W.

First Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, Thursday, November 25th, 1852.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Christopher Cockletop (Attorney, and Clerk to Police and Sessions Courts)	Mr. Cooke.
Thomas Gotobed Smith	Mr. Compton.
Larry O'Lugger (of the Coast Guard)	Mr. Shalders.
Boy	Master Marchant.
Mr. Gimp } (Wedding Guests)	Mr. Laporte.
Mr. Bobbins } (Wedding Guests)	Mr. Harris.
Mrs. Smith (Smith's Wife)	Mrs. Bartlett.
Sally Smith	Miss Ellen Turner.
Mrs. Gimp } (Wedding Guests)	Miss Pitt.
Mrs. Bobbins } (Wedding Guests)	Miss H. Pitt.

Time in Performance, One Hour.

COSTUMES.

COCKLETOP.—Black body coat, waistcoat and breeches, long black gaiters, and shoes.

SMITH.—Drab shooting-coat, light waistcoat and trowsers with the Yankee stripe, wide-awake hat, long rough black coat with high collar and red lining.

LARRY.—Rough blue jacket and trowsers, red waistcoat, high boots, glazed hat, cutlass and belt.

MRS. SMITH } Ordinary wedding dresses.
SALLY }

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; F. *the Flat*; D. F. *Door in Flat.*

GOTOBED TOM.

SCENE.—*On the right,* COCKLETOP'S *House, with brass plate on door; practicable ground-floor window—On the left, a substantial Shop, inscribed "Sarah Smith, Widow, Dealer in Coffee, Tea, Tobacco, and Snuff;" this inscription conspicuous—A bench before the window—At the back, a cliff and flagstaff—In distance the Thames, with vessels, &c.*

Enter LARRY O'LUGGER *and* SALLY SMITH, *from Shop,* L. H.

Lar. Come, Miss Sally—dear Miss Sally—don't be afraid. Don't I tell you your mamma ain't at home, 'cause she's gone out?—and while the cat's away, can't the mice be happy and comfortable?

Sal. But I don't want to be happy and comfortable; and it's very unkind of you to want me to be happy and comfortable, Sir, when you know everything's settled for your marriage with my mamma, and this very morning you lead her to the Hymen-evil Altar, you monster you?

Lar. It's all a mistake. The elderly ould woman has put all my sweethearting of you down to her own score. I hadn't the heart to tell her 'twasn't ould Sally but young Sally I was after. I couldn't hurt her feelings.

Sal. You should have spoke out, Sir.

Lar. I would if I could.

Sal. You ought to have could, Sir.

Lar. But if I couldn't, how could I? Here am I, Mr. Larry O'Lugger, Esquire, a Preventive Service Man of the Margate Coast Guard, put up to put down smuggling, and to think that I can't do myself the service to prevent this desperate female smuggling me into matrimony! But never mind, when I'm your father I'll take care you don't marry anybody but me.

Sal. You? don't talk nonsense. Good bye, Sir: I've got to go to the dressmaker's and get mother's wedding cap that she means to cock at you. (*crying*) Oh! Oh! When next we meet you'll be my father—good bye, papa. Oh! Oh!

Lar. (*crying*) Oh! Oh! I must do something desperate, and desperate quick. First, I'll run down to our Station—perhaps I shall pick up an idea on the road. In less than half-an-hour expect me back.

Mrs. S. (*from* COCKLETOP'S *house*) Come along. Why won't you come along, Mr. Cockletop?

Cockle. (*from the same*) Mrs. Smith, you're too impetuous.

Sal. (*frightened*) Mother, I declare, with Mr. Cockle top the lawyer!

Lar. With who?

Sal. The lawyer.

Lar. The divil! Then I'll slip my cable and run. You steer to the dressmaker's, and mind the wedding cap fits *you*, for I tell you nobody else shall wear it. They're coming!— run, my darlin'. [*Exit* SALLY, L.

—It's a deal too bad that a young man should suffer like this, and all because he can't hurt a woman's feelings!

[*Exit*, R. U. E.

Enter MRS. SMITH *and* COCKLETOP, *from* COCKLETOP'S *house*, R. H.

Mrs. S. Mr. Cockletop, I'm surprised at you; here have I been waiting for you a good half-hour, and let me tell you that bridling one's self on one's bridal morning's no joke, Sir.

Cockle. And so you have chosen another husband, number two, eh, Mrs. Smith? I don't doubt he'll turn out a better bargain than your number one.

Mrs. S. What does the man mean by number two and number one?

Cockle. Why, I presume you haven't *quite* forgot, Mrs. Smith, that there was one such a being in existence as poor *Mr.* Smith.

Mrs. S. Indeed, but I have forgot, Sir, and I beg *you*'ll recollect to forget him too; I'm sure the only good he ever did his wife was when he made a widow of her.

Cockle. Well, well, poor Tom! poor Tom Gotobed Smith! Gotobed Tom, as we used to call him. I never saw him after we left school together. A promising fellow he was then——

Mrs. S. Well, I'll just tell you how he kept his promise. When he married me, he took the Golden Horn at Broadstairs—that was in the year 1800, and it's now 1820. Let me see, how long ago shall we call that?

Cockle. I should say not a great way from twenty years.

Mrs. S. Well then, twenty years ago, come Michaelmas, I went to Canterbury for a batch of Michaelmas geese; I found the geese at Canterbury, but when I came back, that goose, Smith, was not to be found—the bird was flown—and I never set eyes on my husband again from that *blessed* moment!

Cockle. The report was, warrants were out against him for smuggling.

Mrs. S. So he was told on the sly by his friend Mr. Docket, Justice's Clerk at that time; and certainly, three or four casks of that dear irresistible liquor, French brandy, were found a day or two before, floating in the sea at the foot of our garden: but Smith was innocent: I'll do him the justice to say, Smith was too great a coward for smuggling.

Cockle. Then why didn't he stand his trial? Why bring down Outlawry with Civil Death by running away? However, it was lucky the poor devil got clear off and died safe in America some ten years ago—in fact it was very sensible of him to die there.

Mrs. S. (*wiping her eyes*) Very.

Cockle. Because it saved him the mortification of being —transported here.

Mrs. S. It was, indeed, a great consolation for his inconsolable widow.

Cockle. Yes, it enabled her to marry again.

Mrs. S. Ah, such a man! I'd trust him with my last penny. By-the-by, you recollect my wish about the settlements, Mr. Cockletop.

Cockle. Perfectly; with very proper confidence in your future husband, you've taken care to settle every farthing of your property on yourself.

Lar. (*heard singing*, R. U. E.) "Of all the girls in our town" ——

Mrs. S. I hear him! I should know that dear, merry, good-looking voice among a thousand!

Cockle. Well, two's company, they say: so I'll just run for the papers.

Mrs. S. And be quick about it. My friends the Gimps and Bobbinses go to church with us—we can't go without you. You know you've got to give me away.

Cockle. (*taking her hand with sentiment*) The office is flattering to me. Mrs. Smith, I've known you long—indeed, so perfectly do I know your worth, I'll give you away with pleasure. [*Exit into house*, R.

Enter LARRY, R. U. E.

Lar. (L.) I think this plan of mine can't fail—I think I can't fail to have the pleasure of saying good-bye to my bride for three or on the *least* favorable calculation. Larry, my darlin', you're a clever boy entirely.

(*sings*) "There's none like blooming Sally."

Mrs. S. Now to try the effect of blooming Sally's presence. (*taps him on shoulder*)

Lar. Mrs. Smith, why do you take away a man's breathing like that? Well, and how's yourself and all your family, Mrs. Smith? I don't see Miss Sally.

Mrs. S. (*coldly*) Miss Sally, Sir? We surely don't want that child now!

Lar. Oh, no, only she's *such* a child! Somehow it does one's eyes good just to look at her cheeks: so fresh—so red and white—such a picture——

Mrs. S. (*loudly*) Sir!

Lar. (*aside*) Murder! (*aloud*) Yes—I repeat—such a picture—of her mother.

Mrs. S. (*smiling*) The girl is certainly handsome, and the likeness has been remarked before.

Lar. (L.) Remarked *before*, has it? Yes, before and behind too.

Mrs. S. (R. *tapping him on the cheek*) How dare you say any thing half so clever, you naughty, naughty, naughty boy?

Enter COCKLETOP *from house*, R.

Cockle. (R.) Now, Mrs. Smith—ah! good day, O'Lugger. Well, Sir, take your blushing bride and follow me to the back parlor. While she's putting the finishing stroke to her toilette, you and I'll put the finishing stroke to the settlements.

Lar. (L., *aside*) Now for my plan—now to emancipate the pussy-cat in the bag! (*aloud*) The sad truth must be told. I've been rather ordered off instantly for three days on special business—that rogue, Van Smelt, the Dutch smuggler, has been seen ashore near the Foreland—here's your own warrant and description, Mr. Justice's Clerk, (*pulls out paper and reads*)
"Two hundred pounds reward! Van Smelt, Dutchman, 5
"feet 2 inches high, and may be an inch or two more across
"the shoulders—Features, handsome, but not to be seen
"for his whiskers—Dress, a large black cloak lined with
"fiery red—wears collar up and hat down to shew his face
"is concealed. Whoever will capture, or give information,
"et cetera, et cetera."
My compliments to the Gimps and Bobbinses. I wish you a very good morning. (*making off*)

Mrs. S. (L., *seizes one arm*) No you don't.

Cockle. (R., *seizes the other*) You don't indeed: for I've 'his moment received information that the terrific Dutchman is tied neck and heels, and safe in Deal Castle—so come along to the back parlor and finish the affair.

Lar. It's no sort of use Oh, Larry O'Lugger! this is the consequence of your handsome personal exterior, you divil you! (MRS. SMITH *pulls him*) If Nature ever has to make you over again, I only hope she'll leave out your personal exterior altogether!

[*Exeunt into* MRS. SMITH'S *house.*

Enter SMITH *rapidly, looks about, and paces up and down excited. He wears a large black cloak, which he throws off.*

Smith. England! England! do I behold thee, jolly old England? How often in the back wilds of wild Kentuck—in the silent solitudes of Old Virginny, where no human voice but the hyæna's was ever heard—how often have I exclaimed with Dr. Johnson, "England, with all my faults I love thee still!" Yes, I love thee, England—upon my honor as a gentleman, I love thee still. In short, England, you may rest perfectly satisfied that I love thee still. By-the-bye, England, I don't know if you're aware of it, but a rather singular adventure has already occurred to me. About half way between this and Broadstairs, a man suddenly emerged from a ravine on the sea shore; his fine features were well muffled in hair, which he seemed particularly anxious I should take notice of; for out of the vernacular Lingo which he began spluttering right and left, I could make nothing out but, "Mine hair! mine hair!" His expressive gestures gave me, however, distinctly to understand, that he wanted something to eat and drink, and wished to sell this cloak for ten shillings. The cloak being uncommonly cheap, and the day being remarkably cold, I felt charity for a fellow creature and bought the cloak. However, I want no cloak just now, for my proceedings must be open, public, and solemn. So hang there awhile, my four half-crowner! (*hangs cloak on tree*) Let me see, the instructions I got at Broadstairs were, to the East Cliff near the Flagstaff. There's the Cliff, sure enough; and there stands the friend of my youth, the Flagstaff! What do I see? (*reads*) "Sarah Smith, Widow, Dealer in Coffee, Tea, Tobacco, and Snuff." 'Tis she? 'Tis my long-lost, but still doting Sarah! The news of my death has reached her then—I thought so. I hear the most distinct sobbing: (*loud laughing heard*) fluctuating with bursts of maniac laughter! (*looks in*) Ah! 'tis she herself! and, as I expected, looking considerably older than she was twenty years ago—but I say, stop a bit—who's that florid marine warrior sitting cheek by jowl with her? (*jumping*) Ah! by yon skyblue Heaven she smacks him on the cheek, as she used invariably to smack me—only not by any means

so hard—and whispers! (*coming forward*) Umph! What means this sinister foreboding? Is it possible, when I've been dead only ten years—when her husband's cinders are scarcely cold—is it possible her thoughts are *already* wandering from his beloved tombstone? I must pop the awful question to somebody—I must pick up some tittle-tattle somewhere—and in the nick of time, a qualified young woman comes this way. (*retires*)

Enter SALLY, L.

Sal. Oh, ain't I glad! the cap can't be ready and won't be ready before to-morrow!

Smith. I'll salute her. (*advances*) Miss——

Sal. Sir!

Smith. (R. C.) She's angry! She's not a miss. I've made a mistake. (*to her*) Mrs., I mean——

Sal. (L. C., *still louder*) Sir!

Smith. She's angry! She's not a Mrs. (*to her*) Well, I won't attempt again to say what class of female you belong to: all I want is, a little female gossip.

Sal. Oh, with the greatest of pleasure! I don't know who you are, but you've got a nice, old, fatherly face of your own; and since I've been so ill-used, I'll tell everybody everything.

Smith. Your confidence is flattering. Well, then, I'll trouble your confidence to tell me whether you happen to know the proprietor of yonder establishment of tea and snuff?

Sal. Why to be sure I do. That's my mother!

Smith. (*aside*) Gracious powers! Is it possible! Something whispered me that this lovely young sprig must be a shoot from me. 'Tis my own little Sally! (*to her*) My dear Miss Smith, you're at liberty to pour your sorrows into my bosom. Come, what have you got to pour?

Sal. Only this; that my own mother is going to marry my own young man in ten minutes' time—that's all. They're settling matters together in the back parlor at this very moment.

Smith. The devil they are!

Sal. What shall I do?

Smith. Do? Go, burst open the door, and, with the

voice of an indignant four-and-twenty pounder, exclaim—"I'll tell father—see if I don't!"

Sal. Alas! I've got no father!

Smith. Don't be too sure of that.

Sal. I never had a father.

Smith. (*confidentially*) Don't be too sure of that.

[BELLS *heard.*

Sal. Do you hear? There go the bells; and, look—here come the guests.

[*Two* MEN *pass over stage* R., *and enter shop* L.

—Those ugly Gimps and Bobbins.

Smith. Oh! that's Gimps and Bobbins, is it? It strikes me I'll be a match for Gimp and Bobbins. (*to her*) I've just come three thousand miles for the express purpose of matching Gimp and Bobbins. Fear not. I'll stand by you. Farewell.

Sal. Farewell! Is that the way you mean to stand by me?

Smith. I'm at hand, though invisible. In your extremity, call extremely loud, "Gotobed, Once! Gotobed, Twice! Gotobed, Three times!" Call with a voice of thunder, and like a flash of lightning I'll appear!

[*Exit* U. R. E

Sal. (C.) Gotobed with a voice of thunder!—Gotobed, with a flash of lightning! I declare I'm half afraid. O my! and suppose the old gentleman was the *real* old gentleman! Well—so much the better—he'll be a match for mother.

BELLS.——*Enter* MRS. SMITH *arm in arm with the reluctant* LARRY, *and followed by* MR. *and* MRS. GIMP, *and* MR. *and* MRS. BOBBINS, *all in bridal array.*

Mrs. G. (L.) Well, I do declare you look charming, Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. S. You're very good, Gimp, I'm sure. (*sees* SALLY) Ah, Sally; you're just come in time, child. Where's my new cap?

Sal. (*pouting*) Milliner says it won't be ready 'fore to-

morrow. She told me to tell you she didn't know you was so pressed.

Mrs. S. (R.) Provoking! Then we must go without it.

Sal. (*aside*) Must you! Then it's high time to call the old gentleman, (*very loud*) Gotobed, Once!

Mrs. S. Go to bed at once! What does the girl mean? How dare you use such language, hussy?

Lar. (*on the other side*) Sally, sweet Sally, tell me—what shall I do?

Sal. (*thundering*) Gotobed Two!

Lar. Go to bed too? Ingenious darlin'!

Mrs. S. The slut's mad! Mr. O'Lugger, I'll thank you to drop her hand and take my arm. You, minx, follow with Mr. Cockletop, when you know how to behave. Now, neighbors, as nobody sees just cause or impediment, come along.

Sal. (*thundering*) This is the last time of asking—Gotobed, Three times!

SMITH *advances*, R. *and meets the wedding party.*

Smith. Ladies and Gentlemen in general, and Sarah Smith in particular—you've made a slight mistake—there *is* a *small* cause and impediment.

Sal. (*exulting*) The old gentleman, I declare!

Omnes. (*retreating*) The old gentleman!

Lar. The divil it is?

Mrs. S. (*turning her back with dignity*) Who is this person? What do you want, *man?*

Smith. What does man want? Man demands his wife! Man forbids this *bigamacious* marriage!

Mrs. S. Big what? (*crosses to* C.) Sir, my indignation only allows me to say, pooh, pooh! Go along.

Smith. Madam, Madam, I am not to be pooh-pooh'd: still less am I to be go-along'd. My simple expression was, this bigamacious marriage; and as Dr. Johnson defines bigamy to be, substantive, the crime of marrying a second wife or husband, the first being alive, I am prepared to make deliberate oath that your first husband is not dead—and, what's more, never was dead at any moment of his existence!

Mrs. S. My husband alive! This is growing no joke.

You want to frighten me; but it won't do, Sir. Where's your proof? Let me hear some ocular proof, Sir!

Smith. So you shall. Know, then, false, fleeting woman, your beloved Smith stands before you!

Omnes. Mr. Smith!

Mrs. S. You?

Smith. Me!

Mrs. S. You?

Smith. Me!

Lar. That's what I call sharp on both sides. (*aside*) Here's a bit of luck!

Mrs. S. (*turning to* LADIES) Ladies, ladies—this is the common cause of every woman. If a dead husband's to come to life again like this, where's the use of being a widow? Take no more notice of the fellow. (*crossing to* R.) Begone, amphibious impostor? Mr. O'Lugger—my dear friends—let's walk.

Sal. (*aside*) I'll have a try now. (*aloud*) Stop, mother, stop! Let me have a look at him. Something tells me 'tain't the first time I've seen that face.

Mrs. S. (*crosses to* C., *and gets between* SMITH *and* SALLY) Stuff and nonsense! You *would* be a clever child if you knew your father. It's as much as ever she was born when the monster absconded. (*to* LARRY) Why do you stand there, Mr. O'Lugger, like a great do-nothing-at-all? Why don't you take my arm, and knock him down?

Lar. My dear Mrs. Smith—my very dear Mrs. Smith—if the Home Establishment is full, there's no vacancy for me; and so, my worthy woman——

Mrs. S. Worthy woman?—me? I shall go lunatic!

Enter COCKLETOP *from shop* L.

Cockle. (L. C.) All right! Signatum, sigillatum, et deliberatum! Heyday! Why, how's this, Mrs. Smith? You ought to have been at church this half-hour!

Mrs. S. (*crossing to* L.) Oh, Mr. Cockletop! you're just come in time. Here's all seven of us, including a cutlass, have been waylaid, stopped, and assaulted by a single wretched footpad.

Cockle. Indeed! Where is he? I'll trounce him, or *my name's* not Christopher Cockletop!

Smith. (*starting, and coming down* c.) Christopher Cockletop! That name—that unpleasant voice—that ordinary countenance! I can't be mistaken! (*hitting him hard*) This is my man!

Cockle. He's assaulting *me* now! Help, Preventive!

Smith. What! does the friend of my bosom pretend he doesn't know my face?

Cockle. Sir, I beg you won't agitate a family man in this way. If I *do* know you, please to give me the slightest idea of who the devil you are.

Smith. Why, my old schoolfellow, don't you recollect Tom Smith? Gotobed Smith, at Dr. Birch's seminary?

Cockle. What! Gotobed Tom?—recollect Gotobed Tom? (*hand on heart*) I do! Recollect Birch? (*putting hand behind and checking himself*) *Don't* I! But hold, if you *are* the real Gotobed Tom, do you recollect one day—(*whispers, when both burst out laughing*)

Smith. So we did! And do you remember one night—(*whispers, when both burst out laughing*)

Cockle. So she did! (*opens his arms*) Tom!

Smith. (*opens his arms*) Kit!

Cockle. Come to my arms. (*they embrace*)

Smith. But I say, old boy, so you've turned lawyer—eh? Well. I *did* think you'd have turned out better than that—however, old friends meeting mustn't talk of disagreeables.

Cockle. No more they should—the associations should be pleasant. And so you ran away from your wife and child and died in America, did you?

Smith. (L. C.) No, Christopher, think better of your friend. In the first place, I didn't die at all—in the next place, I ran away from what would frighten the devil himself—the Lord Chief Justice of England, a writ of capias, and the uncomfortable connexion subsisting between the smuggling laws, French brandy, and Botany Bay—and one very fine morning, hearing from my authentic friend, Docket, that warrants were out against Thomas Smith, I slipped on board a Yankee merchantman in the Downs, cleared the Channel next day, reached New York in six weeks, and in three months set up my walking-stick on the banks of the Ohio.

Cockle. And when you set up your walking-stick what followed?

Smith. Why, there my stick stuck for nearly a quarter of a century—but at last I had the satisfaction of hearing that my beloved uncle and godfather, Gotobed, was dead, and had had the masculine good sense to leave me the whole of his little fortune.

Mrs. S. (L. C., *relaxing*) A little fortune? What, Sir? —is poor dear Mr. Gotobed dead?

Smith. Yes, a sudden and premature end at ninety-three—poor man! A generous impulse immediately prompted me to revisit the land of my fathers, and pocket my uncle's two thousand sterling pounds—and here I am, with that firm determination!

Mrs. S. (R.) Good Heavens! Two thousand pounds! Let me look twice at this interesting stranger—don't restrain me, Mr. Cockletop. (*knocks* COCKLETOP *out of the way*, L. C.) Now I gaze again——

Smith. Well!

Mrs. S. 'Tis he!—'tis my Gotobed! (*rushes to his arms*) To think I should ever forget such a cast of features as that! (*parting his hair violently*—SMITH *makes grimaces*)

Sal. (L.) Mamma, mamma, is it really papa?

Cockle. (*crossing behind* SALLY) Hush, Miss Sally—you mustn't ask that sort of question.

Mrs. S. To be sure it is your papa. Heartless child, how you stand! Why don't you smother him with kisses?

Sal. (*embracing* SMITH.) O my! how happy I am! Bless his dear, dear, dear, old face! (*slapping his cheeks with both hands.* SMITH *repeats grimaces*)

Lar. Larry, my darling, you're saved! It's very affecting, ain't it, Mrs Smith? (MRS. SMITH *waves handkerchief, unable to speak.*) Ain't it, Mr. Cockletop? (COCKLETOP *the same.*) Ain't it, Gimp and Bobbins? (GIMP *and* BOBBINS *the same.*)

Smith. By the bye, Gimp and Bobbins, my old friends, my new old friends, it seems you have been asked here to a jolly good dinner. Your friendly sympathy sha'nt be disappointed. Dinner will be *on* at three; till when, please to be *off*. Mrs. Smith and I haven't had a chat very lately. Do as you would be done by. You understand—

Guests. At three; we'll be punctual, never fear.

Smith. Kind souls, I don't. [*Exeunt* GUESTS.

Smith. Well, Sarah, I suppose we must obey the Proverb between us—forget and forgive! You've managed to forget, and I must contrive to forgive. (*seeing* LARRY *advancing.*) Ha! that florid Hibernian still here! Damn his impudence! I must annihilate this fellow.

Mrs. S. (*aside*) Poor Lawrence! He can't keep away! He doats upon the very ground I stand on.

Smith. (*loud*) Emerald Islander, keep your distance, Sir, and let your red cheeks blush if they can. I take it, the professional business of that swinging cutlass of yours is to prevent smuggling. What means, then, your own contraband traffic, with this prohibited piece of goods? (*pointing to* MRS. SMITH)

Lar. Mr. Smith, whether you believe me or no, nobody here's more gladder to see your own beautiful countenance than Larry O'Lugger—not even your wife, there. My regard for Mrs. Smith was altogether a mistake. And to show it ain't smuggling but fair trade I would be at, give me your daughter for a wife, let me take Miss Sally, and you'll find there will be no mistake at all, at all.

Smith. Sally!

Cockle. Sally!

Mrs. S. Sally!

Lar. Sally! and as it seems quite clear you haven't any other Sally's to choose from, I unhesitatingly select this one. (*points to* SALLY)

Mrs. S. (*aside*) The Irish villain!

Smith. Friend Lubber, you make amends—your proposal is very civil—I wasn't aware a man could be so very military and civil, too—and if on enquiry I find your morals to be on the same redundant scale as the rest of your person, and Sally says yes, I consent.

Lar. So do I.

Sal. So do I.

Cockle. So do I.

Mrs. S What! when only five minutes ago— (*very loud*) So don't I.

Sal. Dear mother, pray do!

Lar. Dear mother, pray do! (*crosses to her*)

Mrs. S. Mother indeed! I say, once for all, never, never, never, never! Sally's *my* child, recollect.

Smith. And mine too—I *presume.*

Cockle. Come, come, Mrs. Smith, think better of it—bless the young folks together!

Lar. and *Sal.* } Yes, bless the young folks together!

Mrs. S. I'll see you both—anything but blest, first. Now recollect what I say: I'm going to compose my nerves, and look how the cooking's getting on—and before anybody comes to argufy the point with me, let him bear in mind this fact—I've had the kitchen poker mended!

[*Exit into shop, slamming door after her.*

Smith (*to* LARRY) Rash man! don't follow her: her mode of handling a poker was, and probably is, fearfully scientific—she's in a boiling passion, so suppose you let her simmer down at the kitchen fire. Meantime, I'm your friend.

Enter BOY, *with paper*, R. U. E.

Boy. A letter I was to give to Mrs. Smith's husband.

Smith. (*advances*) Then give it.

Boy. (*jerking it away*) I means to it. (*gives it to* LARRY) There—and mind if you *insists* on giving me a pint, you'll find me at skittles down at the Blue Anchor.

[*Exit* L.

Lar. (*looks at address, opens and reads letter*)

Smith. There's humiliation! I hope that's humiliation enough to do any body's heart good. I'm not to open my own letters now.

Lar. (*aside*) Larry O'Lugger, and what's that you have been reading? Here's a Donnybrook row! I must tell the Justice Clerk—(*to* COCKLETOP, *who is talking to* SMITH) Hist—hist! Whoo! (*whistling to him—then drawing him apart*) Here's a piece of business! I'm ordered this moment to attend Justice Napper. See here. (*reading*) "Investigation relative to an old case of smuggling and contumacy"——

Cockle. Well, arrest the miscreant.

Lar. Don't I tell you to see here; read—"Whereas process of Outlawry was issued against Thomas Smith"—

Cockle. Thomas Smith! You don't mean that! Give

me the paper. (*reads*) Anno 1800! Conclusive! 'Tis my poor friend's former condemnation! and now I think of it, I shall have to execute the old warrant (*sighing*) Smith! Smith! unfortunate man!

Smith. (*overhearing*) Smith! unfortunate man! What a singular expression!

Cockle. (*with formality*) Mr. Smith, I must speak to you in private.

Smith. Mr. Smith! *Mr.?* Another singular expression!

Cockle. Silence!

Sal. Dear Mr. Cockletop! What *is* the matter?

Cockle. Silence! (*to* LARRY, *who points to* SMITH, *gesticulating*) Silence!

Smith. My dear friend, are you aware that you are making a devil of a noise with your silence?

Cockle. Silence! (*leads* SALLY *to door of shop*) Unhappy orphan, go to your mother!

Sal. Orphan!

Cockle. Silence! (*shuts her in*)

Smith. Orphan! A *third* singular expression! I really begin to experience a trifling shudder.

Cockle. (*to* LARRY) Begone to Justice Napper; and mind, not a word to any soul, or any body.

Lar. Mum! Dumb!

Cockle. (*pushing him off* L.) Silence! (*solemnly to* SMITH) Now that we are alone, answer me and quickly. Your time is short!

Smith. My time short! My dear old friend, you are growing rapidly offensive. I wish you'd condescend to tell me what screw *is* loose, and what the devil *is* the matter.

Cockle. Hush. Recollect the French brandy.

Smith. I do—I do; but if the French brandy chose to land in the pond in my garden, could *I* help it? Besides, that's past and gone, twenty years ago. If you ask France, I'll be bound France will tell you she has forgotten the circumstance altogether.

Cockle. But the English Custom house never forgets; the English Tax-gatherer, like immortal Majesty, never dies! You have been recognized; you are in danger; the ground is yawning under your feet.

Smith. (*running away*) Will you be quiet, Sir? Don't

suppose I'm to be frightened by a yawn! No, Sir; no free-born Englishman can be tried twenty years after the offence. I therefore appeal to the laws of my country, and boldly meet my trial!

Cockle. It's too late now. Five years were given you to purge your Contumacy.

Smith. Purge my what, Sir?

Cockle. Pooh, pooh, Sir, no trifling: your time's up: all's over: there's no legal life left in you: you're in a state of *Civil Death!*

Smith. *Civil* death! Well, as long as death keeps *civil*, there can't be much harm done.

Cockle. No harm done! It's plain you know nothing of law. No harm done! Wait a minute. (*crosses to house* R.—*runs to his own door*) Smiley, hand me down Longyarn's Abridgment, (*returns with ponderous law-book*) Now, Sir, before we've got half through this little Digest, I'll prove to your satisfaction you're liable to be transported for life.

Smith. Half through that *very* little Digest? I'd as soon be hanged at once! Is this to be borne? (*coming forward*) I appeal to Young England! I come to my Mother Country,—I come to live morally and peaceably, on the best of every thing that can be got for love or money, and my Mother Country hands me a thing like that to digest! But I'll not trouble you, Mother Country! I'll go back to Yankee Land, the moment my inheritance—the moment my beloved uncle's beloved two thousand pounds are safe in my breeches pocket!

Cockle. Inheritance? You ain't capable of inheriting any thing. But be comforted,—every farthing of your property goes to your wife.

Smith. My wife?—perfidious Sarah? Damn it—I can't stand this! I'll be divorced!

Cockle. Divorced! You *are* divorced! Let me read Jacobus Secundus.

Smith. Bother Jacobus Secundus! Besides, now I come to think of it, I don't know but a divorce from Sarah Smith's well worth the two thousand pounds: especially if I can manage to make it over to my daughter.

Cockle. Daughter? You've got no daughter! Queen Anne distinctly declares you incapable of having a child.

Smith. Does she? Well, I really do wish Queen Anne would be good enough to mind her own concerns. Queen Anne and I shall quarrel presently.

Cockle. Now, listen. The warrant is already in the catchpoll's hands. Take a friend's advice: run—vanish—evaporate from the face of the earth! Yet, ere we part, one tear to the memory of youth and Birch! (*they embrace*) 'Tis past! and now—outlaw, be off!

Smith. (*stopping him*) Wait a minute! Well, Christopher, if it must be, it must. One last favor—the last in this world!—Can't you give us a bit of dinner?

Cockle. Miscreant, begone? (*runs to his house* R. H., *slams and bolts door*)

Smith. Friend of my soul—he's gone!—yes, he's gone and bolted the door! The precious old thief! And here am I, the last of the Gotobeds without a bed to go to!—not even a stone to serve him for a bolster! (*sitting down*) After all, why should I seek to preserve a head that France and England have made up their minds to have—and be damned to them!—*why* should I? Simply because I am persuaded it would never look half so dignified anywhere else as in the position it occupies at this moment—*that's* why. So here we goes again—I'll just walk back to North America. (*takes down cloak and puts it on*)

Enter LARRY *hastily*, L.

Lar. (*crosses to* R.) Hirroo! Hirroo! Here's news for the Smiths and the Cockletops and the O'Luggers!

Smith. (*dressing.*) Though I am now perfectly indifferent to all *subloonary* concerns, I'll take precious good care nobody sees me. My half-crowner, here, seems made for the purpose. Ah! a capital idea! I'll adopt the amphibious cut of the chap I bought it from.

Lar. (*seeing him.*) Larry, my boy, what's that you see? Black cloak, fiery red lining—wait a minute. (*searching pockets.*)

Smith. I'll be bound they've got a full description of my oval countenance—but I'll trouble 'em to read my oval countenance. (*putting up collar and pulling down hat.*)

Lar. (*pulls out paper and reads.*) "Hat down and collar up to shew his face is concealed." 'Tis my man!—'tis the

offensive Van Smelt! If I could only pick up the two hundred pounds reward! (*intercepts him moving off.*)—Halt!

Smith. That florid Preventive here? I'll bother him! (*begins gesticulating and spluttering gibberish, not a vistage of his face being seen*).

Lar. Is it yourself, my Dutch darling? I've been longing to take you by the swallow this month and more. Come along. (*seizes him, calling*) Hirroo! Mr. Cockletop!

Cockle. (*from window*) What's the matter?

Lar. I've got him!—I've caught the Dutch devil at last! Here's Van Smelt!

Smith. (*aside*) Oh! I'm a Dutch devil, am I?

Cockle. Then hold him fast till I come.

Lar. Now for a peep at him. (*they struggle*—SMITH *throws the cloak over* LARRY, *hits him right and left, spluttering Dutch, and then runs off*, R. U. E.)

Enter COCKLETOP, L.

Cockle. Now for a peep at him.

[COCKLETOP *seizes* O'LUGGER, *who emerges with his hat crushed, throws the cloak over* COCKLETOP, *hitting him right and left.*]

Cockle. (*under cloak*) Help!—help!—murder! (*emerges with his hat beaten over his eyes*).

Lar. Why, Mr. Cockletop, is that yourself? Oh, the big scoundrel!

COCKLE. Who? me?

Lar. No, he—the Dutchman. The ruffian punched my stomach.

Cockle. The monster pitched into my ditto!

Lar. Did he? Well, just now there's something more important. Would you believe it?—my intended father-in-law turns out to be—(*runs to shop and calls*) Mrs. Smith! (*returning*) Yes my father-in-law turns out to be—(*calling*) Miss Sally! you're wanted here, you two darlin' rogues of the world—quick!

MRS. SMITH *and* SALLY *rush from shop.*

Mrs. S. (*dignified.*) Mr. Laurence O'Lugger, how you

can have the face to look me in the countenance again——

Kir. Take cool, my dear old friend; and tell me about as quick as winking, where's Mr. Smith? He must be be found this moment. It's a question of life and death to this unfortunate man's neck (*pointing to* COCKLETOP.)

Cockle. (*starting.*) My neck! What do you mean?

Lar. Judge for yourself. I went to the Justice's. There I found his Worship, perfectly sober, I give you my honor, with the Custom-house Officer of the District, overhauling papers together. Larry (said Justice) look out for one Thomas Smith, who landed early to-day at Broadstairs, and arrived within these three hours at Margate. Then give Cockletop these papers, and tell him if he has failed to do his duty, I'll strike his head off in my Court.

Cockle. (*jumping off ground.*) What?

Lar. No—I mean, I'll strike him off the *head* of my *Court*—he shall be discharged this moment entirely, (*giving papers*).

Cockle. (*reading.*) Ah! what do I see? Is it possible? My poor dear friend! Where is he?

Mrs. S. Where is he? That's what *we* want to know. We left him here with you.

Cockle. Yes, but he refused the dinner, the shelter, the house-room I offered him, and ran off like mad.

Lar. Then suppose we all run after him separately altogether: he can't be far off. To think he should turn out to be—— Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!

[*Exit bawling*, R. U. E.

Cockle. I always *thought* he'd turn out to be——Smith! Gotobed Smith! *Exit bawling*, L.

Mrs. S. and *Sally.* } What *has* he turned out to be? Smith! Smith!

Exeunt in different directions.

SMITH *appears at back, ascending cliff. Voices heard calling* "SMITH."

Smith. Do you hear that? The bloodhounds are after me! They have evidently got upon my smell! Before me lies the sea! (*looking over*). It looks as deep as my despair! perhaps a little deeper!

Voices. Smith! Smith! Smith!

Smith. The bloodhounds again! Ah! the well-known

bark of Sarah Smith! and her bark is a joke to her bite! Where shall I find rest but in the bosom of the Briny?—I've no choice left! Bosom of the Briny, receive me to your bottom! (*change of tone.*) I wonder if I've forgot my swimming! (*imitating violent swimming*).

Enter LARRY, *with carbine*, R.

Lar. I thought I saw a voice.

Smith. (*throwing off his coat*). Off, off, vile garment! Upon my life, it's very cold. Perhaps I should find it warmer if I jumped in with my clothes on. (*Swimming again.*)

Lar. (*seeing him.*) 'Tis he! Hallo, Mr. Smith! What's that telegraphing about? Come down directly, by order of the Quarter Sessions!

Smith. Quarter Sessions! Vile tool of despotism, bear my answer back to the Quarter Sessions! Behold! (*hand to his nose*).

Lar. Will you come down, or by the living Jingo, shall I bring you down? (*preparing carbine.*)

Smith. That depends on circumstances. Is your living Jingo loaded?

Lar. To the muzzle; and I give you my honor as a gentleman, I'll shoot you dead; I will, upon my soul. (*pointing carbine*)

Smith. Loaded? You don't mean that? Wait a minute—no damned nonsense. Vile tool, do let me put my coat on——(*puts on coat inside out, with white sleeves*).

Lar. Come down, I say.

Smith. I'm coming! (*folds his arms and descends slowly from cliff.*) Vile tool, I surrender! (*comes forward.*)

Lar. (*calling.*) Mr. Cockletop, Mrs. Smith, Sally, come here—I have got him.

COCKLETOP, MRS. SMITH, *and* SALLY, *rush on.*

Sal. Hold him fast!

Cockle. Throttle him!

Mrs. S. Tie him neck and heels! (*they tie his hands with colored handkerchief.*)

Smith. Vile myrmidons, you can torture my wretched

wrists, you can shackle my poor shins and ancles, but my immortal spirit—the divine portion of me—will see you damned first!

Cockle. Smith, your brain's turned! Your mad! We come to save you!

Smith. Mad, and come and shave me! The cold-blooded ruffians!

Cockle. You won't believe it, Mr. Smith; but you are an innocent man.

Mrs. S. As innocent a man as I am!

Cockle. Yes, my dear friend. It was *another* Smith the sharks were after, twenty years ago—the notorious Tom Smith, the Cornwall smuggler. It appears he was taken a month after, and transported at the Falmouth Assizes, confessing he had drifted a whole cargo of French brandy ashore off Broadstairs. You ran off without stopping to hear reason. If you won't believe your innocence without proofs, look here. (*giving papers*).

Smith. Gracious Powers! I can't make head or tail of them—the joy is too much! Just be ready there, behind —I faint. (*fainting.*)

Mrs. S. Poor dear Totts, of him? Sally, bring a bucket of water.

Smith. (*jumping up.*) Sally, I'll trouble you not to trouble yourself.

Cockle. Justice Napper is very sorry for the mistake.

Smith. I give Napper my honor, so am I.

Cockle. His former Clerk, Docket, your friendly informant, was evidently misled by the misnomer; the name, you see (*shewing paper,*) is S, m, i, t, h, Smith, whereas the Pirate's was S, m, y, t, h—Smyth—a gross informality of my Lord Chief Justice.

Smith. I see—an I for a Y! Then tell the Lord Chief Justice of England, the next time he issues a warrant against me, he had better *mind his I's!*

Cock. King George restores you to all your civil rights.

Smith. Think of that! Restored to all my civil rights by George! (*to* MRS. SMITH.) Give me a kiss, old boy! (*to* COCKLETOP.) Come to my arms, old girl!

Lar. (R.) And what has Larry O'Lugger done, that you don't kiss me?

Smith. Too generous and florid marine! I recollect. He was going to shoot me to save my life!

Sal. Dear Mr. O'Lugger!

Smith. If he *is* dear to you, Sally, you shall be his reward. (*joins their hands.*) There!

Mrs. S. I consent.

Sal. Oh, thank you, papa and mamma!

Lar. Oh, thank you, papa and mamma!

Smith. Embrace each other. (*they embrace.*) In fact, let us embrace, all three! (*embracing*).

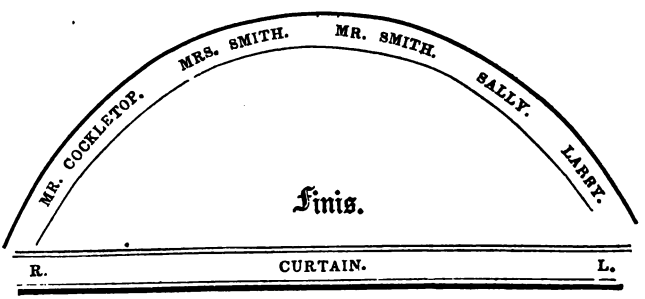
Mrs. S. All three? All four! (*embracing the three*).

Cockle. All four? All five! (*embracing in a lump*).

Omnes. Oh, happiness! (*all exclaiming together*).

Smith. (*looking at* COCKLETOP.) Cockletop, when you've quite done with Mrs. Smith, let me know. I feel an unmistakable impulse to resume my civil rights—including Mrs. Smith—my next step will be to take immediate possession of the Gotobed property. Well, well, after all the roughs he has met with, to think that Gotobed Tom should find a smooth place at last! (*kissing his wife*). And considering how very long I've been very dead, I feel pretty lively—I do indeed. (*advancing to* AUDIENCE.) In fact, there's nothing wanting now but your smiles, to give life—*new* life—*long* life—to

"GOTOBED TOM!"



No. XXVI.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

THE

KING OF THE COMMONS.

A Play

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY REV. JAMES WHITE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PLAYED AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON, AND THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUB

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

A WRITER in Blackwood's Magazine, who was present at the first representation of this play, pronounces it "one of the most successful dramas which has been produced for a long time upon the stage"; and adds: "our own judgment might possibly have been swayed by partiality—not so that of the thousands who have since witnessed its repeated and successful representation."

The "King of the Commons" was first performed the 20th May, 1846, at the Princess's Theatre, London. The author, James White, a Scottish clergyman, was known to the literary world by his play of the "Earl of Gowrie," which, though much praised for its dramatic promise, had not been written for the stage, and has never been performed. The present piece, as we learn from the concurrent testimony of the critics, was eminently successful. The manly courage, chivalrous gallantry, and gusty passions of James, however contradicted by historical statements, tell capitally on the stage, and well suited Macready's fitful, wayward, sentimental style of acting. He was received with deafening applause in the part, which is somewhat long and arduous, requiring great energy and variety of temperament. The play was handsomely put upon the stage; and all the characters, with the exception of *Mungo*, were well sustained. Mr. Ryder was respectable in *Sir Adam Weir;* Mr. Leigh Murray, pathetic and spirited in *Malcolm;* Mr. Cooper, blunt and manly in *Buckie;* and Mr. Compton irresistibly funny in *Laird Small;* while for Mrs. Sterling, "it must be said she was nothing less than excellent in *Madeleine.*" The scene between *Seton* and the *King* in the fourth act, where the former is accused of treason, and exculpated by the very document that is brought to overwhelm him, commanded the warmest applause of the crowded audience. The last act also went off with spirit;

although the *denouement* is rather too obvious throughout. On the fall of the curtain, Mr. Macready was called for, and cheered with shouts of congratulation; and then "some noisy persons persevered in bawling for the author, till he was compelled to shew himself in the stage-box, and bow his thanks to these obstreperous *claqueurs* of the Commons." The play was subsequently repeated a number of nights with undiminished success.

The "King of the Commons" is full of indications of a high order of genius for dramatic writing. The faults are those of inexperience, and an ignorance of the requisitions of the modern stage. The character of *James* is boldly sketched, and sustained with spirit throughout. The author has evidently bestowed upon it the most elaborate touches, and it is no unworthy addition to the dramatic portrait-gallery of English literature. The comic portions of the play, though not unpleasing upon the stage when well represented, betray the hand of the novice. The lovers, too, are somewhat after the old, conventional pattern of novelists and play-wrights; although *Malcolm* has one or two fine bursts of emotion in his last interview with his reprobate kinsman, *Sir Adam*.

The author deserves our admiration for the skill with which he has wrought out, from materials apparently slight, and a plot of remarkable simplicity, so pleasing and effective a drama; and this without any far-fetched incident or exaggerated passion—without any false straining after effect, or ambitious misuse of language. If he can so successfully handle a subject so unpromising, we are justified in looking for a far greater triumph, when he shall try his hand upon a story of more suggestive opportunities and more exciting interest.

"Were we to venture," says the critic in Blackwood's Magazine, from whose remarks we have already quoted, "upon any broad criticism, after a careful perusal of this play, and of *The Earl of Gowrie*, we should be inclined to say that Mr. White sins rather upon the side of reserve, than that of abandonment. We think he might well afford to give a freer rein to his genius—to scatter before us more of the flowers of poesy—to elevate the tone of his language and the breadth of his imagery, more especially in the principal scenes. It may be—and we almost

believe it—that he entertains a theory contrary to ours: that his effort throughout has been to avoid all exaggeration, and to imitate, as nearly as the vehicle of verse will allow, not only the transactions, but the dialogue of actual life. But, is this theory, after all, substantially correct? A play, according to our ideas, is not intended to be a mere daguerreotype of what has passed or is passing around us; it is also essentially a poem, and never can be damaged by any of the arts which the greatest masters in all times have used for the composition of their poetry. Much must be said in a play, which in real life would find no utterance; for passion, in most of its phases, does not usually speak aloud; and therefore it is that we not only forgive, but actually require, some exaggeration on the stage, in order to bring out more clearly the thoughts which in truth would have remained unspoken.

"In the matter of ornament, much must be left to the discretion and the skill of the author. We are as adverse as any man can be, to overflowing diction—to a smothering of thoughts in verbiage—to images which distract the mind by their over-importance to the subject. But the dramatic author, if he carefully considers the past annals of his craft, can hardly fail to remark, that no play has ever yet achieved a permanent reputation, unless, in addition to general equable excellence, it contains some scenes or passages of more than common beauty or power, into the composition of which the highest species of poetry enters—where the imagination is allowed its unchecked flight, and the fancy its utmost range. Thus it was, at all events, that Shakspeare wrote; and if our theory should be by any deemed erroneous, we are contented to take shelter under his mighty name, and appeal to his practice, artless as it may have been, as the highest authority of the world.

"But, after all, we are content to take the play as we find it. Of *The Earl of Gowrie*, Mr. White's earlier production, we have left ourselves in this article little room to speak. In some points, it is of a higher and more ambitious caste than the other—written with more apparent freedom; and some of the characters—*Logan of Restalrig*, for example—are powerfully conceived. It is not, however, so well adapted for the stage as the

other drama. James the Sixth, according to our author's portraiture, is a far less personable individual than his grandsire; and the quaint mixture of Scots and Latin with which his speeches are decorated, would sound strangely and uncouthly in modern ears, even could a competent actor be found."

The "King of the Commons" is underlined for representation at the Park Theatre, Wednesday, the second of September, 1846; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appearing in the parts of *King James* and *Madeleine*—a cast, which cannot fail to insure it a degree of success in the United States, equal to that which has already attended it in London and Edinburgh.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The present play is one of a series on the Stuart Kings of Scotland. The only one hitherto published, "The Earl of Gowrie," was sent in manuscript to Barry Cornwall, and by him forwarded, with a very flattering judgment, to Mr. Macready. Though I was entirely unacquainted with both, they at once entered very warmly into my views; and I have now the grateful task of offering to Mr. Macready my thanks for his great kindness in suggesting such improvements in this drama, as render it more adapted for the stage than my theatrical inexperience would have enabled me to make it.

I shall always feel pleased with my dramatic attempt, as it has gained me some friends of whom I may well be proud,—and shown me that if the Drama is at present sunk, it is from no unwillingness, on the part of those most interested in its success, to give every assistance to a new effort in the cause,—and still less from any niggardliness of praise and encouragement, on the part of the critics, to an author who honestly applies himself to the task.

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,
May 11*th*, 1846.

TO

EDMUND PEEL, ESQ.

OF UNDERROCK, BONCHURCH;

A MARK OF FRIENDSHIP AND REGARD

FROM

THE AUTHOR.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Princess's.	*Park.*
King James V. of Scotland	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Charles Kean.
Sir Adam Weir, of Laichmont	" Ryder.	" Barry.
George Weir, his nephew (called Buckie)	" Cooper.	" Dyott.
Malcolm Young, related to Sir Adam	" L. Murray.	" Stark.
Laird Small, of Moss-Holm	" Compton.	" Bass.
Mungo Small, his son		" Fisher.
Lord Seton		" Sutherland.
Lord Hume		" Anderson.
Lord Maxwell		" M'Donall.
Lord Somerville		" Andrews.
Lord Kilmaurs		" Gallot.
Lord Cassilis		" Matthews.
Bishop		" Bellamy
Usher		" Povey.
Officer		" Milot.
Attendant		" Sprague.
Servant		" Hirst.

Lord Grey, Archbishop, Guards, Headsman, Robbers, Messenger, &c.

Madeleine Weir, grandchild of Sir Adam,	Mrs. Stirling.	Mrs. Charles Kean.
Widow Barton, niece to Sir Adam		" Dyott.

Time, 1542.

COSTUMES.

KING JAMES—*First Dress:* Arm-hole cloak, black velvet doublet and trunks lined with gold, black silk stockings and velvet shoes, large black hat and white feathers.—*Second Dress*—Green cloth over-shirt, sword and leather belt, and high dark riding boots, Scotch bonnet, short staff in hand.

LORDS.—The same style as the Kings's first dress, but the colors of dress different.

SIR ADAM WEIR.—A black cloth suit of the same style as those of the nobles sut plainer, and trimmed with black velvet, white wig, and beard.

MALCOLM YOUNG.—*First Dress:* A gray cloth shirt, long black arm-hole cloak, something like a college gown, student's cap.—*Second Dress*: A handsome cavalier dress, after the same style as that of the lords.

LAIRD SMALL.—A plain, dark-colored doublet, and arm-hole cloak, a hood, and Scotch bonnet over it.

MUNGO.—A brocade shirt, with very short smart arm-hole cloak, gay colors, very small hat, and cock's feather.

BUCKIE. —Same style as King's second dress, shepherd's plaid wound round. The last scene, a wolf's head cap, and large cloak.

MADELEINE.—White watered silk trimmed with blue and cherry chequers, plaid scarf and veil.

WIDOW BARTON.—Grey cloth dress, trimmed with black velvet, point lace cap.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left:* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

THE KING OF THE COMMONS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Ante-Chamber at Holyrood.*—MUNGO SMALL in *attendance, and* BUCKIE *roughly dressed, are discovered.*

Buc. (R.) I pray you, let me to audience of the king.
Mun. (L.) His majesty has not appeared to-day:
I dare not call him.
Buc. Dare not call the king?
You wrong his fame. He scarce would turn away
A beggar from his gate—
Mun. And you, good friend?
Buc. Am not a beggar, save that I may see him.
Mun. I trust 'tis joyous news you bring. The whip
May pay you scurvily for woeful tidings.
Buc. How? Is the guerdon measured in such wise?
Then he runs risk to hear few sober truths.
Will it be long before the king comes forth?
Mun. Is't from the South you come? Nithsdale, they say,
Is filled with soldiers; old Caerlaverock groans
With the prodigious weight of metal guns
From Flanders.
Buc. Does it, Sir? I hope its groans
Will move your pity to procure me hearing
From gracious James.
Mun. "No, curse me if I do!
"Why, where the devil have you left your tongue?
"*Buc.* Between my teeth, Sir: 'tis the safest place.
"If you've a runaway horse, it's my advice
"To keep the stable shut.
"*Mun.* Oh! that's the advice?
"Now, then, I'll give you my advice to match:

"If you would see the king, let that same horse
"Of yours be civil; and not kick and bite,
"And look so curséd sulky." Get you gone;
King James is busy, with a dozen lords,
Some bishops, and his eminence. Be off!
Buc. Sir, I can wait.
Mun. So much the better, Sir:
You'll have a famous opportunity.—
[*Aside.*] A close-mouthed hunks! Gad, if his news were gold,
He could not be more sparing.
Buc. I'm as patient
As Job; and could change places with a milestone,
So little fond am I of moving.—Here [*Sitting* R. C.
I sit; and all the ushers in the court,
And chamberlains, and chambermaids to boot,
Sha'n't move me, till I've seen our lord the king.
Mun. I'll beat about the bush no longer.—Hem!
Plump! what's your business?
Buc. Plump!—I will not tell you.
Mun. Then you sha'n't see him.
Buc. Then I shall!
Mun. Oh, will you?—

The folding-doors fly open, C.—*Enter* JAMES, *hurriedly, followed by Lords* MAXWELL, CASSILIS, SETON, HUME, KILMAURS, GRAY, SOMERVILLE, *the* ARCHBISHOP, BISHOP, *Ushers, &c.*

James. He will not?—but he must! Not send the men?
Why, what a silken-souled, white-livered knave!
What's his excuse?
Max. He's old—he's very old.
James. Old? will he tremble in the chimney corner,
Counting his miserable years? How old?
Has he a hand left? Can he see and hear?
By heaven! he shall not cozen us with age!
If he's not with us on the Boroughmuir
With his whole house,—his vassals—every one—
He shall be seized for treason, if his age
Were counted by the century. Hark, my lords!
I know there's more than age in this excuse.
Max. Lord Bothwell is an agéd man.

James. Too old
To feel a Scotsman's blood stream at his heart!
I know, I know,—but, as I live by bread,
I'll show the sceptre's not a willow wand!
Trust me, 'twere wise in you to join my banner
With every spear you have. We've winked too long,
But we have not been blind.
Max. My gracious lord,
Banish these harsh thoughts of your noble peers,
And listen to our humble suit.
James. Oh! humble,—
Your humble suit,—now, curse on humble suits,
Urged with false tongues! I'd rather have rough words
Ay! though against ourself, from the bold heart,
Than these same humble suits. What is your suit?
Max. That you would pause, ere you advance your banner
Against the English king, your loving kinsman.
James. There spoke the recreant Scot! The English king,
God pardon me! I think, is king of Scots.
My lords—my lords! this is no time to pause;
Our loving kinsman is our deadliest foe,
Plucking our wreathéd honours, one by one,
Not in brave fight, but slily, stealthily,—
Turning our nobles into gilded slaves,
And stripping this poor crown of all it had,
Not gold and jewels—they may go, and welcome,—
But honour and the allegiance of true hearts,
That were its glory through three hundred years,
I looked not for it—I thought better things.
[*A pause—the nobles look disconcerted.*
If I had heard a man two years agone,
Say that the Scottish nobles would desert
Their king, when England dared them to come on,
I would have slain him as a slanderous liar;—
But now!—— [*Goes up abruptly.*
Somer. [*To a Bishop.*] Your lordship is a man of peace;
Speak to the king.
Bishop. (L.) What can I say to him?
Somer. Tell him to spare his people.
Bishop. Ah, my lord!

I need not tell king James to spare his people;
They know he loves them.
Somer. But he'll spill their blood.
Bishop. Better to spill their blood than lose their souls
"Oh, there be times and causes, good my lords!
"When the white Christian dove must seek her nest,
"And leave the murky clouds to be cleft through
"By the strong pinioned eagle." There be times
When Piety herself must gird the sword,
And meek Religion, like an Amazon,
Dart her fierce glances over fields of war.
James. [*Advancing*, R.] Well spoken, good Lord Bishop! if the fire
That warms your heart, gave but its sacred heat
To other bosoms, there might yet be hope
For me—and Scotland!
"*Kil.* There was fire enough
"In Scottish hearts, that now are chilled."
"*James.*" Now hear me—
There shall no Douglas trample on this land,
While there's a Stuart to defend his people.
"Where is the Douglas now? In Surrey's ranks,
"Feeding on England's offals; nursing scaith
"To all our realm; hounding the tyrant on,
"The blustering braggart Henry; let them go!"
Scotland can face all Tudors on the earth,
And all the Douglases to boot!
Somer. 'Twere wise
To see your royal uncle.
James. What to hear?
His threats, and worse than threats—his patronage?
As if we stooped our sovran crown, or held it
As vassal from the greatest king alive.
No; we are poor—I know we are poor, my lords;
Our realm is but a niggard in its soil,
And the fat fields of England wave their crops
In richer dalliance with the autumn winds,
Than our bleak plains; but from our rugged dells,
Springs a far richer harvest—gallant hearts,
Stout hands, and courage that would think foul scorn
To quail before the face of mortal man.
We are our people's king. For you, my lords,

Leave me to face the enemy alone!
I care not for your silken company.
I'll to my stalwart men—I'll name my name,
And bid them follow James. They'll follow me—
Fear not—they'll follow!
Cas. [*To Somerville.*] He will do it, my lord.
Promise him fair.
Somer. My liege, I but presumed
To advise delay. I speak for other peers—
If you give order to advance to the south,
We will obey you.
James. Do you speak for all? [*Goes to Somerville.*
Lord Somerville, your hair is white with years;
Our own is grizzled now, but not with age.
We have had griefs—we've had—but let it go;
We may be harsh in tongue; but if you saw
Our heart, you would give privilege to the words,
For the dear love they spring from. Sweetest wine
Gives strongest sour. My lords, you pardon us!
Somer. My liege, we are your loving subjects ever.
James. You'll meet me on the Boroughmuir as fixed;
Armed for our war, with all your followings.
We will not keep you now. Farewell, my lords,
We have much yet before us—fare ye well!
[*Exeunt lords, c., except Seton, who is following.*
James. [*To Seton.*] Seton—good Seton!—stay with me.
Seton. My liege,
You honour me.
James. Well, man, and wherefore not?
Do you not know I mean to honour you?
Stand not so coldly, Seton; come more near.
Seton, I thought I that had gathered to me
Love, trust, obedience, from—but let them go!
I have you left. You'll never leave me, Seton!
Seton. Never! But why this tone?
James. Because my tongue
Takes lessons from my heart. Ah, Seton—Seton!
I was the proudest king—too proud, perhaps—
I thought I was but foremost in a band
Of men, of brothers, of true-hearted Scots;
But, pshaw!—it shall not move me.
Seton. My good liege,

I think you're too much stirred by the loose talk
Of——

James. No, no, Seton; there is more in this
Than the loose tampering of an idle tongue.
I tell you, Seton, they have made the crown
A bauble on my head. But not for that,
Fail I in purpose—not a jot. Ah, friend,
I sought for hearts—I found but lip and eyes!

Seton. You wrong me—oh! my liege—if I might dare,
I'd say my friend.

James. Say it! I like the word;
Call me your friend.

Seton. My friend! my too kind friend!

James. Well! Let me say in brief—for time is short—
Go to the Boroughmuir, and watch the looks
Of our blue Bonnets, when you give the word
For trampling on the bonny English Rose.
If they are true—ha! Seton—if our trust
Is in stout jerkins, and we pass in scorn
From blazoned shield and the tall waving plume——

Seton. I think your grace may do it.

James. Never king
Was half so great, girt round with gewgaw earls,
As circled by his people! Hurry, then,
And speed you well! I trust you. What a word
For a king's lip to utter to one man—
I trust you!

Seton. Seton has no voice for thanks. [*Exit*, C.

James (R. C.) Will they be traitors still? and play the game
Was played at Lauder Bridge? and leave their king
Unshielded, to the scorn and laugh of England!
I will not think so meanly of them yet:
They are not forward, as their fathers were,
Who died at Flodden, as the brave should die,
With sword in hand, defiance in their hearts,
And a whole land to weep and honour them.
If they desert me—well, I can but die,
And better die than live a powerless king!

[*He sinks in thought.—Buckie comes forward*, L., *and kneels at his feet.*

What now! who are you, friend? Ha! I remember;

We've looked for you ere this. Up, up, man—up!
What want you with us?
Buc. Your majesty—but there be ears too near—
[*Pointing to Mungo.*
James. [*To Mungo.*] Retire!
Mun. [*Aside.*] The hunks! I wonder who he is.
[*Exit,* R.
James. Speak out, man! 'Twas a perilous dip in the Avon,
That your stout arm and ready help made safe.
Buc. Oh, sir, we're used to simple things like that!
James. What! plucking drowning kings out of a river?
Well, it is lucky you had practice, friend,
We might have fared the worse else.
Buc. I was happy
In being by to risk my limbs and life,
Where Scotland has so long fixed all her love.
James. Zounds! you speak well—a stout, bold, honest fellow,—
What want you with us?
Buc. To make known to your grace
A something that concerns the kingdom's weal.
James. In truth? some scant of justice to yourself?
Some trickster wronged you on a market-day?
Out with it! we will right you, if we can.
Buc. No, gracious king; I speak not of myself.
"*James.* Your father, then? gave him false weight of grain.
"For Heaven's sake, man, make your complaint at once."
"*Buc.*" 'Tis treason against you.
James. What say you?—treason?
"Who are you, friend?
"*Buc.* I saved your royal life
"At hazard of my own. Oh, happier far,
"If I may save your fame!
"*James.* Sir, pardon me,
"If I mistook you! Now I listen—speak!
Buc. My liege, you've heard of rich Sir Adam Weir,
Of Laichmont?
James. I've heard of him—go on;
A rich old usurer.
Buc. Ay, Sir; but his stores

Are heaped for other uses than to lend
To needy lords, or riotous young heirs.
James. What is't you mean? You speak in parables.
Buc. He pays a stipend—month by month he pays it—
By order sent from England, "signed by Bowes,"
To knights and nobles that take daily stand
Around your throne.
James. What nobles and what knights?
But, no—I will not know their names. A stipend—
A monthly bribe! To bend their necks so low!
I would not hear their names. If it were Hume!
Or Seton! No, no, no—it cannot be!
Ha! a base bribe; a mean, false, cringing crew!
Tell me no name! I'd make them rue the hour
They sold our Scottish honour for their bribes—
But—is it true?—[*Seizes him by the collar.*] "Dog! if you tell me false,
"I'll brain you on the wall!" Who told you this?
Where lives this Weir? How got you this advice?
Buc. He lives at Laichmont, near to Calder, Sire.
James. I'll see him. From his heart I'll tear the truth.
Thanks, friend. 'Twas kindly meant: but, by my soul,
I wish this thing had not been told to me,
That I had thought them fickle, wilful, cold,
Cowards—ay, cowards—anything but this.
Thanks: I will see you soon. Take this, and this.
[*Gives his ring and purse.*
Say naught of what you've told me. I will ride
To Lalchmont House this hour,—this very hour.
Oh, if 'tis true: if they're the very slaves
To live on foreign bribes—there shall be blood
Shall make the High Street run as if with wine!
Good day, my friend—be silent—and farewell. [*Exit*, c
Buc. He rides alone—he must not ride alone;
He's worth the whole of the nobles in a bunch.
I'll be his guard, if no one else will.
Mun. [*Re-entering*, R.] Well?
What said the King?
Buc. That if an impudent fellow
Asked any questions, I must tell him—
Mun.—What?
I knew you'd tell me.

Buc. That he was an ass,
And should keep all his breath to cool his porridge. [*Exit.*
Mun. Breath!—porridge!—in your teeth, you saucy knave! [*Exit,* c.

SCENE II.—*A Wood in Laichmont.*

Enter MADELEINE *and* MALCOLM, R.

Made. This way it flew. Come, Malcolm; see how high
It soars, as if 'twere weary of the world,
And wished to have a home far up in heaven!
Malcolm. Ah, 'twere a happy bird to win such place,
And never sink to rugged earth again!
Made. Oh, for a hawk, full summed and high of soar,
To follow it into the filmy clouds
And bring it to our feet. But, well-a-day!
We have no hawking now. Five years since, Malcolm,
Ere you went to St. Andrew's, how we loved
To watch the quarry as it rose and rose,
And our strong falcon after it! But now
We are so dull and listless.—You've forgotten
The manege of the lure. I do not think
You could unstrike the jesses for your life.
Mal. I wish I could as easily unstrike
The strings that keep my memories in hood,
And let them down the wind.
Made. And think no more
Of the gay time we had when we were young?
When we were all alone with cousin Barton?
When Grandsire was away in foreign climes,
Far o'er the sea, and we rode forth and hawked,
And laughed all day. Would you forget them, Malcolm?
Mal. I wish I could, my gentle Madeleine,—
"For these bright clouds come up like sinful visions,
"Conjured by magic to distract the souls
"Of solitary men, in lightless caves,
"Retired to commune with their own sad hearts.
Made. But, Malcolm, then your heart was never sad;
You were the boldest horseman, sped your arrow
Straighter than all, rode deftliest at the ring,
And sang the gayest. Wherefore are you changed?

Mal. You know the reason, thoughtless Madeleine!
Made. I don't: I see you're changed. I know not why.
Mal. Know you not I have felt the chilling hand
Of the Archbishop?
Made. And that saddens you?
Dear Malcolm, do not mind my heedless talk,
I would not make you sad for all the world.
[*She holds out her hand.*
Mal. Would you not? But—I may not take your hand.
Made. Why not, dear Malcolm? Take my hand, I pray you.
Mal. No.
Made. Malcolm, you are not offended with me?
I did not mean to vex you. Oh, forgive me!
I cannot bear to see you look so sad.
Will you not take my hand?
Mal. What! take your hand?
I would—oh, Heavens—no! I'll not take your hand.
Made. And we grew up together!—and at last
You're angry with me—tell me, tell me why?
Oh! I'll do anything to please you, Malcolm;
Just take my hand, and say that you forgive me!
Mal. Madeleine, if I were to touch your hand-
If—but—I tell you—no, no, never more!
[*He covers his face with his hands.*

Enter JAMES, L., *disguised in a common travelling dress, resisting robbers.*

Rob. Down with him!
James. Easier said than done, my friend!
What, ho!
Made. Help! help!
Mal. [*Rushing forward with his staff.*] What! five on one? Down, dogs!
And you—and you—— [*The robbers are beaten off.*
James. All gone—all gone! i'faith,
'Tis pleasant after-dinner exercise;
And you, brave sir—I thank you from my heart;
'Twas nobly done—by'r lady—and a youth!
Let the knaves go; they did not fight amiss.
Mal. You are not hurt, sir?
James. But a bump or so

On the tough head; 'tis used to such small coin.
One fellow came behind me with a staff,
Before I saw him. Let me thank you again,
For timely aid. I would I knew your name,
That I might name it in my prayers to-night.
Mal. My name is Malcolm Young, commendator
Of the St. Andrew's Church, a distant kinsman
To the owner of this ground, Sir Adam Weir.
This is Sir Adam Weir's, of Laichmont Grange.
James. Sir Adam Weir?—a worthy gentleman.
I feel my wound is heavier than I thought:
Might I make trespass for an hour or two
On his kind nature?
Mal. This, sir, is his grandchild,
She'll bid you welcome to her kinsman's house.
James. Madam, I am a stranger in these parts,
Or surely I should, long ere this, have heard
The praises of a face so fair as yours.
Mude. [*In alarm.*] Oh, sir, waste not the time in compliment—
Pray you, come to the house. My cousin, sir,
Is skilled in liniments. Support him, Malcolm.
Mal. Lean on my arm.
James. I've felt its worth before;
I hope to pay you for't some other time.
[*Exeunt,* L., *Malcolm supporting King James.*

SCENE III.—*A Parlour in Laichmont House.*

SIR ADAM WEIR *and* WIDOW BARTON *discovered.—Sir Adam at a table,* L. C., *is busy arranging a packet.—Widow Barton seated,* R. C., *has a small pestle and mortar on her knee.*

Sir A. "A messenger—a faithful messenger.
"Malcolm—he is my kinsman, and a priest;
"This Mungo—he's a courtier and a fool;
"If Dacre knew the risk he lays on me
"In traffic with these Lords, he scarce would grudge
"Name, rank, all that I claim, to pay the peril."
If I can get these missives to the lords,
And stay this war—by the persuasive tones
Of English crowns! The risk!—the risk!—this day

A messenger must be found,—or down goes all
The fabric I have raised,—James will draw sword—
And I—but tis too horrible to think on't. [*Comes forward.*
Widow. I warrant, now, my uncle has some plan—
Some herb, now, with a crabbed Latin name—
To mix with this discoction.—He's so glum!
I think I'll ask him.—Uncle! Good Sir Adam! [*Rises.*
Sir A. Ha!—oh! 'tis only you—I'm busy, niece.
Where is your cousin?—where's my Madeleine?
Widow. I thought 'twould be about his Madeleine!
She's gone out for an hour with Malcolm Young.
Sir A. Good! I would have her hold his company
As oft as may be. He is stored with learning,
And may enrich her mind—a studious youth.
Tell her, when she returns, I wish to see her.
Widow. It's always so. These wondrous clever people
Are all alike. And as for Madeleine,
They'll spoil her: I'm quite sure they'll spoil the girl
With their fine learning. I never saw any good
Come of such things. "I never knew a word
"Of any tongue but good, plain, honest Scots,
"Nor read a book, nor wrote a single line,
"And I've done very well. I wish the girl
"May do as well, with all her French and Spanish"
Sir Adam, know you what it is o'clock?
The laird will soon be here.
Sir A. I shall be ready
To give him welcome.
Widow. Is the laird a scholar?
Sir A. I do not think he is. He never aimed
At scholarship.
Widow. Indeed?—so much the better—
Nor I.
Sir A. What, did you never?
Widow. Never aimed
At scholarship; but I'll get ready now
To see the laird. [*Exit,* R.
Sir A. And yet she was the wife—
This silly, talking, thoughtless, empty thing—
Of a brave man—a gentleman—as wise
And deep in counsel, as was e'er a man
Of Scottish blood; "ay, and he loved her too,

"And knew not, all the time they lived together,
"What a poor doll she was. 'Tis very strange;
"For she had never sense to see his worth,
"And yet she loved him too, after a sort;
"And she was proud of him—yet knew not why—"
Well; they were happy.—Why should Madeleine
Be wretched, if her husband is a fool?
I would not have her wretched—not quite wretched.
But she must wed the heir of rich Laird Small.
"Oh! she will love him,—perhaps,—as Barton did
"My silly niece, her cousin. Well, I hope so."

Enter LAIRD SMALL, R.

Laird. Give ye good day, Sir Adam.
Sir A. Welcome, Sir,
Welcome to Laichmont Grange.
Laird. A dirty day,
Gadso—a dirty day—and a false mare.
Sir A. I hope no ill has happ'd.
Laird. A dirty day,
I tell you. As I came by Whitstone mill,
I lost the path: and—I must sell the mare,
She's a false gipsy—and walked into the ditch,
And never minded how I tugged and pulled—
She knelt down on her knees, to drink the faster,
And o'er her head—a false deceitful jade—
And into the ditch—I'll sell her for ten pounds.
Sir A. Done. I will buy her of you; fret no more.
Laird. English—the pounds were English!
Sir A. Be it so.
You're not much hurt?
Laird. No, no—not hurt; but spoilt,
My doublet splashed, and all my new white feather
Clean lost. My bonnet's like a bantam cock
Without the tail.
Sir A. I'm glad to see you here,
And have been thinking over what we said,
When last we spoke upon a certain matter
Touching us both.
Laird. Gadso! and so have I.
Sir A. You see this pictured plan, friend Small; 'tis drawn

By a cunning artist. 'Tis our two estates,
The boundaries, the measurements; each field,
Each tree, each ditch.
Laird. It is not possible!
Gadso? I had a friend who—let it pass—
I have forgotten—but he held the pencil,
And drew and drew—'twas marvellous how he drew.
And this is yours and mine? Gadso! gadso!—
I see.
"*Sir A.* You see where, to the right, it bends—
"*Laird.* Ay, 'tis the Langstone Knowe—I know it well.
"I have a flock there—thirty-five white sheep—
"A goodly flock.
"*Sir A.* And here the river runs!
"*Laird.* It is the Bourtree burn—the bonny burn!
"Gadso! he's a rare hand, the planner on't."
Sir A. If the estates were joined, and one sole man
Could ride round both, and call them all his own,
"Here following up the river to the north,
"The hill along the east, and to the south
"And west the king's high-road"—what say you, friend?
Laird. Gadso! 'twere a most pleasant ride. Gadso!
'Twould be a square. I would it could be done.
Sir A. It may be done.
Laird. I cannot sell the lands—
Moss-Holm is fast entailed——
Sir A. Upon your son.
Laird. Hoo! Gadso! he's a youth! I say, a youth.
I'll say no more: there was a friend of mine
Looked on him once, and said, "Friend Small," he said,
"Your son is such a youth!" And so he is—
He's such a youth.
Sir A. I've never had the pleasure
To see him yet.
Laird. Oh! he is well worth seeing;
"A goodly youth—not tall, not very tall—
"But stout—exceeding stout—and waits at court—"
A courtly gentleman; the King admires him,
And loves him much—a very proper man,
My son, young Mungo Small.
Sir A. I doubt it not;

And if you're fixed on what we settled last;
I will not say you no. My girl is young
And gentle, as I think—my only heir,
Since heaven has left me to a childless age,
After such struggles—both my boys ta'en from me.
Laird. I never lost a son—gadso! I never
Lost anything I cared for. Hem!—I am wrong—
I am a widower, dear Sir Adam Weir;
I lost my wife—it was a grievous loss—
Which minds me of a merry speech was made
On the occasion by a friend of mine.
He said—what was it, now?—I don't remember—
But it was shrewd,—it made us laugh so much!
A pleasant wag!
Sir A. When can I see your son?
Laird. Oh, any time. His month of waiting ends
This very day. He'll come from Holyrood
And hurry here.

Enter MADELEINE, R.

But here's a pretty maid!
This is your grandchild, as I think.
Sir A. It is.
What ails you, Madeleine? You're pale, you're sad.
Made. Oh, sir! a thing has happ'd—a man near killed.
Laird. Gadso!
Sir A. What man? what man? How mean you, girl?
Made. Malcolm and I were walking near the skirt
Of Langstone planting, when there suddenly
Rushed to us a man, resisting the assault
Of five fierce robbers——
Laird. Gad ha' mercy! Robbers!
Made. Malcolm rushed forward, and the villains fled.
But the poor man—a wayfarer he seems—
Was wounded, and he begged to rest awhile.
Sir A. He's welcome. This is past all suffering;
That robber grows more daring, day by day.
You've heard, Laird Small, of Buckie of Drumshorlan,
The reiver——
Laird. A deil's Buckie! I can't sleep
In my own bed anights for thinking of him.
He minds me——

Sir A. Nay, don't tremble, Madeleine;
The danger's past. I'll see the stranger's wounds
Attended to.—Go call my niece, my dear;
Let him be taken to the tapestry chamber,
In the north tower. [*Exit Madeleine*, L.
Laird Small, will you go with me?
Laird. What, I? and see him die?—perhaps he'll die!
I had a friend—a soldier—ah, I know!—
He was a gallant man, and fought at—somewhere,
No matter what 'twas called; a cannon shot
Took off his head—and so, poor gentleman,
He died. Pray Gad, this man do not the same!
But if his head's on—yes, yes, I'll go see him
Sir A. Come, then!
Laird. Oh, after you, Sir Adam!
Sir A. Come! [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Tapestry Room at Laichmont.*

JAMES *discovered, seated*, L. C.—MADELEINE *at his side.*

Made. How feel you, sir?
James. Confused;—as if in doubt
Whether I live on this hard, workday soil,
Or have already passed the bounds of time,
And have an angel sent to solace me.
Made. My cousin will be here with drugs, ere long,
Shall soothe your pain.
James. There are two deep physicians
To whom I trust my cure,—wise Doctor Time,
And his meek colleague, Patience. If, meanwhile,
My gentle nurse, you'll let me wind your scarf
Round my shock hairs, 'twill bring such virtue with it,
"From touch of your most sweet and piteous bosom,"
That it will soothe the wound more speedily
Than all the marvels in her skilful hands.
[*Winds the scarf around his head.*

LAIRD SMALL *looks cautiously in,—then enters,* R.

Laird. Is the man dead?—I hope he is not dead—
I cannot bear to look on a dead man.
Is he clean gone?
James. [*To Madeleine.*] What scaramouch is this?
Made. 'Tis the Laird Small; the owner of Moss-Holm.
James. [*Aside.*] Oh, father of my wonderful new usher—
A likely sire of such a learnèd son!

Enter SIR ADAM WEIR, R.

Sir A. [*To the Laird.*] I fear your speech may hurt the wounded man—
[*To James.*] You find the noise too much, sir?
James. Yes, the voice
Of the old Merry-Andrew is too sharp.
Sir A. Sir! you mistake—he is a gentleman.
James. Oh, cry you mercy! I thought he was a clown,
Sent forward by some wandering mountebank.
Sir A. Hush! speak more low. You're not much hurt, I hope?
James. Not quite enough to mind me of a priest—
A little too much to mind me of a play.
Sir A. Oh! rest and time will set you up again.
[*To the Laird.*
Retire you now, Laird Small,—I'll hold some speech
Apart with him, and join you by-and-by.
Laird. Gadso! it is not safe; if he should die,
'Twould frighten you for life.—Pray you, good sir,
Don't die till we've had notice. I once knew
A man—but—well, I hope you'll join us soon.
Don't die, good stranger—come, my pretty one!
[*Exeunt Laird and Madeleine,* R.
Sir A. Are you of Scotland, friend?
James. [*Rises and comes forward,* L. C.] No need ask that,
"If you but hear the music of my voice,
"And see the graceful rounding of my cheek."
Oh, yes; I'm Scotch enough!
Sir A. I saw at a glance
You were no Frenchman!
James. No, i'faith—not I;
My foot's a little too heavy;—no, sir, nothing
But a plain Scot—and honest, as times go.

Sir A. You look so, sir!
James. Looks are deceitful, sir;
I rede you trust them not!
Sir A. [*Aside.*] A brave-tongued knave!—
And were you travelling all alone, my friend,
When this befel?
James. Yes, all alone; intent
For Stirling, on some business of my own.
"*Sir A.* Of weight, perhaps?
"*James.* Ay, business of such weight
"That I could trust no hand with 't but my own.
"*Sir A.* A friend, perhaps, might aid you——
"*James.* Well—a friend!
"There is no saying what a friend might do.
"But I make little doubt the quest I'm on
"Will prosper as it is!
"*Sir A.* I have some power—
"Some influence in the realm, and may give help
"If you require it.
"*James.* Sir, you're passing kind,
"And it may chance that I require your help
"In what I aim at."
Sir A. [*Aside.*] If I could gain him now
To bear my message!—And your home, you say,
Is Stirling?
James. Sometimes.
Sir A. Or was't Edinburgh?
James. Sometimes there, too.
Sir A. A wanderer, I perceive:
Have you crossed sea?
James. [*Aside.*] This fellow questions hard
Oh, yes; I've been a rover, wet and dry,
And can trim sail, and hand, and reef, and steer,
With e'er a skipper in Leith.
Sir A. A trader, Sir?
James. In most things—from sweet looks to a true friend,
To a sword point held to an enemy's throat.
Sir A. I like sweet looks best—Did you travel far
In other lands? For wines, perhaps, to the South?
James. Ay, Sir: I've seen the walls of Bordeaux town
Rise 'mid rich vineyards on the shores of France,

And the whole land lie like a perfumed bride
On her green couch, with birds for choristers,
And a blue sky, unknown to this cold clime,
Hung over like a gorgeous canopy.
Sir A. You speak like a brave stringer of rich words—
A poet, as I may say.
James. I've tried it, Sir;
But poetry's a poor trade, and only fit
For white hands and weak heads.
Sir A. You're libellous
On our good king: he rhymes, you know.
James. Oh, does he?
I hope, Sir, he rhymes well.
Sir A. I'm not a critic,
But I have heard some men of good repute
For wit and judgment—
James. Well, what said they?—quick!
Sir A. Men that knew what the tricks of rhyming were———
James. Well, well—they praised the verses?
Sir A. They? not they!
James. Why, what the devil—but—go on, go on!
Sir A. You're pleased to see a brother rhymester mock'd—
Another proof you're of the poet's tribe.
James. [*Aside.*] Why, what a twaddling, sensible old fool!
This is no traitor. [*Aloud.*] Ah, Sir, Poesy
Holds no communion with such thoughts as these.
In her enchanted garden, 'mid the flowers,
Grows no base thing; but in the balmy air,
Walking, as angels walked in Paradise,
Hope, and her sister, white-robed Charity,
Move onward, circled by the arms of Love! [*Crosses to* R.
The poet—but, grace Marie! what an ass
To talk of Paradise and jangling stuff!
Forgive it, sir.
Sir A. There's nothing to forgive.
It's pretty, very pretty—not quite plain
To dull old ears like mine, but pretty, pretty!
[*Aside.*] The very man I prayed for—all is safe.—
I think your talents have been wasted, sir,

"In voyaging to France, and back again;"
You should to court.
James. To court?—[*Aside.*] We're coming on.—
Sir, I've no patron.
Sir A. Yes, my friend, you have.
I have some power at Holyrood myself.
James. Indeed?
Sir A. Why, yes: between ourselves, my friend,
There are a dozen—ay, a score of the lords,
Fast friends of mine.
James. A score!
Sir A. Ay; all of them.
"Why, there's not one who would not hold him bound
"To do my bidding. You shall see their zeal
"To serve you, when they know you come from me.
"*James.* Not one—not one left out! Now, by my life,
"I warn you say not so.
"*Sir A.* Why not, my friend?
"*James.* For, by the heaven!—nay, nay, excuse me, sir,
"You raise my hopes too high.
"*Sir A.* No whit, no whit:"
Name any name you please—I'll answer for it;
His lordship, though he holds his head as high
As a crowned king's, if I but say the word,
Will fawn on you like a spaniel.
James. Now, beware,
I tell you these are dangerous boasts——
Sir A. But try it.
I have a packet, even now prepared,
For certain of their lordships.
James. Which of them?
For, as my soul shall answer—there again!
I'm all in such a twitter of wild hopes;
All!—did you say all?—oh, say not all!
Sir A. Why not?
James. Nothing—pray pardon me again. Not all—
They can't be all at your proud beck—not all!
Sir A. Oh, yes, they are, though,—all to do you service,
If you will take that packet to the court.
James. I? take the packet?—Sir, I asked it not.
Sir A. You were too bashful. I will bring it to you
Ere you go hence.

James. I think I've heard the name
Of the lord—but his name escapes me now—
Seton—Lord Seton, is he in the list?
Is there a missive to Lord Seton?
Sir A. Seton—
Oho! You've heard of Seton—though he's so near
The throne, Sir, let me tell you, ere long time
There may be one to *him*;—a little bird
Has whistled in my ear.—Be not afraid,
You shall hear more.
James. [*Aside.*] And so shall you!—But, James—
Have you no packet for our lord the king?
Sir A. No.—He's a brother bard, and may be jealous—
Let him not see you in the court.
James. I'll do't.
Give me the packet.
Sir A. In an hour or two.
Meanwhile, refresh you; will you forth for air?
My kinsman, Malcolm, will attend on you—
You'll find him on the lawn.
James. I long to thank him
For his good service. [*Aside.*] Oh, suspicious doubts
Be hushed—be hushed!—the truth will out ere long.
[*Exeunt* L., *James following.*

SCENE II.—*The Lawn at Laichmont.*

Enter MALCOLM YOUNG, *with a book,* R.

Mal. It tells me to forget the world;—forget!
Why tell me not to cease to live and think?
To struggle with my heart! Do I not struggle?
Have I not striven, and toiled, and wept, and prayed;
And all in vain!—oh, to be doomed to live
For self, apart from life's soft charities—
No hope—no object! [*Reads.*]

Enter behind, JAMES *and* MADELEINE, R.

" *Made.* I have a mind to try
" To make him gay. Shall I put both my hands
" Before his eyes, and cry, Who blinds—who blinds?
" *James.* He cannot miss the voice!
" *Made.* Oh, he's so dull,

"You shall not get a smile into his face,
"Nor smoothe his brow by all that you can do.
"*James.* Nay, I need hardly try, if you have failed.
'But I can scarce believe there breathes the man,
'The stock, the stone, that would not feel the power
'Of words like yours. Why, the dull night as well
'Might try to keep its gloom on, when the day
'Laughs from the east. He must be cold as ice,
'Harder than steel, that melts not at such looks:
"Try him again."
Made. "Oh, no! I scarce can venture:"
He looks with such sad melancholy eyes,
I almost grow as sorrowful as himself. [*Sighs.*]
James. Do you?—I'll see what efforts I can make
To chase his sadness.
Made. Do, and I'll be by
To aid you. Oh! I wish you had known him, Sir,
Before he thought of turning priest.
James. A priest!—
He's a good soldier spoilt. I'll speak to him.
Made. And I'll wait here.
James. Good morrow, master Young;
You look as if the thumps you gave the sculls
Of Buckie's band, lay heavy on your conscience.
Mal. No, Sir. I'm glad to see you in such case.
James. I'm sorry to see *you*, Sir, in such case:
You have no dint upon your head, I trust?
Mal. No.
James. Then your trusty staff played sentinel
To a good tune, and heartily I thank you.
Mal. No thanks.
James. Yes, many thanks; thanks warm and true.
I must pledge faith with you.
Mal. Oh, pardon, Sir,
'Twas nothing.
James. And you won't shake hands with me?
Mal. Oh, willingly!
James. Well, now we're plighted friends,
I cannot bear to see you moping thus.
Mal. Oh, Sir, it—I am very——
James. Tush, man, tush!—

You're wretched—very wretched; what's the matter?
Is not your kinsman kind?
Mal. Yes; he is kind.
James. Have you no powerful friend to plead your cause,
And raise you in the Church?
Mal. I would not rise;
"I tell you, sir, I have no wish to rise;
"Enough that I am in the church without
"Being raised; I would not have a powerful friend
"To plead my cause."
James. Oh!
Mal. If Sir Adam Weir
Had deigned to ask my thoughts,—but no—no—no—
He used the power, wrung from my poverty—
My orphan youth,—but I am wrong—most wrong—
I pray you ask no more, Sir, of my doings;
If I have served you, let your gratitude—
Though such I claim not,—let it show itself
In silence. I would have my grief remain
In my own breast.
James. Ah! but that were unkind
To friends like me; for, trust me, though so short
The date of our acquaintance, it has grown
At once to friendship.
Mal. But I know you not—
I never saw you till an hour ago.
James. Oh!—so suspicious? Look on me, my friend—
"See you a lurking devil in my eyes?"
I tell you I would serve you if I could,
"And sympathy is all that I can offer.
"Reject it not. I'm but a simple yeoman;
"But I would know your grief, if happily
"I might relieve it. If it come to the worst,
"I can but share it." Come, come! hide no more
The sorrow that consumes you. Bring the snake
Forth from the hole where it but gathers venom!—
Out on the sunny grass with the vile thing!
We'll stamp it into powder with our heels.
Mal. Why—I—I have no sorrow to reveal.
James. You have. But if you trust not to my words,
And scorn my friendship——

Mal. Oh, forgive me, Sir;
My heart was full. I do not scorn your friendship,
"God knows the name of friendship is too sweet
"To be thrown by. Oh, Sir, your pardon!" Here
Is my true hand. I thank you from my heart.
James. Now, then, 'tis as I thought. You'll not repent
Your trusting me.
Mal. There's something in your eye
Moves confidence. I love the very sound
Of your bold voice. You have no gloomy thoughts—
All's sunshine round, above, before you.
James. Ah!
You know not—but—enough! Poor Malcolm Young!
Tell me what weighs so heavy on your heart.
Made. [*behind.*] Now I shall hear what makes poor Malcolm sad.
Mal. Sir, 'tis but three weeks since that I came home—
Home! no, I dare not call it home,—came here;—
After long tarrying at St. Andrew's schools,
By order of my kinsman, "at the last
"A month since,—'tis one little month ago."
James. Go on, go on!
Made. [*aside.*] Now comes the hidden grief.
Mal. He forced me, by deceitful messages,
To vow me to the priesthood, when my soul
Longed more for neighing steeds than psalteries.
Oh, what a happy fortune had been mine
To draw the sword 'neath gallant James's eye,
And rouge it to the hilt in English blood!
James. Heaven bless you, boy!—your hand again—your hand!—
Would you have served the king?
Mal. Ay! died for him!
James. And he'd have cherished you, believe me, boy,
"And held you in his heart, and trusted you—
"And you'd ha' been true brothers;—for a love
"Like yours is what poor James has need of most."
Is this your grief?
Mal. Alas, my grief lies deeper!
"I might have bent me to my cruel fate,
"With pray'rs that our brave king find Scots as true,
"And worthier of his praise, than Malcolm Young."

When I came back, I had not been a day
'Mid well-known scenes, in the remembered rooms,
Till to my heart, my soul, the dreadful truth
Was opened like a gulf; and I—fool! fool!
To be so dull, so blind—I knew too late
That I was wretched—miserable—doomed,
Like Tantalus, to more than hellish pains—
To feel—yet not to dare to speak, or think;
To love—and be a priest!

Made. [*aside.*] To love! to love!—
How strange this is!

James. How found you this, poor friend?

Mal. By throbbings at the heart, when I but heard
Her whispered name; thoughts buried long ago
'Neath childish memories—we were children both—
Rose up like arméd phantoms from their grave,
Waving me from them with their mailéd hands!
"I saw her, with the light of womanhood
"Spread o'er the childish charms I loved so well—
"I heard her voice, sweet with the trustful tones
"She spoke with long ago, yet richer grown
"With the full burden of her ripened thoughts."

Made. [*aside.*] My head goes round—my heart will burst!

Mal. I saw
A world lie open—and an envious spell
Fencing it from me; day by day, I felt
Grief and the blackness of unsunn'd despair
Closing all round me.

James. And the maiden's name?

Mal. Was Madeleine Weir.

[*Madeleine recoils, and leans for support on the side scene,* L.

James. [*goes to Madeleine.*] You're faint; you're deadly pale!

Made. 'Tis nothing,—'twas a pain—a sudden pang
Shot through my head—but, I am better now.

Mal. She was not listening!

Made. No; I heard nothing—nothing;
'Twill soon be gone. I pray you, leave me now—
I'm strong—I'm strong! [*She tries to walk, but sinks.*]
Help, Malcolm!—I am dying!

James. [*catching her ere she falls.*] Run, run for aid! and
come not back again;
Perhaps she heard you. I will guard her here.
Mal. Help, help! for Madeleine—"help, Widow
Barton!" [*Exit Malcolm*, R.
James. Wake, Madeleine—he's gone.
Made. Who? Malcolm gone?
James. Look not so wildly!
Made. What was't I said!
Did he hear aught, "or see me—how I fell?"
James. No, no; he heard you not—come, cheer you, lady,
What can I say to cheer her? Droop not so,
There shall come happier days.
Made. Oh! never, never!
James. Ay, but there shall, tho'! "Gather up your heart,
"And brace you for a struggle with your grief.
"What! hopelessness sit on a brow like this;
"And sorrow blight the roses on these lips?"
I tell you, do not sigh, poor Madeleine;
I tell you---nay, I lay command on you,
Start not that I command---I tell you, hope!
By heaven! I'd trample on all laws in the world
That bring such sorrow.
Made. Oh, Sir, by your voice
I guess how kind you are!
James. Ay, kind and true—
And you shall never know me aught than kind.
So, cheer you, Madeleine!
"*Made.* Oh, Sir, I'm weak!
"A moment with myself would strengthen me,—
"I think I'm better now.
"*James.*" Come, lean on me!
Made. No, no; I'd be alone!
James. Then droop not, girl;
'Tis a black night that lets no starlight through;
And so I leave you. [*Aside.*] Ah, I see it all!
A hapless pair that knew not their own hearts,
And pay the forfeit of their ignorance
In tears. [*Exit*, L.
Made. For me!—for me!—and I the while,
So giddy—cruel—ne'er to see his love
Was other than in days of our glad youth!

And blinder, colder, ne'er to feel that here,
In my deep, inmost heart, there was enshrined
His image!—oh, and it is sinful now!
He dare not love! I dare not love him more!
"And all the happiness I felt to see him,
"To speak to him, to wander by his side,
"I thought was but our friendship, as of old,
"Long years since. And 'tis all for me he mourns!—
"Hopeless!—oh, wherefore have I heard his secret,
"And wherefore have I found my own?"

Enter SIR ADAM WEIR, R.

Sir A. My child,
I told you that my worthy friend, Laird Small,
Had honoured me by making choice of you
To wed his son. I've given him my consent;
And in a little time, the gallant youth
Will pay his court; no blushes—no denials—
You marry him. I've said it. That's enough!
"You'll be prepared to smile upon his suit."
Made. I, sir! I——
Sir A. Let me see no foolish qualms;
"He is a gay and courtly gentleman,
"And rich as any noble in the land."
Made. Sir!——
Sir A. Not a word; make ready to receive him,
He will be here anon.
Made. I'm weak—I'm ill—
I cannot see him.
Sir A. Cannot see my friend?
The man I've chosen? let me hear no more
Of idle feints. If you're unkind to him,
Or pout, or knit your brows, or play the fool,
You shall repent it!—Get you to your room,
And do as I tell you. [*Exit Madeleine*, L.
I have never loved
A thing on earth as I have loved that girl,
"Since my two sons and her poor mother died."
But I will not be mocked,

Enter LAIRD *and* MUNGO, R.

Laird. Gadso! Sir Adam,

We are in luck; here is my son arrived.
This is Sir Adam, son;—this is my son, sir.
Mun. Give ye my finger. Any news afloat?
The French ain't landed, are they? What a doublet
You've got, Sir Adam! This is Genoa pile.
Sir A. I'm glad to bid you welcome to my house.
Mun. 'Tis pretty well; but not quite Holyrood.
That window's not in keeping with the door;
The pediment—the peristyle—the plinth—
The whole façade's a little incongruous, eh?
Laird. Gadso! he speaks like a huge book of plans!
I knew a man——
Mun. Hush, father! never mind
What man you knew. Is the report correct
The English have a force upon the border?
Sir A. I know not.
Laird. Oh, but *he* knows everything.
Pray Gad you knew one half as much as he!
Where he can hold his knowledge is a puzzle;
His head should be as big as Binny Craig.
Mun. 'Twould make my hat cost something. How d'ye like
My bonnet? 'tis the newest cut from Paris.
Sir A. 'Tis a good bonnet.
Mun. Do you like the feather?
I chose the feather: 'tis a knowing feather;
A sort of bold, audacious, fighting feather;
'Tis a cock's feather; do you like the feather?
Laird. Gadso! he has more taste than twenty hatters.
I like to hear him talk about his clothes,
It smacks so of the court.
Mun. Heard you the news?
Sir A. No! I've not heard.
Laird. Gadso! he's such a youth!
A politic youth. He'll be a—what d'ye call it,
That sits at council, and does naught all day?—
A minister of state!—he will, I'm sure.
Mun. There must be something very curious
In Germany at present. It portends
No good. The ambassador has dressed his suite
In green. Can there be any reason for it?
In green! A suite in green! I think 'tis odd!

Laird. Gadso! perhaps it is. Perhaps 'tis odd!
I had a green coat once; 'tis long ago——
Mun. [*Stops his mouth.*] Excuse my father, Sir; he was ne'er at court,
And can know nothing about politics.
Sir A. 'Tis a deep study.
Mun. You may say so, truly;
Jemmy comes often; ay, sometimes at night,
To ask my counsel——
Sir A. Jemmy! who is he?
Mun. Jemmy! why, Jemmy Stuart! We're such friends,
We never stand on one another's titles;
Jemmy and Mungo! nothing more or less;
He never called me mister in his life.
Sir A. Hem!—Will you walk into my house, Laird Small?
And you, Sir? There is wine set in the parlor;
You must refresh you.
Widow. [*Behind the scenes.*] Where is she? Where's the girl?
Where's Madeleine?

Enter WIDOW BARTON, R., *in a hurry, with a glass on a salver, in search of Madeleine.*

Widow. I've got it ready now;
Take but the glass; don't wait a single minute!
Off with it!
[*Laird Small takes the glass, and drinks.*]
Laird. Gadso! I'm a murdered man!
Why, what the devil!———
Widow. Why, you've drunk it, Sir!
I wished you to run with it to my cousin,
Poor Madeleine! She is fainting!
Laird. I'm a corpse!
I feel I'm dead. Gadso! my liver boils!
My reins!—my kidneys!—What the devil was it?
Widow. 'Twas a confusion of hot volatiles
And liquid hartshorn. 'Twas for smelling, Sir.
Laird. Gadso!—oh, Lard! I feel I'm in my grave!
I would have rather suck'd a burning coal
Like sugar candy. 'Twas a melted colic!

I've swallowed it! Gadso! there was a man
Ate fire! and—ugh!—ugh!—I have done the same!—
Mun. Why, father; what a fuss you make about it!
Sir A. The wine is in the hall.
Mun. [*To Wid. Barton.*] Let me conduct you, madam?
Laird. He's a youth! [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The front of Laichmont House.*

Enter JAMES, R. *and* BUCKIE, L., *meeting.*

James. What make you here, friend?
Buc. Does your Majesty—
James. Hush! We're no majesty away from court.
Buc. Pardon me. Is Sir Adam as I said?
James. I'll tell you what I think of him ere long,—
Not now—not now. But wherefore came you here?
Buc. To plead for pardon that I came too late
To guard you from the lawless violence———
James. Of Buckie—ere another week be sped
His head shall ornament the Tolbooth bars.
I thank you, friend; another came to aid,
One Master Young.
Buc. A kinsman of this house—
A priest, as I've been told. Poor Malcolm Young!
He suffers like the rest.
James. The rest of whom?
Buc. Of all Sir Adam claims as kith or kin.
I knew another kinsman—a poor youth,
Whose father dying, left him to the care
Of his rich brother; store of lands and gold
Went with the orphan to Sir Adam's ward.
The orphan lives; the lands and gold are gone,
To add another hillock to the mountain
The usurer has heaped up.
James. The orphan lives?
How gained Sir Adam all the orphan's wealth?

Buc. By a false will—by an extorted gift;
By threats, by stratagem, by forced consent.
I know him well.
James. Where lives the orphan youth?
Buc. Nowhere; he has no house save the huge home
Roofed by o'erarching Goodness, for the poor:
He sleeps upon the moor—beside the hedge,
Under the wall; an outcast, broken man.
James. How can all this be proved?
Buc. Why, face to face—
The accuser and the accused; but in this realm
Wealth has such power, it adds another fold
To the thick bandage over Justice' eyes,
Blunts her sword point, and makes unfixed her scale.
James. It shall not, as I live! "Her eyes shall be
"Free from the thinnest veil of gossamer—
"Her sword shall be as trenchant as my own—
"Her scales as equal between rich and poor
"As light or cold." But I will hold you bound
To give consistence to these dark appeals,
That rise like clouds between Sir Adam's fame
And his King's favor. Sir, you saved my life;
But if you wrong my subject, by the heaven
'Neath which we live, the saints that from their thrones
Send help to the bared arm of righteous kings!
I swear your head shall be the forfeiture
Of failure in your proof! [*Crosses to* L.]
Buc. Agreed—agreed!
You'll see him as he is.
"*James.* Your words are strong,
"As if they sprang from truth. I came to prove
"Sir Adam Weir; through him to reach the hearts
"Of higher men. The saddest heart alive
"Would be as careless as a lark's in June
"Compared to mine, if what my fear portends
"Proves true. Sir Adam Weir has wealth in store—
"Is crafty, politic, and is of weight—
"The words are his—with certain of our lords.
"*Buc.* I told you so." I know he has deep dealings
With——
James. Name them not; from their own lips I'll hear
Their guilt; no other tongue shall blot the fame

Of James's nobles. If it should be so;
If the two men I've trusted from my youth—
If Hume—if Seton—let the rest go hang!
But Seton, my old playmate—if he's false,
Then break, weak heart; farewell my life and crown!—
I pray you, meet me here within an hour:
This very night I shall have need of you.
And as you speak as one brave man should speak
To another man, albeit he is a king,
I will put trust in you; and, ere the morn,
You shall impeach Sir Adam in our court,
And woe betide the guilty! [*Crosses*, R.] Say no more;
I meet you here again.

Buc. If I appear
At Holyrood, I trust your royal word,
No ill shall hap me. I am free to come,
To go?

James. Not so, by heaven! If you should fail,
You die.

Buck. I know it; but your royal safeguard
Bars me from other dangers?

James. You've my word—
You have my hand; the honour of a king,
The promise of a man. Come boldly on.
Though you were stained with murder double dark,
You shall have free departure from our court.

Buc. But if I prosper in my proof, I claim
Reward.

James. It shall be yours.

Buc. Oblivion
Of all I may have done; and, better far,
Permission to draw sword at James's call,
And die, if there be need, at James's side.

James. Go, go! I pray you may succeed, good fellow!
Poor James can ill afford so stout an arm.
Go, now; I'll call you when I've seen Sir Adam.
[*Exit Buckie*, L.

Thus ever from the true heart of the Commons,
Wells up pure love and loyal faithfulness,
While in the bosom of our lords, such stream
Is choked, or turbid, or runs quickly dry.

Enter SIR ADAM WEIR, R., *with a packet.*

Sir A. Good master—but I have not asked your name
James. Albyn—James Albyn.
Sir A. [*Gives him the packet.*] Here is a sealed-up packet,
Go with it, as you promised, to the court.
The King will be in Holyrood three days,
Assembling forces on the Boroughmuir.
The nobles will be all in Edinburgh;
Open this roll, and, as occasion serves,
Deliver to each peer whose name is in it,
The note enclosed—'twill gain you noble friends—
And bring me answer.
James. Good Sir Adam Weir,
I trust there is no treason in this charge?
Sir A. Treason! What's treason? If some politic lords
Find a repugnance in their Christian hearts
Against the war, and long for blessed peace——
James. Who made them judges or of peace or war?
The country has been trod 'neath English heels.
Sir A. So says the fiery King; but wiser men
Would rather see the heel upon the soil
That leaves a mark of gold where it is placed,
Than risk their lives and fortunes at the beck
Of choleric James, and angry France and Rome.
James. Now, by the saints!—but no; I will not speak.
Sir A. Why, friend, what matters it to you and me?
You shall have rich reward; and for myself,
My payment will be found in a pure heart
And conscience clear.
James. [*Aside.*] In an axe-blade, perhaps,
Or a sword's edge, or—faugh!—a yard of rope.
I take the packet.
Sir A. Do; and fare-you-well. [*Exit,* R.
James. Shall I break ope the seals, and see at once
Who are the enemies I've nursed and fed?
They find repugnance in their Christian hearts
To war!—they find a longing in their hearts
For English gold. But if the few I love—
The two brave hearts that I have trusted ever—

Are true to me, as I have been to them,
Then let the traitors range themselves at once
On Henry's side, and join the Douglases,
The curses ever of our kingdom's strength;
I'll meet them in the field! But first, I'll fling
Scorn and dishonour on their recreant heads;—
This roll shall be brought forward in full court,
And the same bold accuser that lays bare
The crimes of this wise trickster, shall appal
The false, base lords.—Their hearts! their Christian hearts! [*Laughing scornfully.*

Enter BUCKIE, R.

Buc. I've watched his going.
James. [*Gives him the packet.*] Take the packet, sir!
At vesper chime to-night we hold our court;
Come to us then; present this in our presence
Boldly; heed not the frowning of our lords.
By Heaven—if 'twere our brother or our son
That owned the dealing, he should taste the axe!
At the first chiming of the vesper bell,
I wait you. Answer not, but meet me then.
[*Exeunt, James,* L., *Buckie,* R.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Laichmont House.*

Enter SIR ADAM WEIR *and* MADELEINE, R.—*During this Scene, Sir Adam struggles to repress his rage.*

Sir A. And was I harsh to my poor Madeleine?
It is my love that makes me harsh to you.
"You know I love you—that I've ever loved you;
"And trust me, 'tis because I love you still,"
I would constrain you to your happiness.
Made. There is no happiness on earth for me.
Sir A. Come, speak not so! I'm three-score years and five;
"My hair is white, my eyes are growing dim;"
My strength is wasted in the toils I've past
To make you happy. You're the richest heiress
In all the country. After all I've done,
You will not see me wretched?
Made. If my death

Could make you happy, I would give my life,
And bless you as I die.
Sir A. Tush! not your life,
It is your hand I want. I wish to see you
The Lady of the Land; "to see you placed
"On such a pinnacle of wealth and greatness,
"That you may look with pity on the pride
"Of starveling earls. Why, girl, you shall be girt
"With one rich belt of glittering diamonds,
"That might pay armies in an emperor's quarrel.
"You shall have gold and jewels; and the looms
"Of Genoa shall groan beneath the weight
"Of richest robes to deck your loveliness."
Made. The painted sepulchre of a breaking heart.
Sir A. Heart? breaking heart?—who spoke of breaking hearts?
Made. I did.
Sir A. Be silent!—but, dear Madeleine,
You would not see my white hairs in the dust
Before you, to entreat you to be kind.
'Tis I, your grandsire—your poor, kind, old grandsire.
You'll yield? you'll marry as I ask you?
Made. Marry?
I marry?—oh, sir, have some touch of pity;
My head is weak; I feel not as I used—
There is a weight about my heart. Oh, spare me!
Speak not of marrying.
Sir A. Girl!—but—no, dear child,
What change has come upon your joyous mood?
'Twas only yesterday I watched your step,
The gayest step that ever fell, like light
Upon the bended grass; your voice was sweet
With the heart's laughter. Wherefore are you changed?
Made. Something—no, nothing; I was foolish then—
I had no thought. Oh, sir, I'd wish to live
In old St. Ninian's, 'mid the holy nuns,
In some calm cell, afar from busy sounds,
With but my book and beads—to live and weep;
"To gaze from the lone casement to the sky,
"Where angels live and are at rest for ever;
"And pray to be like them." Sir, let me go!
Sir A. "What madness has possessed you? Hear me, girl:

"There's something in this change—I know not what;
"But it boots nothing, whatsoe'er it be."
You shall not to St. Ninian's; it was not
To heap up wealth for a complaining nun
I ran such ventures; risk'd my life so often—
My soul, my very soul! I would be kind,
I try to speak with kindness! [*After an effort.*] I am kind—
I'm in no passion; I am calm, you see.
Well, then, if you obey not, you shall starve;
"Though you come begging for a crust of bread,
"Shivering across the moor, and hold your hand,
"Your withered, shaking hand, and ope your lips,
"White with despair, and want, and poverty,
"To entreat one crust—one crust to save your life.
"You shall not have it; you shall starve, and die.
"And now you understand me, what I am:"
Take your own choice! But, see how calm I am.
I'll send a friend to counsel you; he'll tell you
The sin of disobedience: Malcolm Young——
Made.——Not him—not Malcolm Young!
Sir A. Why not, I pray you?
"He's a good youth, and yielded to my wish,
"And therefore you despise him." Malcolm Young
Shall give you counsel; and if he too fail,
The failure shall be visited on *him*;
Mark me—on him; if you refuse consent
He shall be houseless, friendless as yourself.
Now, then, the fate of both is in your hands.
"I'm calm—I'm very calm; and Malcolm Young
"Shall be a beggar if you baulk my wish. [*Exit* L.
Made. [L. C.] "I'll hie me to the monastery door,
"And ask the meek-eyed nuns to take me in;
"And it shall be my grave; and the thick walls
"Shall keep me from the world; and in my heart
"I'll cherish him, and think on all his looks,
"Since we were children—all his gentle tones;
"And when my weary breast shall heave no more,
"I'll lay me down and die, and name his name
"With my last breath." I would we both were dead,
For we should then be happy; but on earth
No happiness for me—no hope, no hope!

Enter WIDOW BARTON, LAIRD SMALL, *and* MUNGO, R.

Widow. Cousin, the gentlemen are come to see you;
They've drunk your health; you should be much obliged
To Mister Small. This is the lady, sir,
Your young intended.
Mun. Very well, indeed;
True Brussels lace, and—ain't it Venice silk?
[*Touches Madeleine's gown.*]
I think 'tis Venice silk. I have a doublet
Of the sams piece. How goes it, pretty maid?
Laird. Gadso! he's quite a polish'd courtier.
I wish you joy—you're a most lucky woman.
Mun. She courtesys with an air; though, for my part,
I like the Spanish swale, as thus, [*courtesys*] low, low;
Not the French dip, as thus, [*courtesys*] dip, dip;
Which think you best?
Made. Sir! did you speak to me?
Mun. Did I? 'pon honour—yes, I think I did:
"Some like the Austrian bend, [*courtesys*] d'ye like it so?
"Our girls, the Hamiltons, have got it pat;
"No sooner do I say, 'Sweet Lady Jane,'
"And draw my feather so, and place my hand
"Here on my heart, 'Fair Lady Jane, how are ye?'
"But dip she goes, and bend [*courtesys*]; but if an ass,
"Some fribble she don't like, comes near her, lo!
"A swale! [*courtesys*] 'tis very like this gentlewomar
"I hope there's no one near you, you don't like?
"For if there is, 'fore Gad! an 'twere my father,
"I'd cut him into slices like cold ham,
"As thin as that."
Laird. "Gadso! pray Gad it ain't;
"I hope it ain't his father—he would do it!"
He's such a youth!
Widow. He's a most gallant man;
I like to hear about great people's doings.
Mun. Do you?—a decent woman, for the country;
Then I will tell you anything you like.
Widow. Tell Madeleine about a tournament.
Laird. Pray do! Gadso, I love to hear your tales.
"Pray Gad I could be young again!
"*Mun.* Hush, do:

"You keep the ladies waiting. Well, fair dames,
"The trick is this: James sends to Hume and me,
"And Seton, and some other cavaliers,
"That he will keep the ring against all comers,
"And Cassilis, Maxwell, Eglinton, and others—
"A famous tilter is Lord Eglinton,
"And noble heart as beats on Scottish ground—
They send that they will come!
"*Laird.* Gadso!—gadso!"
I knew a Spanish man—I think his name
Was Don—but what comes after Don—go on——
Mun. [*To Made.*] But you don't like to hear of broken bones!
Widow. She does, indeed! and I delight in it;
I've got a dozen cures for broken bones.
Mun. Well, then, the day arrives; we take our places;
"James in the centre, Sinclair and myself,
"Full arm'd, with spear in rest, and visors down,
"On his right hand; Hume and Lord Seton ride
"Upon his left. All round us sits the court:
"The ladies' cheeks all flush'd, or pale by turns,
"As we take one stout gallop round the ring."
The trumpet sounds four notes—ta! ra! ta! ra!—
"And sudden at the further end appear
"Five knights in armor. With their lances' points
"They touch our shields—I should have said our shields
"Hang at the gate—Ha, ha, boys!—is it so?"
Spur goes the steed!—my shield is ringing yet
From Maxwell's touch: I brace it on my arm.
The trumpet sounds again—ta! ra! ta! ra!—
We stoop our heads—we bend us to the mane,—
My spear goes into splinters on his mail.
And, ha!—what's that?—poor Maxwell reels awhile
Then plump upon the earth—I've done for him.
Laird. Gadso! I'm in a sweat—a parlous arm—
You would not think it, ma'am, to look at him!
Widow. Oh! he's a valiant knight. And rides the king
Like other men?
Mun. He ought to ride as well—
He's been well taught! I broke his chesnut horse,
That was too hard to manage: he rides well—
"Yes, pretty well! I don't like his rein hand,

"He holds it far too low; but he rides well.
"[*To Madeleine.*] You're not alarmed at what I'm speaking of?
"Tis all in sport; if 'twere in earnest, ma'am,
"I'd split Lord Maxwell as he were a herring,
"Were he the biggest knight in Christendom."
Widow. And do the ladies scream?
Mun. Sometimes they do.
Once! 'twas at Sterling—James was in the ring,
And ran with—but I will not mention names—
The man he ran with, was—but never mind:
James came full speed—I never saw a horse
Spring better; every breath was hushed with fear:
The other man, he rode a Spanish barb,
Light, fiery, active; and when James came on
With lifted sword, I spurred on the right side,
Jinked so; and—as he passed, with a back hand,
Clipt his white plume—there was a scream heard then!
Widow. Was't you? were you the man?
Mun. Ha! said I so?
Then it was I!
Laird. Gadso! he's such a boy!
I can't make out where he has learned such arts;
For ere he went to court, two months ago,
He could not stick upon a pony's back,
And would have sooner died than draw a sword!
Widow. People get wondrous knowledge in a court.
Laird. Gadso! you're right. [*To Madeleine.*] I think you never saw
A better, or more gallant cavalier,
Than my son, Mungo!
Made. Sir!
Laird. Gadso! you look
As if you scarcely heard what we've been saying.
Made. What is it you would say? I pray you, sir,
To tell me what you want? I would begone.
Laird. Speak to her, Mungo; Gadso! he's a tongue
Makes way with women.
Mun. Don't look at us, then;
They're very bashful, these poor country girls.
Laird. [*To Widow.*] Gadso!—pray, ma'am, walk aside with me;

He's such a boy! pray Gad you've such a boy!

Widow. I, Sir?

Laird. If you should wed—come this way, ma'am.

[*Exeunt Laird and Widow*, L.

Mun. They're gone! we're quite alone! you may speak out—
I see you've been impatient to get rid
Of the old twaddles. Don't be timid, now;
There!—don't be shy—you never saw in your life,
A man of the court before!

Made. Oh, leave me, Sir!
"If you were man—but you are not a man—
"Or gentleman—or even the thing you seem,
"A courtier, you would leave me. Leave me, sir!"

Mun. What! when so many robbers are abroad?
What if that villain, Buckie of Drumshorlan,
Forced his way in, and I not here to guard you?

Made. I care not though he came.

Mun. Oh, don't you, though?
No wonder. You need care for nothing now,
When I am here. They say the rascal wears
A great wolf's head, and looks with dreadful eyes
Under its gaping jaws! What step was that?

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Sir, there are strangers seen about the grounds-
We think they're Buckie's band. Pursue them, sir!

Mun. Pursue them?—hark, friend; have you e'er a garret
In this old house?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Mun. I've such a sight!
I see a hare in her seat! I'll watch the rogues,
This way; are these the stairs? the general
Stands always on a hill.

Serv. I cannot wait. [*Exit*, R.

Mun. Hem! well—she never looks at me—here goes!

[*Runs off*, L.

Enter MALCOLM YOUNG, R.

Mal. Your grandsire bids me see you, Madeleine;

Made. Malcolm!

Mal. I never wished to see you more.
If we had parted—when we parted last—
In kindness, I would never more have sought
Your presence; never heard your voice again.
But when you asked my hand, I—I—believe me,
'Twas from no change, no want of true affection—
'Twas from—'twas—will you take my hand now, Madeleine?
Made. Are you about to leave us?
Mal. Yes, I go
Where I shall see you never—never more:
I go to hide my sorrows.
Made. Malcolm!
Mal. Pray you,
Let me but say farewell—but do not speak—
Once I could dwell on every word you said,
And treasure it like a sweet cherished tune,
To be conned over in my solitude;
But now, I would not hear your voice, nor see
Your smile——
Made. You will not see me smile again!
Mal. I cannot bear to look upon your face,
Where I have fed my eyes, dear Madeleine;
Do you remember two long years ago,
When I was leaving Laichmont, how we walked
To the Green Den, and how you stooped and gathered
Beside the burn, a sprig of blooming heath?
Made. Yes!
Mal. Here it is! I've had it near my heart
Since then; and both are withered. Madeleine,
I asked you not to speak, but I am changeful;
I'd hear your voice again, for the last time!
Say but a word!
Made. Oh, Malcolm!
Mal. "Shall I say
"How constantly my thoughts shall rest on you?
"Ah, Madeleine! when we used—long, long ago—
"To look up to the moon, as we do now,
"It was with happier eyes. I little knew
"What memories of grief I gathered then,
'To feed on in my heart for evermore;"
And now!—God's blessing be around you ever!

The blessing of a heart that—fare-you-well! [*Crosses*, L.
Made. Malcolm! you leave me, it is come at last;
See! I can bear our parting: thus is broke
The chain that linked us from our infancy.
And here—it is the last time we shall meet
On this cold earth—though we shall meet again
There, where the stars are shining calm and clear!—
And we are dead to one another, Malcolm!
Take with you to your solitude, the thought
That I—oh, pardon, Heav'n! if it is sin—
Have never loved but you—love only you!
Mal. What! heard I right? You loved me? love me?
Heavens!
This is too much to bear. My fondest hopes
Reached not so high. I was an orphan, poor,
Unfriended; I but dared to think of you
As of some higher nature, till the veil
Fell from my heart, and—when the vow was spoken,
And I was—what I am—I knew I loved!
"Oh, but to dare to love!—though without hope!—
"To dare to love, and feel it is no crime!"
Dearest!—I know not what I say—once more
Tell me you love me—no, no! tell me not!
It turns to poison on your lip, and kills.
Made. Malcolm! now let us part—as suits us both,
Calmly—as best beseems our misery.
Go; be you happy!—you cannot be happy—
I feel it in my heart—but, be at peace.
I bear my sorrow meekly. On your hand
I place my lips—I bless you—and farewell!
[*Exeunt, Madeleine*, R.; *Malcolm*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Holyrood—The King's closet.*

Enter an ATTENDANT, R. *conducting* BISHOP.

Atten. His grace will not be long ere he returns.
Please you, be seated.

Bishop. Guard well the prisoner. [*Exit Attendant,* L.]
On the eve of war
To leave his foes unwatched—his very camp
A scene of treason; but I've laid my hand
On every loop in the net. 'Tis like the king—
Some playful hiding in a burgher suit—
I thought he had been sobered. That's his step.

Enter JAMES, L.

James. Ha! my good lord—but we're unfitly geared
For shrift and penance; we have rid for the life
Up hill—down dale. But you look big with care.
Out with it; "it will burst you."
"*Bishop.* It befits
"Neither my years nor my great calling, Sir,
"Nor the meek spirit that should harbour here,
"To mix in the fierce struggles in a court.
"*James.* I know you well. Excuse me, good my Lord,
"If, with the flippant quickness of the tongue,
"I hide the respect and deep reverence,
"Which my heart bears to the right reverend virtues
"Of meekness, truth, and most sweet gentleness,
"I've ever found in you."
Bishop. Ah, Sir! I'm old—
It may be that my time is nearly done—
But I would fain, even to the end of my life,
Bear you true service; for I've mark'd in you
Ever, from boyish days, a loving heart—
Loving, though fiery; and most merciful—
Too merciful!
"*James.* Nay; not so, my good Lord.
"Ill fares it with kings' swords when the sharp blade
"Shines oftener in the subject's dazzled eyes,
"Than the pearl-studded heft and jewell'd sheath.
"*Bishop.* There may be times when the steel blade is all
"That gives true value to the jewelled sheath."
James. How mean you? You were my preceptor, Sir—
Most kind—most wise: but you have told me often
I lack'd the bridle, not the spur.
Bishop. The bridle,
In your wild course of dalliance and deray;

The spur, in action fitting for a king.
James. Not so—by Heaven! not so. Show me the deed
You'd have me do that's fitting for a king,
And, though it tore the softest string i' my heart,
I'll do it. [*Crosses to* R.
Bishop. Prepare you, then!
James. What is't, I say?
You think I have no higher, nobler thoughts,
Than suit a pageant king on silken throne?
My lord, you know me not.
Bishop. What would you do
If treachery——
James. Pah! you know of treachery, too.
Fear not, my Lord—I'm glad 'twas only that!
Whew!—my mind's easy now. Why, my good Lord,
I thought 't had been some terribler thing than that.
Bishop. Than what, my liege?
James. You'll see—you'll see; fear not.
I tell you a king's eye can see as clear
As a good bishop's. Ere three hours are fled,
There will be proof. Come to our court at nine;
You'll see some action then that fits a king;
And, as you go, send me Lord Seton.
Bishop. Seton!
No; save in keeping of the guard.
James. My Lord,
Say that again: perhaps I heard not right.
I told you to send Seton—my friend Seton—
Lord Seton—and you answered something. What?
Bishop. That he's the traitor I would warn you of.
James. Seton a traitor? Seton, that I've loved
Since we were boys! Ho! Seton!—Rest you, Sir;
You shall avouch this thing.—Seton! ho! Seton!
Bishop. My liege, I've proofs.
James. What say you?—proofs?
Bish. Ay, proofs,
Clearer than sunlight.

Enter ATTENDANT, L.

James. [*With dignity.*] Take our greeting, Sir,
To the Lord Seton—we would see him here.
[*Exit Attendant,* R.

Proofs! and of Seton's guilt! Can it be so?
He was my friend—from five years old—so high;
We'd the same masters, played at the same games—
Coits—golf. Fool! fool! to think that anything
Can bind a heart. I thought his heart was mine,
His love—his life—and to desert me now! [*Crosses to* L.
Viper! He shall not live to laugh at me—
At the poor king that trusted. Viper—dog!
My Lord, this thing you say is full of proof?
Bishop. Ay, Sir. Be firm.
James. Firm! There's no tyrant king
That flung men's hearts to feed the beasts i' the circus;
That tore men's limbs with horses for their sport;
That sent men to the tigers, and looked on
To see them quivering in the monster's claws,
Was half so firm—so pitiless!

Enter SETON, R.

You're here!
Seton. Welcome, kind liege, to Holyrood again!
James. Back—back—keep off me! We're your king,
Lord Seton!
We will be just—we were in anger late.
We're calm.—Though it should burst my heart in twain,
I will be calm. [*Aside.*]
Seton. My liege, what means this change?
I am not used to hear so harsh a voice
From my kind master—from my friend!
James. Not that!
By heaven, we're friend to not a man on earth!
No—never more!
Seton. You are unjust to me.
You wrong me—oh, you wrong me, Sir!
James. [*Aside.*] Oh, heaven!
That I should hear a traitor borrow thus
John Seton's voice, and look through Seton's eyes!
Now, then, my lord; what say you of this man?
Bishop. That he deceives you.
Seton. I? you false-tongued—but,
Forgive me my rough speech; you wear a garb
That checks my tongue.
James. In what does he deceive?

Bishop. He and Lord Hume——
James. What! he, too? Where's Lord Hume?
Bishop. I blame not him, my liege!
James. No. Is he true?
Send me Lord Hume: I'd see at least one man
That keeps his faith!
Seton. My liege, I know not yet
What charge the good Lord Bishop brings against me:
But, if 'tis breach of faith, of love to you,
I will not say he lies—but it is false.
James. Say on—say on; be sure your proof is strong;
For this is such an hour, I would not live it,
For all the wealth of earth. Quick! Have it o'er!
Bishop. You bear command, Lord Seton, of the host?
James. He does!
Bishop. And yet you entertain advice
With English Dacre. Nay, deny it not;
I've seen the messenger in close discourse
At night, within your tent. I know his errand,
For I have trusty watchers in the camp.
James. Do you deny this?
Seton. I cannot deny——
James. Villain! you can't deny! Oh, shame—oh, shame!
Where will you hide you? But go on—we're calm.
Bishop. His errand was to offer you great sums
Of English gold.
James. Was this his errand?
Seton. Yes.
James. And your base coward sword sprung not at once
Forth from the sheath? You did not slay the man?
Seton. No!
Bishop. And he sent a message back to Dacre,
And gave the envoy passage, and safe conduct.
James. Is all this true?—Oh Seton, say the word,
One little word—tell me it is not true!
Seton. My liege, 'tis true.
James. Then by the name we bear,
You die!—a traitor's death! [*Crosses*, R.] Sirrah! the guard.
I will not look again to where he stands.

Enter GUARD, R. : *they stand by* SETON, L. C.

Let him be taken hence—and let the axe
Rid me of——Seton! is it so in truth,
That you've deceived me—joined my enemies?
You—you—my friend—my playmate!—is it so?
Sir, will you tell me wherein I have failed
In friendship to the man that was my friend?
I thought I loved you—that in all my heart
Dwelt not a thought that wronged you.
Seton. You have heard
What my accuser says, and you condemn me—
I say no word to save a forfeit life—
A life is not worth having, when't has lost
All that gave value to it—my sovereign's trust!
James, [*to the Bishop.*] You see this man, Sir—he's the self-same age
That I am. We were children both together—
We grew—we read in the same book—my lord,
You must remember that?—how we were never
Separate from each other; well, this man
Lived with me, year by year; he counselled me,
Cheered me, sustained me—he was as myself—
The very throne that is to other kings
A desolate island rising in the sea—
A pinnacle of power, in solitude,
Grew to a seat of pleasance in his trust.
The sea, that chafed all round it with its waves,
This man bridged over with his love, and made it
A highway for our subjects' happiness—
And now! for a few pieces of red gold
He leaves me. Oh, he might have coined my life
Into base ingots—stript me of it all—
If he had left me faith in one true heart,
And I should ne'er have grudged him the exchange.
[*Crosses,* R.
Go, now. We speak your doom—you die the death!
God pardon you! I dare not pardon you—
Farewell.
Seton. I ask no pardon, Sir, from you.
May you find pardon—ay, in your own heart,
For what you do this day!

Bishop. Be firm, my liege.
James. Away, away, old man!—you do not know—
You cannot know—what this thing costs me. Go!
I'm firm.
Seton. Who is it that accuses me?
'Tis like your noble nature to be sudden;
I thought you just no less.
James. Ha! hear you that?
Bring on your proof. Though his own tongue confess'd
Enough to whet the dullest axe to a point—
Where is that envoy?
Bishop. He is here, my liege.
James. Bring him. [*Exit Bishop*, R.
Let the Lord Seton stay.

Enter BISHOP *and English* MESSENGER, R.

How now?
You came with message from Lord Dacre's camp?
Mes. From the Lord Dacre's self—so please you, Sir;
But will Lord Seton's letter of safe conduct,
Bear me in surety?
James. Have no fear, my friend:
His letter of safe conduct! What contained
Your message to Lord Seton?
Mes. A free offer
Of twenty thousand marks.
James. For what—for what?
Mes. To stay inactive, or lead off the force,
When brought to face our army.
James. Was it so?
To leave me fenceless! and he answered you
Kindly—he paused a little, just a little,
Before he struck his king, his friend, to the earth.
Out with it all!—He gave you a message back?
Is't so—is't so?
Mes. Yes, please your majesty.
James. I knew it!—a few phrases—a regret—
A fear—a hope; but he agreed at last.
Tell me the answer he sent back to Dacre.
Bishop. [*Shows a letter.*] Here is the very letter—I laid hold of it
On the man's person.

James. Read, read, good Lord Bishop,
Blink not a word of it—a syllable;
Deliver it as we were Dacre's self.
Now, what says Seton, that degenerate Scot?
Bishop. [*reads.*] *This is my answer to Lord Dacre's message:*
I trample with my heel on your foul bribe—
I send you scorn, and hatred, and defiance.
James. More, more!
Bishop. I cast my glove into your face,
And summon you to meet me, foot to foot,
When flies the Scottish banner on the Tweed
On Monday morn——
James. Go on!
Bishop. I call you slave,
To think to wean me from my loyalty,
My truth, my honor to my trusting King..
James. Ha!—was it so? Go forth, good messenger,
Bear you this chain of gold. [*Hurries the messenger out,* R.
My Good Lord Bishop
What meant you?—but no, no—you meant it well;
Go mind your priests, my lord,—meddle no more
In things like this. Keep to your duties, Sir;
Bid not your priests be "firm"—tell them to be
Gentle, forgiving, trustful, but not firm;
No more—no more. [*Hurries the Bishop out,* R.
Guards, leave my friend, Lord Seton.
[*Exeunt Guards,* R.
Now we're alone! Come, Seton! Seton, here!
To my heart. [*They embrace.*] Why said you nothing?
Seton. For I knew
Your justice 'self would be the pleader for me.
James. Ah, Seton, what a shock it gave my heart,
To think that you had left me. Pardon it;
It was because I trusted you the most,
That the blow fell so heavy. I was wrong,
And you'll forgive me; all my life shall be
A recompense for the vile thought that dwelt
But for ten minutes,—not a minute more,—
In my weak heart; but tell me you'll forgive it.
Seton. Forgive it, my good liege,—
James. I know you will,

For I will earn it of you with such trust
As never king had in his friend before.
Seton. Others, my liege, are false——
James. ——Ha! that they are!
But fear not; you and Hume are by my side.
I'll baulk the traitors yet. Oh, I'll be firm—
Firm as the Bass, rugged as Ailsa crag.
I shall know all ere long. Send fifty horse
To one Sir Adam Weir's, near Calder town;
Bring every soul that's found within the house,
"The old man himself; a widow, Mistress Barton;
"His kinsman, Malcolm Young; a fair young girl,
"Called Madeleine; an old simpleton, Laird Small,
"And his son Mungo,—fail not one of them—"
Bring them all here; and call a court at nine,
Fail not—and have our guard in double force;
The headsman ready—it may chance our work
Be bloody, if we're firm. Fail not at nine;
And now farewell. [*Exeunt, James,* R., *Seton,* L.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Laichmont House.**

Enter SIR ADAM WEIR, *and* MALCOLM YOUNG, R.

Sir A. What said you to your cousin, Madeleine?
Does she consent to follow your advice?
She would be wise to do it.
Malcolm. I did not dare
To intrude upon her grief.
Sir A. (L. C.) You did not dare?
Did I not tell you, Sir, to use the power
That use, that old acquaintance gave to you,
To bend her to my will?
Mal. (R. C.) You told me, Sir——
Sir A. And you've not done it? and affect fine scruples,
As if you could not dare to touch her grief!
Sir, when I give the order, you must dare
To send her grief to the four winds of heaven,
And make her do my will. Her grief—her grief!
What is her grief?

* The whole of this scene is omitted at the Park Theatre—though it was represented—and, we believe, with considerable effect—at the Princess's.

Mal. Alas, I cannot tell!
Sir A. And no one else. She has a heart untouched
By liking, for she ne'er has spoke to man
Save you; and, therefore, why should she refuse
Her hand where I've determined to bestow it?
"Moss-Holm, with its broad meadows and rich haughs,
"Is settled on her, on her marriage day;
"The management—the rents, are in my hands:
"Moss-Holm and Laichmont, if conjoined in one,
"Were a fit holding for a belted earl.
"Now hear me farther: If success should crown
"My efforts, in a cause which scarce can fail,
"There is sure promise of a rank and name
"To me; and failing other heirs—to her—
"To Madeleine—the lady Madeleine—
"The Baroness of Laichmont!—she shall wed
"No bold ambitious springald, that might mar
"My rising, with some crotchet of his own;"
I must have Laichmont and Moss-Holm conjoined.
Now, let her marry this young popinjay,
Or be an outcast! Did you tell her this?
Mal. Something of this she knew.
Sir A. I know she did,
I told her so. Does she consent, I ask?
Mal. She did not tell me she would give consent.
Sir A. You did not ask her. Am I thwarted thus?
Have you the insolence to tell me this?
Know you what I have been to you?
Mal. I do.
Sir A. And know you what it is you are?
Mal. I do.
Sir A. Well, then—why spoke you not to Madeleine,
To change her purpose?
Mal. For I could not do it.
Sir A. You *would* not. You're a kinsman, Malcolm Young—
A penniless, unfriended kinsman, Sir;
Know you 'twas I that moved the Cardinal
To give you priesthood?
Mal. Yes, I know it was.
Sir Adam Weir, let us have no mistake:
You asked me, if I knew what you had been:

I told you yes. You asked me, if I knew
Who I was, and I told you, yes, again.
You taunt me that I'm friendless—that I'm poor;
You boast you moved the great Lord Cardinal
To make me priest. I *am* a friendless man;
I'm poor; I am a priest—and would to Heaven
That I had died the day that made me so!
You've crushed my heart. I will not curse you, Sir,
But I will bid you look into your breast—
What see you there? Oh, Sir, is there no thought
Of all the wrecks you've made of Peace—of Hope—
Of Trust and Innocence?

Sir A. How mean you, Sir?

Mal. Nay, hear me out. When all that I possessed—
It was not much, but it was all I had—
Was lost in the great bark in which you sailed,
When you were shipwrecked on the Spanish coast——

Sir A. I know, I know; you doubt not I was wrecked?
I have the proofs.

Mal. When all I had was lost,
And I was doomed to eat the bitter bread
Of grudging kindness, you assumed a right
To guide me: I was plastic in your hands:
I turned my sprit from its loved pursuits—
The steed—the sword—and bent it to the toil
Of midnight study; half forgot myself
To stone, and weeded from my heart away
All memories—so I thought—of what had been.
Sir, all these memories have sprung again,
Fresh! Oh, they rush like a red lava-flood
Into my soul—they boil up to my brain!
Man, that I trusted! tyrant, who has made
My life a desert, and my heart a tomb!
I warn you, make not others miserable,
As you've made me. I'm a roused man. Beware!

Sir A. What is't you know? Of what must I beware?

Mal. I tell you, every tear that I have shed,
Rises to Heaven against you, like the voice
Of blood! for Sorrow has a cry for Vengeance
On him who caused it, as the voiceless lips
Of murdered men call out to Righteous Heaven
Against their murderer! There's an hour shall come—
It may come quickly.

Sir A. What do you suspect?
Mal. Nothing. I've no suspicions; but I know.
[*Exit*, L.
Sir A. What is't he knows? Can he have heard it said
There was no wreck—and that I kept it all?
It cannot be—no, no—the proofs are good.
And Madeleine, too, the meek-souled Madeleine,
The worm I've trampled, turns on me at last.
What has she learned?—does she know all? Well, well,
What if she does? she's but a silly girl,
And men will laugh at her, if she but breathe
A word against my name. No; she shall wed.
Oh, she will pine, for she's of noble thoughts,
When married to the fool. But all Moss-Holm
Is mine—is mine! and all my dreams come true.
[*A noise heard.*
What tramp is that of horsemen in the court?
Can Albyn be returned? And will the lords
Do as Lord Dacre bids them? Will they take
The English bribes, and leave the fiery James
Unfriended, powerless? Then, my game is won!
No danger more; rank, fortune, all my own;

Enter LAIRD SMALL, MUNGO, *and* WIDOW, R.

Laird. Gadso! it's very kind in good King James.
Sir A. What is it, Sir?
Laird. It's very kind, Gadso!
He's heard of Mungo's marriage, and commands
His presence, and his bride's; Gadso, 'tis kind!
I thought not Mungo such a favourite.
Sir A. (L. C.) Your son is silent, Sir.
Laird. [*To Mungo.*] Why don't you speak?

Enter OFFICER, R.

Offi. The King commands you with all speed to court.
Laird. Gadso! you don't seem pleased. I'll bet you, now,
James has some famous tournament afoot,
And want's to run a course with you himself.
Mun. (R. C.) With me—a course?
Laird. [*To Sir Adam.*] I told you he was a boy!
Sir A. What means all this? what is it you would say?

Laird. The king has sent for us: for you and me,
And Mungo, and good Widow Barton, here.
Gadso, he deigns to give the bride away
With his own hand; so says the messenger!
Mun. Father, when we arrive at Holyrood,
Don't say a word about the tournament.
Laird. No? Does the King not like it? few folks do,
To be reminded of discomfitures.
I knew a captain of—but never mind,
He ran away from Flodden. Gadso, Sir!
If you said anything that began with F,—
Physic, philosophy, no matter what—
Gadso, he flew in such a passion, Sir.
Sir A. I'll not to court: I'm old; I am not well.
Offi. I must require you to make no delay;
We must reach Holyrood ere vesper chime.
Sir A. [*Aside.*] Is it, then, true, this fool is loved by James?
Why, then, so much the better. [*Aloud.*] If the king
Commands, we must obey.
Widow. What, I? Sir Adam!
My silk is at the dyer's, the old puce;
It's to be black; I wish it had come home,
How can I look upon a king, dressed thus?
Oh! it will be high treason. Where's my cousin?
I'll borrow her green satin. Madeleine!
Where is she gone to? Cousin Madeleine! [*Exit*, L.
Mun. Father, you'll not speak any nonsense, now,
About my breaking in King James's horse?
Laird. Why not? It was a goodly piece of service;
I wish you had done the same to my old mare;
She laid me in a ditch.
Mun. I wish the King
Would leave folks to get married for themselves.
Offi. I must remind you—
Sir A. You had best make haste
To obey the summons. I am quite prepared.
Laird. The King is very kind—exceeding good.
Come, Mungo, we'll go on; the bride will follow.
Gadso! I'm thankful to the King. Come, boy!
[*Exeunt omnes*, R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Audience Chamber in Holyrood; folding-doors at the back; a side-door,* R.; *throne,* L. C.

"JAMES *seated apart. The* COURTIERS *in groups. The* "LORDS *observing him.*

"*Somer.* [*To Kil.*] His grace is heavier than his wont.
"*Kil.* He looks
"All round, first upon one, then on another,
"As he would dive into their hearts.
"*Somer.* See, now!
"How he is gazing on Lord Seton's face.
"*James.* Seton!
"*Seton.* Your Majesty!
"*James.* Come near me, Seton!
"What is't detains the Cardinal so long?
"'Tis no such mighty work; a ready pen
"And a good will should make it minutes' business.
"*Seton.* I'll seek his grace.
"*James.* Bid him despatch. [*Exit Seton,* R.
"[*To Hume.*] A word—
"The escort is returned from Laichmont?
"*Hume.* Yes.
"*James.* With the whole household of Sir Adam Weir?
"*Hume.* They wait your summons in the ante-chamber.
"*James.* Well, let them wait awhile; we've other mat-
"ters
"That need our ordering first. I'll call them soon.
"*Kil.* [*To Somerville.*] A smile—the first I've seen on him to-day.
"*Somer.* I trust he has no doubt.
"*Kil.* His looks are sad,
"Not doubtful. He is of a trusting nature.
"*Somer.* When comes the messenger from Dacre's camp?
"*Max.* I trust, ere long; I like quick settlements.
"And, by the Lord! if Dacre plays us false,
"And sends not the instalment due this week,
"I'll join the King!
"*Kil.* Oh! he will send the coin.

" *Re-enter* SETON.

" *James.* Well—well?
" *Seton.* The papers are prepared; his grace
" Attends you.
" *James.* Bring him. With your leave, my lords,
" We'll have some private conference with the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Lords, &c., through the folding-doors.*

" *Enter* ARCHBISHOP—USHER *at the door.*

" *James.* Is it prepared? All signed, and duly sealed?
" You stand not on your scruples? Give it me!
" *Archbishop.* [*Giving a parchment.*] 'Tis here, my liege.
" *James.* And nothing left to do,
" But write the name of the recipient?
" Here is the blank—I will insert the name.
" I thank you for this act.
" *Archbishop.* I know not, Sire,
" If in this cause I strain not the full powers
" Held from the holy father. Oh, bethink you,
" Ere 'tis too late, how great a thing you ask!
" *James.* 'Tis a stout arm—a gallant heart I ask,
" That you have nearly robbed poor Scotland of.
" Why, you can find a score in every parish,
" With hands as qualified to handle tithes,
" And lips as eloquent in Homilies,
" But scarce so quick an eye, so true a sword,
" In all the land! I can't afford him, Sir;
" And so I thank you, good Lord Cardinal—
" You give me back a soldier.
" *Archbishop.* [R. C.] And strip off
" The holy panoply that guarded him
" From sin. Oh, Sir!—it is not yet too late:
" Bethink you—you lay bare to the assaults
" Of Satan, the poor heart that lay secure
" Behind the blessing of the church. Your hand
" Launches again the bark—that lay in safety
" In a calm haven—out into the sea,
" Where storms are raging, and the waves are high—
" The bark may founder! Give me back the deed!
" *James.* Not for my crown! What ho! Bring to our presence

"The man I told you of. [*Exit Usher, c.*
"*Arch.* So true a love
"As James shows ever to the holy See
"Moves me to do his bidding in this thing;
"Your Majesty will see in it a proof
"Of how your zeal is valued.
"*James.* [*Who has been reading the deed.*] All correct!
"Naught but the name to add.

Enter MALCOLM YOUNG.

"Come hither, Sir.
"We have heard such good report of your deservings,
"That we think fit, as a discerning king—
"Whose eyes should ever watch upon the worth
"Of his true subjects, to bestow reward
"On the well-doer—to advance your rank.
"How stand you in the Church?
"*Mal.* My gracious liege,
"Pardon me. To have earned my sovereign's praise—
"If such I've done, I know not by what means—
"Is all I hope.
"*James.* Do you refuse our favour?
"*Mal.* My liege, I have no higher wish on earth
"Than to attain your favour.
"*James.* What rich stalls—
"What prebends are now vacant? You're too young
"To be a bishop; yet there may be times
"When youth is no impediment. How say you?
"*Mal.* I wish no station in the church, my liege;
"Rather I wish to lay aside the place
"I hold e'en now, and in some silent cell
"To hide me from the world. I pray your grace,
"Hold me excused. I have no wish for power,
"Or wealth, or honour.
"*James.* You're a foolish youth—
"Some day-dream blinds you. Kneel to the Archbishop!
"*Mal.* To ask his grace's blessing ere I go——
"*James.* Nay—to receive promotion. Kneel, I say!
"*Mal.* [*Kneeling to the king.*] I pray your Majesty——
"*James.* 'Tis not to us—
"Kneel to his grace the Archbishop. Kneel not here—
"Kneel there!

"*Mal.* [*Rising.*] I cannot kneel in such a cause.
"*James.* No? We must ask you in a suppliant's voice.
"Look on us.
"[*Malcolm recognises the king, who takes off his cap.*
"Why, good fellow, did you think
"We had no gratitude for ready help?
"Kneel, Sir?
"*Mal.* For pardon to your Majesty.
"I knew not, I suspected not, my liege—
"Oh, if you would not see me die before you,
"Wring not a heart that's so deep weighed in grief,
"It has no other sense!
"*James.* Then won't you trust me?
"I would not add an atom to your grief.
"Try me! Why, Malcolm, you've no memory.
"Have you forgotten how we swore our friendship?
"And how fair Madeleine——
"*Mal.* Oh! name her not!
"I cannot hear her name.
"*James.* But you shall hear it!
"I'll name no other name, unless you kneel!
"I'll call out Madeleine—and naught but Madeleine—
"If you won't kneel! Come, get upon your knee,
"While I essay my rusty penmanship
"In writing Malcolm—M A C O M!—[*Writes.*]
"Young—Malcolm Young. Kneel to the Cardinal.
"*Mal.* I'm so amazed—bewildered! Good my liege,
"You bruise a spirit that, oppressed already——.
"*James.* [*To the Archbishop.*] Give him the deed!
"[*Forces Malcolm to kneel.*] Kneel, sirrah! on your knee!
"[*Holds him down.*] There! there!
"[*The Archbishop gives him the deed; James raises and "embraces him.*
"Come to my heart; you are a man!
"[*As he leads him towards the folding doors.*
"Now, then, we face the enemy together.
"In weal or woe you'll never leave my side,
"Nor chill, nor falter in your truthfulness
"To your true fellow-soldier, and kind king.
"Nay, answer not—I know your very heart!
"[*To Usher.*] Admit Sir Adam Weir, and wait our coming.
"[*Exit with Malcolm, through folding doors.*

" *Usher goes to the side door. Enter* LAIRD SMALL, SIR
" ADAM WEIR, MUNGO, WIDOW BARTON, MADELEINE.
" *Sir Adam stands apart from the others; courtiers in*
" *groups; lords passing to and fro; Usher at folding*
" *doors.**

Laird. Gadso! Come, Widow Barton, leave my son
To throw sweet looks at mistress Madeleine,
Well! what a thing it is to have a boy
Like Mungo. He's a boy!
Widow. I never thought
To be so honored—me at Holyrood!
In such apparel! Mr. Mungo, Sir,
Seems in high favor.
Laird. Favor! gadso—yes!
He's like——who's the fat fellow with one eye,
The Cardinal, in England,—he has a son,
A butcher—Wolsey; he's like Cardinal Wolsey.
Widow. A wondrous gentleman.
Laird. (*To Usher.*) Pray you, good sir,
When will the doors be opened?
Usher. When the king
Comes forth to give you welcome. Are you all
Arrived? Where is Sir Adam Weir?
Sir A. (L. C.) I'm here.
Widow. What a white face my uncle has!
Laird. Poor man,
He has no son in favor with the king!
" *Widow.* But soon will have a grandson.
" *Laird.* So he will,
" Gadso! a grandson—that is Mungo Small,
" My son, his grandson—gadso! what relations
" Are we then? Tis a question."
Mun. [*To Made.*] How I wish
This were well over! Don't you wish it were?
Made. What is it? It concerns not me.
Mun. Oh, don't it?
That's all you know. Didn't the messenger

* In the representation, the fifth act commences here:—*Laird Small, Widow Barton, the Usher, Madeleine, Mungo,* and *Sir Adam* being discovered grouped upon the stage as the curtain rises. The scene is the audience chamber, as already described.

Tell father, that the king—God save the king!
Out of affection to a friend of his—
He did not name him,—I won't name him, either—
Was fixed to be your bridesman at the wedding?
Laird. [*Overhearing.*] Gadso! That's to reward you for your skill,
Unhorsing Maxwell at the tournament.
Mun. Hush, father!
Laird. Or, perhaps, for breaking in
His Spanish horse?
Mun. I never broke it in.
Father, don't speak to James. Pray, widow Barton,
Would you take Madeleine's arm. I'd say a word
Into my father's ear. [*Goes up with Laird.*
Widow. [*Going up to Madeleine.*] Why don't you go
T'your grandsire, girl?
Made. I will remain alone.
Widow. It is not seemly on a wedding day
To look so solemn.
Made. This is not a day
Of wedding or rejoicing.
Widow. Oh! it is;
The king has made a law, that you're to marry
Young Mr. Small.
Made. I have not long to live;
I pray you leave me to my solemn thoughts—
You cannot share them.
Usher. Hush! the king!—the king! [*They retire.*

The folding doors are thrown open. James *advances in state, and takes his seat on the throne. All the Lords, Bishops, Ushers, &c. follow*

James. [*To Seton.*] Are the guards doubled in the outer ward?
Seton. Yes, trebled.
James. That is well—the headsman's ready?
Seton. He is.
James. What lacks it to the vesper chime?
Seton. A minute or two.
James. How bold their lordships look!
I think I'll humble some of them ere long,—
I'll teach them to take Dacre's bribes!

Somer. (R. C.) He speaks
Angrily!
Kil. I would rather see him angry
Than knitting his thick brow, and saying nothing—
A dog can't bite while it is barking.
Usher. [*To Kilmaurs.*] Sir,
A man is at the door, and claims admittance.
Kil. What man?—the king is busy. Tell the man
To come another time.
Somer. Who is it, Usher?
Usher. A common man, I'm told.
Kil. Tell him to go
To the devil. What business have these common fellows
With courts at all?
Usher. He insists on coming in!
Kil. Tell them to flog him up the Canongate.
James. What's that?—you seem in trouble, Lord Kilmaurs.
Kil. Why, 'tis some clownish clodpole tries to force
His way to see your highness.
James. Ope the doors!
Let him come in. God's mercy, good my lords!
Why stand we here, and wear upon our brows
The Scottish crown, if lives the Scottish man
That may not claim our help? Let him come in.
[*Exit Usher*, C.
Maxwell. [*To Somerville.*] I hate this constant courting of the commons,
It bodes no good to the nobility.
Somer. I trust this expedition to the borders
Will teach him better.
Max. He'll be a luckier man
Than any of his fathers, if he lives
To boast that he can trample on his peers.

Enter USHER *und* BUCKIE, *with a wolf's jaws on his head*, C.

James. How now? Who are you in such masquerade?
Good Usher, who is this?
Mun. [*Coming forward.*] It's Buckie, Sire,
The robber of Drumshorlan.
James. Guard the door!
What brings you here? By'r lady, 'tis too much

To beard us on our throne! Let him not stir.
Buc. My liege, the palace gate shall open wide
To let me go, when I but say the word.
James. It shall be opened when *I* say the word.
To take your felon body up the street
To the Tolbooth.
Buc. I shall be free as air!
You will not say that word.
James. What warrant, knave,
Have you for boast so idle?
Buc. James's word—
I need no other safeguard.
James. What's your quest?
Buc. Justice!
James. Dog! is't to mock us you are come
To talk of justice in a court? My lords!
Where should we be if every man had justice?
Where should we be, Kilmaurs—Grey—Somerville?
Somer. I like not this beginning. Who is this?
Kil. I know not; but the king seems hot in wrath.
Max. [*To them.*] He's a known robber!
Somer. He'll be in a string.
Dancing at the Tolbooth in half an hour.
Kil. That's where he means we all should be.
James. A bold knave,
Seton! he braves it well. [*To Buckie.*] What are you, caitiff?
Buc. Some six years since, I would have said a man,
But now I know not what to call myself.
An outcast! a poor Scottish Ishmaelite,
My hand against all men, and all men's hands
'Gainst me.
James. And now you make a claim on us
For justice? Against whom?
Buc. Against a man
Here in this presence; rich in the world's respect,
Wise, honoured——
James. And his name?
Buc. Sir Adam Weir!
James. How? now be careful! He's a man esteemed,
Nobly befriended, truthful, honourable;
My lords! he must be known to some of you,

Why bear you not your witness for your friend?
[*To Seton, aside.*
See how their conscience keeps them silent, Seton!
Sir A. My liege, I know not what this ruffian means,
Or wherefore he pollutes your Grace's ear
With accusations unsustained by proof;
But let him speak—I need have little fear
Of such accuser.
James. No! Go on, Sir Knave.
Buc. I do impeach this man, Sir Adam Weir,
That he, of wilful and deliberate choice,
Did make his kinsman, George—his brother's son—
A robber!
Sir A. It is false! the boy is dead.
Buc. He stript him of his substance, taught his heart
To be a glowing furnace of fierce thoughts,
And to forget all blissful lenity—
All tenderness, all hope, all trust, all pity:
He made him be an outcast, till his soul
Grew hard and rugged as the desolate moors
Where his grim trade was plied. He changed his nature
Into a wolf's—his sleep into a hell,
Filled with dark fiends, that pointed to the Past!—
And of these crimes do I accuse this man.
James. What say you to these plaints, Sir Adam Weir?
Sir A. That they are false; fit for the felon's heart
They come from! If my nephew were alive
He would disprove these baseless calumnies.
"My liege, 'tis no light thing to load with sham
"The hoary head of an old man. My name
"Can stand a greater shock than the attack
"Of robbers, such as this. I wronged him not—
"Not of the value of the smallest coin—"
I loved him, I was kind and good to him
Ever; from boyhood up. Nay, had he lived,
He would be equal sharer of my wealth
With my poor child, my grandchild, at my side.
Buc. But he does live—to meet you front to front—
Here! [*Throws back the wolf's head.*] I am he. What! not a word to me,
Kind uncle?
James. [*Aside.*] O ho! is it so, my friend?

I scarcely looked for you in garb like this.
Buc. My liege, my loving uncle holds his tongue;
Will he be silent still when I make charge
Of other crimes—crimes, greater, loftier——
James. What mean you?
Buc. Treason! foul, unnatural treason!
James. How?
Sir A. I repel this villain's accusation—
This spendthrift robber. Oh, 'tis false, my liege;
I can appeal to my whole life; these lords,
I'm sure they'll speak for me; for years and years
Many have known me, they'll answer for me,—
For my good name——
James. And is it so, my lords?
Kil. [*After a pause.*] We can; we've known him a most worthy man.
Somer. We've known him for a loyal gentleman;
He has given proof——
Buc. Oh! here is more of proof,
If it be proof you want. I have command
To give these packets from Sir Adam Weir
Into the noble hands of certain peers.
Sir A. Ha!—no—'tis false! give them to me—they're mine.
James. No! on your life! My good Lord Somerville,
Bring me the packet.
Somer. [*disconcerted.*] 'Tis some foolishness:
I'll take the charge. [*Takes the packet from Buckie.*
James. Bring me the packet, Lord!
[*Somerville gives the packet unwillingly.*
James. [*Giving it to Maxwell.*] Here, Maxwell, break the seal—but your hand shakes!
Hume, lay it open! [*Hume opens the packet.*] Blessings on you, Hume!
Oh, what a thing is truth! Here, give it me!
[*James takes the packet.*
Now, by my soul, this is a happy time!
I hold a score of heads within my hands—
Heads—noble heads—right honourable heads—
Stand where you are! ay, coroneted heads—
Nay, whisper not! What think you that I am?
A dolt—a madman! As I live by bread,

I'll show you what I am! You thought me blind,
You called me heedless James, and hoodwinked James—
You'll find me watchful James, and vengeful James!

[*Hume marches in the Guard, with Headsman*, C.; *they stand beside the Lords, who form a group*, R. C.

[*Comes forward.*] One little word, and it will conjure up
The fiend to tear you. One motion of this hand—
One turning of the leaf—Who stirs a foot,
Is a dead man! If I but turn the leaf,
Shame sits, like a foul vulture on a corse,
And flaps its wings on the dishonoured names
Of knights and nobles.

[*A pause; the Lords look at each other.*

Nay, blench not, good my lords;
I mean not *you;* the idle words I say
Can have no sting for you! You are true men—
True to your King! You'll show your truth, my Lords,
In battle; pah! we'll teach those Englishmen
We are not the base things they take us for;
They'll see James and his nobles, side by side—
[*Aside.*] If they desert me now, then farewell all!
[*Aloud.*] There!—[*Gives the packet back to Somerville.*
I know nothing!

Sir A. (L. C.) I—my liege—at least,
Of deed so black, of crimes against your highness,
I'm innocent.

[*James looks looks sternly at him, and Sir Adam recognizes him as Albyn.*

James. You chose your messenger
With matchless skill. Old man, the saddest sight
That mortal eye can see, is the white head
That knows not truth. Away! we mark your words,
That you make equal portion of your wealth
Between your nephew and your grandchild. Go!

[*Walks up the stage.*

Max. My neck feels rather stiff yet, from the sight
Of that long axe.

Somer. He's of a noble heart.

Max. My lords, I'll fight. 'Tis safer fight Lord Dacre,
Than take his coin.

Kil. But not so pleasant.

James. [*Returning*, L. C.] Now

To happier scenes. Come hither, Master Small;
You wish to wed this lady?
Laird. (R. C.) That he does,
Gadso! so please you—and she loves him, too—
They'd kiss each other through a hole in the wall,
Like—I forget his name; and—never mind!
James. And you, as father of the happy bridegroom,
Give your consent?
Laird. Consent! Gadso; oh, yes,
'Twill make them happy. [*To Mungo.*] Where's your tongue gone to?
Please you, my son—my Mungo's more at home
In tournaments, and breaking in your horse——
Mun. Hush!—hush!
Laird. Gadso!—you told us so yourself—
Didn't he, Widow Barton?
James. "[*To Lords.*] Good my lords,
"Please you, draw back a space."
[*The Lords retire—James goes to Madeleine,* L. C
How say you, maiden?
You look not on the bridegroom you have chosen,
With loving eyes, as would beseem your state—
Come, come; you're bashful; turn your glowing eyes
On the enraptured Small!
Laird. [*Pushing Mungo.*] Gadso!—go nearer—
The King is making love for you himself.
James. You do not answer.
Made. If your majesty
Knew what a sense of misery was here,
You would not speak as now.
James. Why not, I pray you?
Is not your bridegroom fair to look upon?
Noble in bearing, with a stately step,
Like a young lion in his native wood?
See!
Made. Oh! my liege!—spare me this mockery!
I never looked upon the creature's face,
Nor listened to his voice;—far other thoughts
Were in my heart.
James. But you will wed the youth?
Made. Rather I'll wed my grave.

James. [*To Mungo.*] Why, she won't have you!
How's this. I thought she loved you, Master Small!
Mun. Well, so I thought.
Laird. Gadso!—and so she did;
She could not help it. Every body loves him
He's such a one at tournaments.
Mun. Be quiet!
Laird. And all the ladies blushing, flushing, winking
You must have seen it in the Stirling lists,
When he snipt off your royal plume.
James. My what?
Laird. Your plume—your feather—a back-handed blow!
James. What's this, friend Small?
Mun. My father had a stroke
Of apoplexy,—he's had curious fancies since.
James. I think so has the son. If you're a tilter,
I'll find you horse and spear; and Captain Buckie
Shall hold you for three runs.
Buc. (R. C.) With all my soul.
Mun. Not for a million ducats! I can't ride
More than a meal-bag—never couched a spear—
I'm——
Laird. Gadso?—who has apoplexy now?
James. Better arrange the duel.—Gentle maid.
Have you no recollection of a friend? [*Shows her the scarf*
Or of the scarf you wrapt about his head?
Made. You?—oh, forgive my freedom!—good my liege,
I knew you not.
James. Would you refuse your help
To a cracked skull, because it was a king's?
Ah! for your sake, I've thought of Malcolm Young,
And raised him to a rank that he deserves.
Made. I trust he will be happy.
James. That he will!
I make no doubt he'll be the happiest man
On Scottish ground. But you must clear your brow—
He'll not be happy if you're dull and sad.
Made. I, Sir? Think not of me. I shall be gone
And in the silence of some cloistered place
Pray for my King and him!
James. Tut! tut! not so.

You shall put on the brightest of your smiles,.
You shall sing loudest, laugh the merriest;
You must leave priests to prayers and orisons;
I've fixed upon a husband you must wed!
Mun. Is't me, Sir?
James. Out, you puppy!—If you saw—

Enter MALCOLM C., *nobly dressed; led by* HUME *and* SETON.

Malcolm—or one his very image—free
From priestly vows, led forward to your side,
And kneeling at your feet—What then?
Made. My heart.
Knows nothing but its own sorrow.
James. Would you not
Deign but one look on the poor youth?
Made. My looks
Are consecrate to Heaven. I would not look.
James. And if he knelt and took you by the hand,
And called your name, and said—
Mal. My Madeleine!
Made. Ha! 'twas his voice!—
James. It is himself, my girl!
[*Touches Malcolm's shoulder with his sword.*
A knight—rise up, Sir Malcolm—and no priest;
The good Lord Cardinal has loosed his vows.
Mal. And is it so? and do I clasp you thus?
Oh, this is too much happiness!
James. Good friend,
It will not last too long; be not afraid:
In a few months, you'll bear it very well;
So, in the meantime, make the most of it.
Somer. [*Approaching with Lords.*] My Liege!—
James. Not yet, my good Lord Somerville.
[*To Seton.*] How looked our yeomen, when they heard our name
On the Boroughmuir, to-day?
Seton. They tossed their caps,
High in the air, and swore they'd follow you——
James. Blessings upon them!
Seton. ——To the end of the world.
James. And you, my Lords?

Somer. We give you our true swords,
Our lives, our fortunes.
James. Say you so in truth?
Then, by my life, no king in all the earth
Can move our envy, or our fears, one jot.
The land is safe and unassailable,
Girt in a panoply of pierceless mail,
That's guarded by a brave nobility—
A loving people----
Seton. And true-hearted King!

[*Curtain falls.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

LORDS. R.] SETON. KING. MALCOLM. MADELEINE [L.

THE END.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXXIX.

THE SERIOUS FAMILY.

A Comedy

IN THREE ACTS.

BY MORRIS BARNETT.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:
WM. TAYLOR & CO.
151 NASSAU STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"THE SERIOUS FAMILY" is a free translation of a French comedy entitled "*Un Mari en Campaigne,*" (A Husband in the Country,) which has been exceedingly popular in Paris for some months; also in Germany, where it has been paraphrased; and in England, at the Haymarket Theatre, where its popularity exceeded the attraction of Macready or the Keans in their best characters. In America, its performance, at present, has been confined to Burton's Theatre, where its run has exceeded that of any other piece of the present day. It is extremely well played in all its parts at this popular house, and may be adduced as a fair specimen of modern comedy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Haymarket, 1849.	*Burton's, N. Y.*, 1849.
Charles Torrens	Mr. Webster.	Mr. C. W. Clarke.
Captain Murphy Maguire	" J. Wallack.	" Brougham.
Frank Vincent	" H. Vandenhoff.	" S. Leach.
Aminadab Sleek	" Buckstone.	" Burton.
Dancers	" Coe.	" Wise.
Servant		" Vox.
Guests		
Lady Sowerby Creamly	Mrs. W. Clifford.	Mrs. Hughes.
Mrs. Charles Torrens	Miss Reynolds.	" Russell.
Emma Torrens	Mrs. L. S. Buckingham.	Miss J. Hill.
Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine	" Fitzwilliam.	" Chapman.
Graham	" Caulfield.	" Alderman.
Ladies		

COSTUMES.

MR. CHARLES TORRENS.—Black frock coat, black waistcoat, gray trousers *Second dress:* Black dress coat, black trousers, white waistcoat, dress hat.

CAPTAIN MURPHY MAGUIRE.—Blue paletot, waistcoat and trousers. *Second dress:* Blue dress coat, waistcoat, and trousers. *Third dress:* Black dress coat and velvet waistcoat.

FRANK VINCENT.—Topcoat. *Second dress:* Dress suit.

MR AMINADAB SLEEK.—Gray suit.

DANVERS.—Drab livery.

SERVANTS.—Drab livery.

GUESTS.—Dress suits.

LADY SOWERBY CREAMLY.—Slate silk dress, white cap and apron.

MRS. CHARLES TORRENS.—Gray silk dress. *Second dress:* White ball dress.

MISS EMMA TORRENS.—White muslin, with blue silk jacket. *Second dress:* Scarlet gauze ball dress.

MRS. ORMSBY DELMAINE.—Puce velvet dress. *Second dress:* Blue gauze ball dress.

GRAHAM.—Green De Laine dress, with pink apron.

LADIES.—Ball dresses, various.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre.*

THE SERIOUS FAMILY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A drawing room, soberly but substantially furnished. At the rising of the curtain are discovered, seated at the table.* R., *covered with papers,* LADY CREAMLY, MR. AMINADAB SLEEK, *and* MRS. CHARLES TORRENS. TORRENS, *at table.* L., *as Secretary, with pen in hand, dozing. All are dressed in the most formal manner.*

Sleek. [*Reading in a puritanical tone.*] "We appeal to the disciples of true benevolence, and doers of good deeds, without distinction of politics, or party;—we call on all to come forward in the great work of enlarged and universal civilisation." Hem! What think you of that, my lady?

Lady C. These words give comfort to every fainting and world-worn spirit, good Mr. Aminadab Sleek. [*To Charles.*] Write them down, my son. I protest he's asleep! The spirit is willing but—

Sleek. But it sleepeth.

Mrs. T. [*Crosses to Charles.*] Charles, what a shame to fall asleep at so sublime a passage!

Charles. Oh, dear, where was I? [*Reading.*] "Like a Lion it roareth for its prey."—"Benevolence and Charity." I have it. Forgive me, Lady Creamly and pious Mr. Aminadab Sleek: the fact is, between labor and watching, I lose a little of my rest, and nature will have her revenge. That will do for to-day, I hope.

[*All rise and come forward.*

Sleek. We are all then decided on making this appeal. We will establish a deputation in every parish—the petitions are in course of preparation;—and I trust I may be permitted to accompany your ladyship, and my philanthropic young friend, in their charitable round.

Lady C. Too happy, Mr. Aminadab Sleek, to be guided by your voice and encouraged by your presence—but we hope that another and a tenderer tie will soon bring our families more closely together. Your nephew, that pattern of special grace, that paragon of model propriety, will, before long, obtain the hand—

Sleek. [*Aside.*] And the fortune—

Lady C. And the worldly goods of our dear Emma, the sister of our son-in-law.

Mrs. T. And a happy girl Emma will be. What a gracious dispensation has been worked in her behalf! Had we never met Mr. Aminadab Sleek, we should still be on the brink of the precipice of vanity—but the great work will be now perfected, by the union of his nephew and Emma.

Lady C. Yes, beloved child, but let us not forget the important duty we have in hand. At twelve to-morrow morning we meet; our son-in-law will read to our assembled friends his address of benevolence, and then—

Charles. [*Aside.*] At twelve to-morrow morning. I had rather have had a day's shooting.

Enter EMMA, L. D., *fashionably dressed.*

Emma. [*Crosses to Mrs. Torrens.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear! such capital news! he's come! he's come!

Lady C. Well! Miss Hoyden

Mrs. T. How can you be so giddy, Emma; don't you see Mr. Aminadab Sleek, the mirror of piety—the champion of—hem!—the champion of—hem!

[*Emma salutes profoundly Mr. Sleek and Lady Creamly, who regards her disdainfully.*

Charles. [*Aside.*] Very pleasant all this; but I'll have a day's shooting, in spite of them.

Emma. Oh, Charles, he's come—your old friend—the friend of all the family. I caught a glimpse as he gave his card to Danvers, and I ran to tell you.

Enter SERVANT, *he presents card to Charles, Mrs. Torrens takes it, and hands it to Lady Creamly, who passes it to Sleek, who reads aloud.*

Sleek. "Captain Murphy Maguire."

Charles. Maguire! my old friend Murphy—the best fellow in the world!—show him in, Danvers.

Lady C. A little moderation, son-in-law. Shall we, Mr. Sleek? Shall we, my child?

Sleek. A captain, and an Irishman!—um

Lady C. A libertine!

Charles. [*Aside.*] A fellow after my own heart. [*Aloud.*] He might have been so formerly, but he is now changed. He belongs to a serious regiment.

All. Oh!

[*Lady Creamly, Mr. Sleek, and Mrs. Torrens, bow gravely to each other.*

Lady C. Admit him.

Emma. How happy I am! I was a child when he saw me last, and I am now—

Lady C. Still a child; you will please retire to your chamber—no remonstrance.

Mrs. T. Go, child! [*Exit Emma,* L. D., *impatiently.*

Lady C. Receive *your* visitor, Mr. Charles Torrens.

[*Charles comes forward, the others retire to tables, and appear much occupied with the various papers.*

Enter CAPTAIN MAGUIRE, C.

Capt. My dear Charles!

Charles. [*In his natural manner.*] What, Maguire!—my old friend! [*Shakes his hand violently; the party at the back look on with contemptuous astonishment.*] Why, it's an age since I have seen you!

Capt. Yes, my dear boy, an absence of four years—Calcutta—West Indies—capital station—glorious cigars and whiskey toddy—a little tanned, eh? the steam of the gold has spoiled the natural brilliancy of my complexion.

Charles. Still the same—the same gay, rollicking, sound-hearted old fellow! Not married?

Capt. What me! bound in the rosy bonds of that young robber paddy Cupid? No, thank heaven!

Lady C.
Mrs. T. } Oh!! [*Groaning.*
Sleek.

Charles. [*Aside to him.*] Softly, softly, old fellow. [*Resumes his starched manner.*] Permit me, Captain Murphy Maguire, to present you to Mrs. Charles Torrens, the partner of my present joys and future hopes. Eve, my dearest, allow me to present you to my oldest and best friend, Captain Murphy Maguire.

[*Mrs. Torrens bows coldly, but graciously.*

Capt. I am delighted to make your acquaintance. [*Crosses to her.*] Charley and I are old friends—I rejoice at his good fortune! Charley, your wife's a first-rate angel. You'll excuse my freedom, madam, but what I think I say.

[*Mrs. Torrens smiles and appears pleased; Sleek and Lady Creamly exchange doleful glances.*

Lady C. [*Aside to Mrs. Torrens.*] Don't answer him.

Sleek. [*Aside.*] A profligate!

Capt. You're a lucky villain, Charley!—what eyes! like a general illumination!—what a shape! she's a model for a Venus!

All. Oh!! [*Groaning.*

Charles. [*Pulling him by the coat.*] What the devil are you about?

Capt. [*Looking with astonishment at him, and the formal faces at the table.*] What's the damage, and what have I done, and what have I said? You're wife is a beauty, and what I think I say! Why, you're not jealous, Charley? But, where is Emma—my little Emma—the little rosebud?

Lady C. [*Rising, and bowing stiffly.*] Miss Torrens, sir, is with her governess in the library.

Capt. Upon my honor, I meant no offence. I should have said Miss Torrens; but Charles and I are such old friends, and have seen such roaring times together, and—

Charles. [*Interrupting.*] My mother-in-law, Captain Murphy Maguire, Lady Sowerby Creamly.

Capt. [*Bows very low.*] I have the honor. [*Crosses to her.*] Very proud, I assure you—Charley's friends are mine.

Lady C. [*With cold disdain.*] You overwhelm me with the weight of the honor. [*Takes a book and reads.*

Capt. [*Aside to Charles.*] The old dromedary in the

pepper and salt is the father-in-law, I suppose. A trifle the worse for wear, but the heart is in the right place, I hope.

Charles. [*Aside.*] Pull up, old fellow! That's Mr. Aminadab Sleek, perpetual member of the borough of Solemncolly, and a great gun at Exeter Hall. [*Aloud.*] Captain Maguire, this is my excellent and most worthy ally, Mr. Aminadab Sleek, the especial friend of this family—the friend of the poor—the friend of all the world—[*Aside.*]—who give good dinners, and have rich daughters to marry. [*Crosses to* L.

[*Sleek bows slowly; Maguire runs up, and shakes him heartily by the hand.*

Capt. Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir. Oh, we shall be the best friends in the world; only wait till I get you snugly seated before a steaming jug of whiskey-punch, and behind a full-flavored havannah, and I'll be bound to take the wrinkles out of you.

Sleek.
Lady C. } Oh!! [*Groaning.*
Mrs. T.

Capt. Well, Charley, here I am, and here I mean to stay. [*Sits* L. *of table.*] I have a week's leave of absence, and so I thought I'd run up and see my old friends. I say, old fellow, you are well tiled in. I suppose you've a room where we can sling a hammock. With your leave, ladies, what I think I say.

Lady C. Sir!

Mrs. T. Certainly. [*All rise and come forward.*

Charles. [*Embarrassed.*] Oh! certainly.

Capt. I couldn't think for a moment, Charley, of stopping at an hotel, while you have a house in town; we have so much to say—to talk over old times, you sinner! Oh! don't be alarmed, ladies; a reformed rake always makes a good husband, and Charley, certainly, was the devil's own boy!

Mrs. T. My husband a rake!

Lady C. Impossible!

Capt. I have brought you, Charley, a case of regalias that would make the Queen of Spain's mouth water. I know you of old, you robber!—a dozen a-day!

Charles. Be quiet! will you? [*Pulling him by the coat.*

Capt. What's the matter?—[*Lady Creamly, Mrs.*

Torrens, and Sleek exchange looks.]—One can have a bit of luncheon, I suppose, a sandwich, or the wing of a cold fowl; the air of this September morning has made me as hungry as an ostrich.

Charles. Certainly. Eve, my dear, luncheon for Captain Maguire.

Capt. Have you any of the old Madeira left? Eh! Charley, boy, we remember the time, how we used to punish that same Madeira; but we're all changed. I am getting old, and you are married. The Madeira is older, too, and that's a compensation.

Lady C. [*Crosses to* R. C.] Captain Murphy Maguire, I am loth to interfere, but my son-in-law neither smokes nor drinks Madeira. A cigar is his aversion, and he has taken the pledge.

Capt. The what!

Sleek. Yes; he has taken the pledge, and got a medal.

Charles. [*Aside.*] I have, the deuce take it; but I'll have my revenge. A day's shooting—a first-rate regalia—and a bottle of the old sort. [*Aloud.*] Yes, Captain Maguire, you will find me a changed man. I learned from Mr. Sleek that all pleasure is vanity, and all drinking vexation of spirit; and from Lady Creamly, that with sorrow and sighs, the world passes pleasantly enough. [*More gaily, and crosses to* C.] Still we must get our luncheon. Let me go.

Lady C. Let me remind you, Mr. Torrens, that ten copies more of the circular must be written out; and that you have promised to assist Mr. Aminadab Sleek. [*To Captain.*] I will take care, sir, that you are comfortably served. [*To Mrs. Torrens.*] Come, my child?

Capt. Really, I give you too much trouble. I am quite in despair.

[*Lady Creamly salutes him most deeply. He bows; Charles groans; and Mrs. Torrens smiles for an instant, and then assumes her formal manner.*

Lady C. Come, my child!

[*Exit Lady Creamly, with Mrs. Torrens,* C.

Charles. [*Forgetting that Sleek remains.*] They're off, and now for it!

Capt. (L.) Charley, your wife is elegant. She's a darling creature; but I don't know how it is—are you happy in your home? there seems every now and again a sort of

dingy cloud coming over the natural sunshine of your nature. Your wife's charming! Ah! now I recollect—Sir Charles Creamly was your guardian; you married his daughter; and thus settled his accounts.

Charles. The truth is, I married because my guardian so arranged it. I lead a life—but never mind. I am in for it. The fact is. my wife is a little too grave. She belongs to what is styled a serious family.

Capt. A fellow like you marrying into a serious family! ha! ha! that's beautiful. [*Sleek groans.*] Oh! murther, what have I said?

Charles. [*Changing his tone.*] Yes, Captain Maguire, we are all serious here.

Capt. But you may be too serious. A charming creature, like Mrs. Torrens, should be seen driving a pony-chaise in the Parks, or dispensing the rays of her beauty from the opera-box. And at your time of life, Charley, this gravity is infernal folly. Get out of it—cast it from you. Would you grow old before your time? Bad luck to your sober-sided, muddy-minded people! I hate your Cantwell's! Am I not right, Mr. Sleek?

[*Crosses and slaps Sleek on the back.*

Charles. [*Aside.*] His lines have fallen in pleasant places—Cantwell, indeed!

Capt. He musn't lock up his wife; the young creature will mope herself to death.—You are of my opinion, ar'nt you, sir?

Sleek. [*Down* c.] Um! They say that bachelors' wives, and maidens' children are always well managed. Pray, are you entered into the moral estate of wedlock, Captain?

Capt. No.

[*Changing his manner, as though annoyed by an unpleasant reminiscence.*

Sleek. Nor engaged?

Capt. No; I've been infernally jilted by the greatest rascal of a coquette that ever was sent into the world to plague the heart out of a man—a woman I loved better a thousand times than my own life.

Sleek. Um! You have been jilted?

Capt. Your're right there, Mr. Sleek; but, as I couldn't call her out, I took my revenge, and went to sea.

Sleek. Um! And the sea has cooled your passion?

Capt. To be sure it did, Sleek; and now I hate her more intolerably than ever I loved her.

Sleek. Um! No danger of a relapse?

Capt. Not a bit of it, Sleek; for to save myself from the one, I make love to twenty. And I've come to London to take a round of dissipation; and, for that reason, I stay with my old friend—for he knows every spot on the cards. Eh! Charley, my boy, we'll have a roaring time of it.

Enter SERVANT, C.

Ser. Luncheon, sir.

Capt. That's your sort—faith, I'm as hungry as a hunter! Come, Charley.

[*He is leaving the room, followed by Charles, but the latter is stopped by Lady Creamly and Mrs. Torrens, who enter at the same time.*

Lady C. One moment, Mr. Torrens—[*Captain follows the Servant.*]—you will take these letters to the directors, and return in half-an-hour, as we want to arrange a visiting for this evening?

Charles. Certainly, Lady Creamly. [*Aside.*] I'll have a day's shooting, [*Exit* C.

Sleek [*Crosses to* C.] At last we have a moment to ourselves, dear ladies. Unpleasant consequences will arise from this unexpected visit.

Lady C. What an acquaintance for my son-in-law!

Sleek. A perfect Absalom!

Mrs. T. Well-looking and gentlemanlike, but evidently too much attached to the wicked world.

Lady C. A libertine!

Sleek. That's not all, dear ladies. Let him be profligate as he pleases, and we shall strive for his conversion; but he is in love with a coquette, by whom he has been deceived.

Mrs. T. Poor young man!

Sleek. And obliged to visit the metropolis, he is determined to console himself for an unfortunate passion by going through an extended circle of dissipation; in short, he is about to visit his old haunts of vice and sorrow, and for this he seeks in this virtuous mansion, he says, the former companion of his sinful pleasures. It suffices to turn my blood to verjuice.

Lady C. The wretched person!

Mrs. T. And my Charles the former companion of his pleasures!—a lamb!—an angel of goodness!—a man who never leaves his own home, except for a day's shooting. Then, certainly, he is not to be controlled—once the coveys are out, my husband will not stay at home.

Sleek. He always is after the coveys! But what is to be done?

Lady C. [*To Mrs. T.*] Child, all this is your fault—yes, your fault—your want of firmness and decision.

[*Nods to Sleek.*

Sleek. Yes, certainly, honored madam, it is all your fault.

Lady C. When the abominable man said he was come to take up his quarters here, you should have recollected that there was not one room unoccupied.

Mrs. T. What! a friend of my husband's!—a gentleman that Charles is always speaking of, and whom he so well received!

Lady C. No matter; the presence of a libertine will compromise all our reputations. Your rooms should have been all occupied.

Mrs. T. But dear mamma, the truth— [*Crosses to* C.

Lady C. Ah, my dear, the truth, when it is useful to be told—

Sleek. My honored friend is right; all depends on circumstances. We make a great distinction between saying what is not and not saying what is, according to the object and intentions—this is high morality.

Lady C. And in this case our object is to rescue my son-in-law from the society of a person—

Sleek. Whose example and perfidious counsels would open an abyss before him.

Mrs. T. Oh, Lady Creamly!

Lady C. Bad example is dangerous—

Sleek. And the human heart so weak, my honored friend. You hear that it is the intention of this person again to seek the acquaintance of those friends, from whose pernicious example you have withdrawn the husband of your bosom. He is so weak he would again be led astray, and—

Lady C. And then—

Mrs. T. My poor Charles! But I certainly shall not

permit a stranger, a person entirely unknown, to come and lead him away from his good habits. But what is to be done? what plan can be devised? Aid me with your counsels.

Sleek. It is almost too late.

Lady C. The only plan I can suggest is to request this person politely to go—politely—about his business—

Sleek. Politely.

Mrs. T. I understand you; but how is that to be done? I could not dare attempt it. If you, my dear mamma, would take it upon yourself.

Lady C. Impossible, my child; it would look like dictating to you in your own house.

Sleek. That is very true.

Mrs. T. Well, then, Mr. Sleek, you will do it. It will add to the obligations we already owe you.

Sleek. Excuse me; these Hibernians are of such explosive natures, that it is quite possible he might forget my size, and the respect due to it. Mr. Torrens himself would be the proper person.

Lady C. No, that cannot be; they must not meet; and to make the matter more sure, we will send Charles for a few days in the country.

Mrs. T. He goes too often already, mamma.

Lady C. That is the wisest plan; and in the mean time, we will adopt a coolness of manner towards this intruder, which will make him more circumspect, and give him no inclination to remain in a house where the principles of those in it are so different from his own.

[*Capt. Maguire speaks without.*

Sleek. Ha! here he comes, the sinful man of sanguinary war!

Enter CAPTAIN MAGUIRE, C. *down* R.

Capt. Upon my faith, your substantial hospitality lays me under infinite obligation. Better port I never tasted.

Lady C. [*Crosses to Maguire, austerely.*] Captain Murphy Maguire, I have important orders to give, and am on the point of— [*Exit, bowing very stiffly,* C.

Capt. [*Looks astonished, but bows profoundly in return. He then turns to* Mrs. Torrens.] Then to you, my dear madam, the wife of my old friend—

Mrs. T. [*Following Lady C., and bowing in the most precise manner.*] You must also excuse me, Captain Maguire; I shall be too late for the meeting. [*Exit.*

Capt. [*Looks more amazed, but bows to the ground, then turning to Sleek, goes up to him and offers his hand in a cordial style.*] Well, Mr. Sleek, the ladies appear to be monstrously engaged; the pleasure of entertaining me is reserved for you.

Sleek, (R.) [*Taking out his watch.*] Excuse, me, sir, I have not an instant to lose. The meeting cannot commence without me.

[*Looks angrily at Maguire, and exit,* C.

Capt. What the devil does all this mean? Oh, if that's the case, there's not a word to be said. Does it mean the cold shoulder? Is it to cut me they mean? But I'll not believe it—it's impossible, and what's impossible is not in nature. Oh, Charles Torrens, wife, and family, wouldn't be capable of behaving so shabbily to his old friend. Wait awhile, Captain Murphy Maguire, and syllogize a bit. This is a serious family. There's the old lady, as stiff as a ramrod, and as grey as an overall. Mr. Sleek, a shuffling, canting old robber; and the pretty Mrs. Torrens, with her sweet face, charming air, and saint-like look; and then Charley himself, instead of the free-hearted, devil-may-care fellow I knew him at college, has become as solemn and demure as a volume of "The Pilgrim's Progress." There is a mystery in all this, which must be unraveled!

EMMA *peeps on.*

Emma. He is quite alone. [*Runs in.*] Ah, dear Captain Maguire!

Capt. [*Not recognizing her.*] On my faith, I am greatly flattered by your recollection, but really—

Emma. What, don't you know your old playmate, Emma?

Capt. Is it possible! You, the darling little Emmy that I left a child, and who now, I must say, is a very charming young lady?

Emma. [*Pouting.*] No, I am not a charming young lady; I am a very disagreeable, unhappy creature. I am sure I am very ugly.

Capt. Oh, miss, don't be profane!

Emma. They say crying makes one ugly, and I weep all day long.

Capt. Come, dear Emmy, you must confide all your little sorrows to your old friend.

Emma. Yes; but if they heard me—if Lady Creamly knew that I was here?

Capt. Look up, and you'll never be cast down. Don't tremble; am I not at your side?—your old friend; and besides, there's your brother Charles. Come now, tell me what's the matter, and what is going on in this house.

[*They sit.*

Emma. There is nothing going on, and that makes it so miserable. Day follows day, and are all the same; no pleasure, no balls, no horticultural fêtes, no opera—always sermons and scoldings. I am moped to death.

Capt. Oh, I understand, Lady Creamly is a strict disciplinarian?

Emma. Oh, horribly severe.

Capt. But Mrs. Torrens, your sister-in-law, who is young, and appears mightily amiable?

Emma. Oh, I am sure, I do not say she would not be so, if my brother Charles were to act differently; but all he thinks of is to accompany Lady Creamly on her serious visits, or read some charitable circular to his wife.

Capt. Oh, oh! I see where the wind blows. Charles was never famous for strength of mind, or firmness of purpose, and he gives way rather than have domestic dissensions.

Emma. But the best of it is, whenever he is what they call backsliding, they send him out of town, and he seems delighted; and then I am left all alone.

Capt. But that won't last long—you are sure to marry.

Emma. No, that's the worst of it, they won't let me marry—that is to say, to the man of my choice—your old acquaintance, Frank Vincent—but they want to trump up a marriage with a nephew of Mr. Aminidab Sleek—

Capt. What, a nephew of Mr. Aminadab Sleek?

[*They rise.*

Emma. Whom I detest from the bottom of my heart.

Capt. Sure your brother will never suffer that?

Emma. Oh, my brother counts for nothing in this

house. The fact is, they have forbidden Frank to come here, and I am sure he is dying, if not dead. [*Sobbing.*

Capt. Nonsense, darling, you are both of you too young for dying. Cheer up, and let us see if we cannot restore your brother to common sense, and have you married to Frank Vincent, in spite of Lady Creamly, and that old pepper-and-salt dromedary, Sleek.

Enter CHARLES, *gaily, down* C.

Charles. Thank the fates, it's over! I have been bored to death with their hypocrisy and cant. And now, old fellow, what's to be done, and where are we to begin?

Capt. Before we commence our campaigning frolic, I have something serious to say to you. My old young friend, Emma, has been letting a little daylight into the family secrets; and I find that you are not actually the master of your own house—and that you are peaceably led by the nose by your mother-in-law, and that dromedary, old Sleek, without a snort or a kick.

Charles. It's all very well talking—anything for a quiet life. I did make a determined stand at first, but they attacked me in front and on both flanks, and I was glad ultimately to yield at discretion. The only consolation I have is, that I get away every now and then, and have a day's shooting.

Capt. That's all very well as far as yourself is concerned, but what becomes of our sweet friend, Emmy, here, who you allow to be sacrificed to the canting son of a thief of that greedy old rhinoceros, Aminadab Sleek, because you haven't the decent courage to say no?

Charles. Sacrificed! Why, it's an excellent match; and this is the first time I have heard that Emma dislikes him.

Emma. I hate and abominate him, and nothing but force shall ever make me consent to the match.

Capt. That's right, my little Cæsar, stick to your colors like a little hero, as you are. [*To Charles.*] And over and above, there is a large lump of an attachment to another, and that other is none other than Frank Vincent—ah! now don't blush, Emma!—and a smart boy is that same Frank Vincent. Come, Charley, you must be a man, and stand up for your sister's rights.

Charles. I have no objection, I am Emma's guardian, and if she says no, her inclination shall not be constrained. But I have had a hard card to play; and if you knew what an obdurate person Lady Creamly is, and what influence she has on my wife—why, the very sound of her voice frightens me! [*A voice is heard without.*] Damn it! here she is—stick by me, old fellow!

Emma. Oh, dear! I must not be caught here—I leave my cause in your hands! [*Runs off* L.

[*The voice of Mrs. Torrens heard without.*

Charles. No, heaven be praised! it's my wife; and now, Maguire, I am a man again. Leave me with Eve, and I'll speak to her more roundly than I have ever done. She has an excellent heart, and is attached to me, as well as to Emma.

Capt. Stick to that, Charley, boy! A man should be master of his own house, and a good wife have no other wish than his. Don't spare powder, and the victory's your own.

Charles. Yes, that's very true, but if my mother-in-law—

Capt. Don't be chicken-hearted; and in order to leave you a fair field, I'll retreat. [*Enter Mrs. Torrens down* R. C. *To her.*] At your feet, madam. [*Bows, and exits* C.

Charles. [*Aside.*] He's right—very right! Why should I be affraid? After all, 'tis but a woman, and that woman my wife. And if it be true that Emma detests old Sleek's nephew, why should she be forced to marry him!

Mrs. T. [*Aside.*] Since my mother assures me that the presence of Captain Maguire is dangerous to my husband, he certainly shall leave.

Charles. My dear Eve!

Mrs. T. My dear Charles!

Charles. I am overjoyed to see you, for I wish to speak to you on a very important affair.

Mrs. T. That's just what I have to do with you; and I fear what I have to say will annoy you a little.

Charles. That's just the case with what I have to say; but when it concerns the happiness of—

Mrs. T. You are perfectly right.

Charles. And then we understand each other so well.

Mrs. T. [*Aside.*] I think I may safely speak.

[*Places chairs.*

Charles. [*Preparing to speak.*] Eve, dear—

Mrs. T. My dear Charles, you know how necessary it is in married life for people to understand each other—

Charles. Certainly.

Mrs. T. And many things that appear strange at first, are perfectly clear when you come to explain them—

Charles. Just what I was but now remarking to Captain Maguire.

Mrs. T. Maguire, my love? Why, he can have no idea—

Charles. Indeed he has; and it was even he who suggested me to speak to you.

Mrs. T. That is very strange, for really we were at a loss how to break the subject to him.

Charles. Oh, as to that, he is perfectly well informed; and I really do not think, after what has passed, that we can give Emma to Mr. Sleek's nephew. Do you, my love?

Mrs. T. That's not our affair, Charles: mamma will arrange all that with Mr. Sleek. But I do hope that you will make Captain Maguire understand that—

Charles. Oh, as to Maguire, he's the best fellow in the world, he will refuse me nothing.

Mrs. T. In that case our difficulties are all over. You have merely to tell him that instead of taking up his quarters here, he will go to Long's, where I have no doubt he will be quite at his ease.

Charles. What? turn Maguire out of doors! An old friend—

[*Rise.*

Mrs. T. A libertine.

Charles. A capital fellow.

Mrs. T. But my reputation, Mr. Torrens. Is it fit that a character like Captain Maguire should live under the same roof with your wife?

Charles. Oh, lord! oh, lord!

[*Puts chairs back.*

Mrs. T. Fie, Charles; and besides, the thing is impossible. You are going out of town; it is settled you are to have several days' shooting.

Charles. [*Eagerly.*] Am I going out of town? And when has this been settled, my dear?

Mrs. T. Why, my mother and Mr. Sleek have talked the thing over, and they find that the easiest way of arranging the matter.

Charles. Oh, that's quite a different affair. Now I begin to understand you—if I am to go into the country—

Mrs. T. Why, you seem quite excited! One would almost say you were glad to leave us.

Charles. Oh, no, my love; I am only thinking how admirably my absence will get you out of this dilemma.

Mrs. T. Then you will go to-day?

Charles. To-day! [*Aside.*] Capital!

Mrs. T. Yes, let it be to-day.

Charles. The sooner the better.

Mrs. T. The better?

Charles. Why, yes, dear, yes; mamma can say to Maguire what I could not, and my absence would be an excuse for everything.

Enter LADY CREAMLY *and* SLEEK, C.

Mrs. T. I am glad you are come, dear mamma; you have no idea how reasonable Charles is.

Sleek. [*Aside.*] Reasonable with a T.

Lady C. It is better late than never; and I cannot understand why Mr. Torrens should ever hesitate, even for a moment, to follow the counsel and advice of those who have only in view his advancement—

Sleek. In moral philosophy and utilitarianism.

Charles. [*Aside.*] Another lecture! [*Aloud.*] Why, Lady Creamly, as you say, you and Eve mean nothing but my good; and though it is a little hard that I should be separated from an old friend, still, as you and utility sire it, I consent.

Lady C. You are wise, in this instance; for it is evident that a young man without the principles of utilitarianism—without morality—

Sleek. Addicted to the gilded and evanescent follies of modern go-a-headism—

Lady C. Could not remain under our roof without giving public scandal—

Sleek. Public scandal!

Mrs. T. Oh, mamma! Charles feels all that now sensibly.

Charles. But how can I send him away; I can never summon up nerve to do so.

Lady C. That shall be my pleasing duty.

[*Captain is heard giving orders.*

Sleek. Here the champagne anti-peace man comes. [*Aside.*] I know the effervescing qualities.

Cap. [*Without.*] That wll do, Danvers—take care of my luggage. [*Enters.*] Here I am, ladies. I never travel with much luggage; one article is enough for me—more than one is inconvenient, and weighs heavily upon the mind.

[*They all bow very gravely, and Charles speaks aside to him.*

Charles. Don't be offended, old fellow, at whatever occurs; you shall have a note in half an hour at Long's. [*To ladies.*] I fly to obey your orders! Poor Maguire! [*Aside.*] Vive la liberté! and a good day's shooting. [*Exit* c.

Lady C. [*Stiffly.*] Captain Murphy Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Torrens and I are very much annoyed that a little difficulty has occured, which will prevent us the pleasure of receiving you here.

Mrs. T. We are most reluctantly obliged to say—

Sleek. Yes, we are most reluctantly obliged to say—

Lady C. That there is not a single room disengaged; the only spare one was yesterday promised to a friend of Mr. Aminadab Sleek.

Sleek. Mr. Tarquinius Jumbo, a serious colored gentleman from the interior of Africa.

Capt. In that case, then, my dear lady, as there is no room—

Lady C. }
Mrs. T. } Why, really—

Capt. I presume you don't want my company; and, as I cannot but believe that black isn't white, the only plan left, ladies, under the existing circumstances of the case, is to make a retrograde march back with my luggage to Long's Hotel.

Lady C. We are quite in despair.

Sleek. In despair—

Lady C. At our seeming want of hospitality.

Capt. Don't breathe it, ladies—nor groan it, my little patron of Tarquinius Jumbo; among friends such trifling accidents must be taken in good part. For the present.

I have the pleasure to wish you good day, but I'll call often, and remain a long while—good day! Poor Charley! [*Exit.*

Lady C. Thank heaven! it's all over.

[*Sinks into a seat, using smelling-bottle, and fanning herself with handkerchief.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A drawing-room, splendidly furnished. Doors* R. *and* L.

Enter MRS. ORMSBY DELMAINE *and* GRAHAM, L. D.

Mrs. D. Has any reply been sent from Mivart's, Graham?

Gra. No, ma'am; Jones has just returned, and says that Mr. Fitz-Foley has not been at Mivart's the last fortnight.

Mrs. D. How very odd! That creature is never to be found when he is wanted.

Gra. Don't be uneasy, ma'am; it's true he's never to be found at his hotel, but then at seven, he never fails to show his handsome face, when invited.

Mrs. D. Yes, Graham, he is very handsome, and exceedingly amiable, though at moments his wild merriment runs away with his discretion. I have often thought, since that abominable captain so ungallantly struck his colours, that Mr. Fitz-Foley might very well take his place in my affections.

Gra. Indeed, and why not, ma'am? A lady of your charming disposition, and large wealth, has a right to choose; and who better could you choose, than the young, handsome, well-dressed, white gloved, polish-booted, Mr. Fitz-Foley? Law, ma'am!

[*As she speaks, voices are heard, that of Charles Torrens predominating.*

Charles. [*Outside.*] Nonsense, that will never do—that will never do!

Ser. [*Outside.*] But, sir, we are only ten at table.

Charles. [*Outside.*] Twelve, I say, old Wilson, two dozen of Claret, one of Hock, and Moet's Champagne, *a discretion.*

Gra. There he is, ma'am; there's his pianoforte voice ordering, as usual, the best in the cellar.

Mrs. D. The monster! he has never once asked for me.

Enter CHARLES TORRENS, R. *dressed in the highest fashion.*

Charles. That Wilson is positively a Goth of the *premier force!* My dear Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, only imagine, he wants to ice the champagne before drawing the corks, the heathen! Well, dearest widow, you look radiant; if I were a woman, I would poison you.

Mrs. D. [*Laughing.*] Ever the same superabundant gaiety; I protest, if you do not get steady, I shall be obliged to close my doors.

Charles. My dear Mrs. Delmaine, not a word, or you will drive me to prussic acid, hair triggers, or Waterloo Bridge. Why, if the champagne were not properly iced, your character would be damaged for ever. And moreover, my reputation is at stake to-day, for I have taken the liberty to invite a friend, knowing that any friend of mine will be well received by you.

Mrs. D. Is he young, handsome, and clever?

Charles. All three!

Mrs. D. Then he must be a very dangerous young man to introduce.

Charles. Never mind—one rival more. If I die, let me die of a surfeit.

Mrs. D. Where have you been concealed all this time?

Charles. In Belgium, in France, Vienna, Comorne, Moscow, and Egypt.

Mrs. D. I have sent twenty times to Mivart's, and you were never to be found.

Charles. No wonder; I was at Constantinople.

Mrs. D. No, no such thing! You were neither in Belgium, France, Vienna, Comorne, Moscow, Egypt, or Constantinople. You were nearer home than that; for,

only a few days since, at pleasure some country friends, I went to hear the new lecturer in the city, on the subject of universal charity, practically considered: when, who should I see, but the gay, fashionable, and all accomplished Fitz-Foley, listening as demurely as some old Barebones, and at the end of the lecture, giving his arm with the greatest propriety to an ancient dowager, who looked as if the charitable arguments that had entered her ears would find some difficulty in reaching either her heart or her pocket.

Charles. Impossible: an optical delusion!

Mrs. D. It was a fact, and no optical delusion or illusion.

Charles. Ah! now, by-the-bye, I do recollect. I had just left my banker's, and, curiously enough, passing by the place, an old lady fainted, when I chivalrously offered my arm, and—

Mrs. D. Pray don't attempt to excuse yourself; indeed, I like you the better for the wish to be instructed in any act of true benevolence; and for my own part, thoughtless and volatile as you may think me, it is ever with a feeling of real pleasure that I contribute what I can afford to any deserving purpose or object of charity: and to prove it, I am now considering in what way I can best assist the views of some estimable persons who have to-day favored me with this circular.

[*Hands him one of his circulars.*

Charles. [*Aside.*] Whew! one of my own circulars! Extremes meet! [*To her.*] But dear Mrs. Delmaine, at what time is dinner ordered?

Enter GRAHAM, *abruptly.*

Gra. Ma'am, Lady Pompous, Mrs. Culverin Grampus, and Admiral Bowsprit are in the drawing-room.

Mrs. D. Pray excuse me for a few minutes; I am sorry to run away from our agreeable *tête-a-tête*, but I must go and be amiable to our visitors, as they expect it of me. Oh, what victims we are! how the real comforts of the heart are obliged to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the world! I shall expect you to join us without delay.

[*Exit Mrs. Delmaine.*

Charles. Graham, I wonder your lady is not ashamed to have so handsome a maid.

Gra. Lord, sir, how you do talk! [*He puts his arm round her waist.*] Oh, sir, how you are pressing me! You always disremember that Madam is my mistress.

[*He kisses her.*

Charles. That's for your mistress—that's for you. *Vive la joie?* Kiss me again, you Venus in a striped muslin!

[*At this moment Capt. Maguire enters. Graham runs out.*

Capt. "Halves," Charley. Am I awake? Why, what a change has taken place. 'Pon my word, you're dressed within an inch of your life.

Charles. Not a word, my dear fellow; this is my shooting-dress—not bad, is it, Maguire? Curling-irons and cold cream, Stultz and style—*versus* sermons and soda-water, long faces and short glasses.

Capt. But where am I? I received your note. With whom am I to dine.

Charles. With an angel—with the dearest, prettiest, wittiest, most fascinating widow in the world; a friend of mine, and of all pleasant, dashing fellows like me. The fact is, my dear boy, here I am at home. This is my preserve, where I take my day's shooting.

Capt. And your wife, and your mother-in-law—that paragon of perfection?

Charles. Hush! shut *sesame!* Not a word; in this house I am a bachelor; I leave my wife and all my sorrows in Harley Street. The truth is, Maguire, since I married, I have been a miserable man—that is to say, when I am at home. I have no will of my own; the house is governed by that infernal Aminadab Sleek, and that tigress Lady Creamly. I behaved like an angel the first year; sighed and groaned, early and late; escorted my mother-in-law regularly to Exeter Hall; but every concession made her more arrogant and more exacting. It was all in vain; so I determined to be happy in my own way. I take an occasional week's absence, under pretence of visiting our estates in Leicestershire, and when the shooting begins I am seldom to be found at home.

Capt. I perfectly understand you.

Charles. Then, Maguire, you know my mother-in-law and my wife have given up the world; the Parks, the Opera, and every place of fashionable resort, is deemed by them as abominations. I keep on my rooms at Mivart's. I indulge in the society of a few valued friends, such as my charming widow, and, hitherto, I have escaped suspicion or detection.

Capt. But, this charming widow?

Charles. You are sure to fall in love, old fellow; I have secured you a place by herside at dinner, and when the champagne works, I defy you to resist her fascinations.

Capt. Charles, you are an audacious and extraordinary fellow. Fortune favours the bold; but have a care, you are playing a dangerous game for your own peace of mind.

Enter Mrs. Delmaine, *not aware of the presence of the Captain.*

Mrs. D. My dear Fitz-Foley, what can keep you here?—Wilson cannot get on without you.

Charles. I fly at your commands. But first let me present you one of my dearest friends—[*Pointing to the Captain, whose face is averted.*]—an unfortunate devil, who, between you and me, is suffering from a violent attack of heart-sickness, and who has come up to London to go through a course of pleasure, which the faculty have prescribed as a positive panacea for his peculiar disease. Captain Murphy Maguire—[*Mrs. Delmaine starts.*]—Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine. [*The Captain turns, recognises her, appears annoyed, but preserves his composure; Charles, not perceiving their embarrassment, continues.*] There, good people; in this house there is no ceremony. As for me, I fly to see that the champagne be well iced, and full justice done to Mrs. Delmaine's preparations.

[*Exit Charles.*

Capt. This is a mighty strange accident, madam, that has brought us again together. My friend has taken me quite by surprise. I must own, I was not entirely prepared for so unexpected a *rencontre*, with one by whom I have been so shamefully treated.

Mrs. D. No, Captain; 'twas I that was so shamefully treated.

Capt. Treated! Didn't you treat me with indifference!

Mrs. D. Didn't you harrass me with suspicions?

Capt. Didn't you cause me to go to sea?

Mrs. D. Didn't you cause me to think of another

Capt. And haven't I been trying to do the same to twenty others?

Mrs. D. Oh, there, there—we parted with a quarrel, and we meet again in the same pleasant manner—I must say, you're a discontented ——, I was going to make use of a hard word, but I won't.

Capt. That's right; triumph in your victory—your levity does not astonish me. You are the same gay, thoughtless, cold-hearted woman of the world as ever.

Mrs. D. And you are the same warm-hearted, hot-headed, well-meaning, but wrong-thinking man of the world as ever. And now let me ask you, for I know not what right you have to complain—

Capt. Ah, never mind the right—when I have the reason.

Mrs. D. And for what reason have you the right to any special consideration from me?

Capt. Would you have me put down all the items? Faith, a ream of foolscap wouldn't contain them. Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, you are an ungrateful woman.

Mrs. D. And Captain Murphy Maguire, you are an ungrateful man. I confess, that at one time I was silly enough to feel some esteem for the honesty of your character, and the independence of your mind; but I soon discovered you to be jealous, and so exacting, that I dreaded to entrust my happiness to your hands.

Capt.
Her waist is taper,
None is completer;
Like the tuneful nine, or the lambs at play;
And her two eyes shining,
Like *rowling* diamonds,
And her breath as sweet as the flowers of May.

Mrs. D.
But he was surly,
And all hurly-burly,
When there was no occasion for such display;
The man to please me,
Must never teaze me,
But be kind and mild as a fine and pleasant
Morning in the month of May.

No, sir, yours is not the disposition to suit mine. Your friend, Mr. Fitz-Foley, indeed—

Capt. I entirely agree with you, that my friend, Mr. Fitz-Foley, has a million good qualities—indeed, I may say, first-rate qualities; but you see mother nature has not cast us in the same elegant mould.

Mrs. D. Well, I'm glad to hear you acknowledge his good qualities, and your liberality is a credit to your taste and judgment, and I begin to think we may at last agree in our opinions; and now, to admit you into my confidence, allow me to confess, if ever I should marry again —mind, I only say "if"—I will say that Charles Fitz-Foley, from what I have seen of his temper, his manners, and his general character, is just the husband that would suit me.

Capt. [*Bursting into a laugh.*] What! Charles your husband? Oh! upon my honor, that is something impossible—beyond all possibility!

Mrs. D. Really, sir, I do not comprehend the cause of your pleasantry; Mr. Fitz-Foley possesses all the qualities—

Capt. Which, of course, I do not possess. I give you much joy of your choice; but the bells will not ring in a hurry for that marriage, I promise you.

Enter Graham.

Gra. I beg pardon, ma'am, there are two ladies who insist on seeing you. They have not come to dinner, but say they have something very particular to say to you.

]*Exit Graham.*

Capt. Then, madam, with your permission, we will resume this interesting discussion after dinner. Fitz-Foley!—the female deceiver!—a day's shooting! ha! ha!

Exit Captain, R.

Enter Lady Creamly *and* Mrs. Torrens, L.

Lady C. I hope, madam, you will excuse this intrusion, but I believe you are prepared for it by our circular.

Mrs. D. Oh, certainly, madam, and I feel much flattered by the permission you have accorded to me to contribute to so excellent a work. [Observes Mrs. Torrens.] Surely

I am not mistaken! Is it my dear schoolfellow, Eve Creamly?

Mrs. T. Is it possible, my dear Harriet! I heard you were married, but we live so much out of the world that I really did not know to whom.

Lady C. So, you, madam, and my daughter are old friends. In that case I will take the liberty of leaving Eve with you for a few minutes, while I go to Lady Dismal, in the Square, who has promised me a liberal subscription, which Mr. Sleek is in waiting to receive.

Mrs. D. Do, dear madam, I have a thousand things to say to Eve.

Lady C. I shall return very shortly.

[*Exit Lady Creamly.*

Mrs. D. Well, dear Eve, I am delighted to see you! Tell me all about your dear self. Are you single or married, and if married, to whom?

Mrs. T. Oh, yes! I am married, and to a most worthy and amiable creature; a little too fond of the world at first, but now he listens, thank heaven, to reason. And you, my dear Harriet?

Mrs. D. I am a widow, child—that happy, independent being, a widow!

Mrs. T. Ah, Harriet! you were always too fond of the world.

Mrs. D. And you, Eve, always too demure. I remember, when we were school-girls, how you used to sit and mope over some dreary book, while the rest of us were romping, laughing, singing, and enjoying existence, like happy madcaps as we were.

Mrs. T. Ah! I recollect. [*Sighing.*

Mrs. D. Don't look so solemn, dear; miserable people may groan and talk of this "wicked world," but there are many warm and affectionate hearts in it for all that, and many things to love, and worth loving, too; and there are beauties of hill, dale, river, and mountain, to which it would be ungrateful to close our eyes. If we have clouds, have we not sunshine? Then are we always to be solemn and gloomy? No, my dear, there is more real virtue in kindness, cheerfulness, and goodness of heart than in all the cold and canting solemnity that was ever put on as a mask for selfishness. But to hear, dear Eve,

that you are happy, gives me unalloyed pleasure.

Mrs. T. Now, Harriet, tell me the truth; have you any idea of exchanging your life of boasted liberty for the more reasonable one of wife.

Mrs. D. Why, my dear, if I must be candid, I think my boasted liberty is in jeopardy, as I am, at this very moment, persecuted by two men. The one a noble-minded creature, full of heart and jealousy; the other a gay, joyous, rattling soul, sent into this world to torment and to teaze me. But one of them, I candidly confess, I intend to have.

Enter CAPTAIN, R.

Capt. Mrs. Delmaine, you are particularly wanted, and I apologize for the liberty of disturbing your *tête-à-tête.* [*Sees Mrs. Torrens.*] Oh! murther! Mrs. Torrens!

Mrs. T. Is it possible? Captain Murphy Maguire?

Mrs. D. Oh! good people, as I find you know each other, I can have no difficulty in leaving you; Eve will do the honors for a few minutes for me. [*Exit Mrs. Delmaine.*

Capt. [*Aside.*] There'll be a conflagration! Pray, Mrs. Torrens, may I take the liberty to ask you if Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine knows your husband's name?

Mrs. T. I'm sure I don't know; I suppose so.

Capt. And may I take the liberty of enquiring what brought you here?

Mrs. T. I came with Lady Creamly.

Capt. And your husband?

Mrs. T. Oh! Mr. Torrens is in Leicestershire. He has gone down for a few days' shooting.

Capt. [*Aside.*] Oh! damp powder and spring guns! Are you quite sure of that? Now for a stroke of delicate diplomacy! To speak frankly with you, my dear Mrs. Torrens, would you think it possible that your husband has not gone down to Leicester for a few days' shooting; but, on the contrary, remains in town to get rid of the domestic tyranny of his mother-in-law, Lady Sowerby Creamly.

Mrs. T. Charles not gone! tyranny?

Capt. That's the true word; and be sure, Mrs. Torrens, all tyranny is the same; it makes people either hypocrites or liars, and, upon my faith, sometimes both.

Mrs. T. Sir, I fulfil all my duties.

Capt. Who doubts it, my dear lady? Not I, upon my faith! but there is something more than duty in this life; and a man's home must not be turned into a prison, nor every pleasantry be put down as a crime. Charles Torrens, before his marriage, was a decent-hearted, large-souled fellow, partaking handsomely of the pleasures of life, and never, I honestly believe, sullying his mind by its vulgar vices. He was a true gentleman. And what has he become under serious treatment? Why, one half the month a hypocritical puritan, and what he is the other half I leave you, Mrs. Torrens, to find out.

Mrs. T. But I am not to blame. It is not my fault.

Capt. Yes, my dear Mrs. Torrens, and it is very much your fault. Oh, I can easily understand it. It's as plain as the Horse Guards. You are an excellent wife, but a better daughter, and you sacrifice your husband to your mother. I am speaking, perhaps, too freely, but what I think I say. But surely it must have struck you that Charles will seek from home the pleasure he is denied at home.

Mrs. T. Oh! that's quite impossible. Mr. Torrens is incapable of wronging me in so base a manner.

[*Torrens is heard singing gaily, Mrs. Torrens starts, and the Captain turns aside to conceal his laughter.*

Charles. [*Outside.*] The *coup d' œil* is superb! Maguire, where are you? [*Running in.*] My angelic Mrs. Delmaine, come and see if the effect is not magnificent! [*Seeing Mrs. Torrens.*] My wife!

Mrs. T. Charles, in the name of common sense, what brings you here, and dressed, too, in this extraordinary manner?

Charles. My dear, I was just going to ask what brings you here?

Capt. Oh, Mrs. Torrens is come for an answer to the begging letter—I beg pardon, I mean the charity circular.

Charles. [*Aside.*] A capital thought! [*Aloud.*] And so have I, my love, I have come for Mrs. Delmaine's subscription.

Mrs. T. No, Charles, I am injured and deceived.

Take me away! [*Greatly agitated.*]—I stifle in this house! [*Crosses to* R.

Enter MRS. DELMAINE.

Mrs. D. What, going so soon, Mrs. Torrens?

Mrs. T. [*Pointing to her husband.*] That wicked man—

Mrs. D. Wicked man! Why, that is one of the gentlemen I spoke of, and I rather think he is the favorite.

Mrs. T. My husband! Your favorite!

Mrs. D. Your husband! Oh! [*Shrieks.*

Capt. [*Aside, laughing.*] Oh! It's beautiful!

Charles. [*Aside.*] I am in for it! This is a nice day's shooting!

Enter LADY CREAMLY *and* SLEEK, R.

Lady C. Come, Mrs. Torrens, we have many more calls to make. [*Sees Torrens.*

Sleek. We shall be too late for the Timbuctoo Amelioration Meeting.

Lady C. In the name of all that is wonderful! Mr. Torrens! my son-in-law! Is it possible!

Sleek. Morally impossible, but ocularly a physical fact.

Lady C. Why, sir, we thought you were in Leicestershire.

Charles. Yes, Lady Creamly; but unexpected business brought me to town. [*Aside.*] Caught in the fact. [*Aloud.*] You perceive that—hem!—that—that—

Mrs. T. [*Coming to his aid.*] That Charles, seeing our carriage at the door, had the kindness to stop and offer you his arm. [*Charles offers his arm.*

Capt. She'll do—she's an angel! or, what's better, a true woman! She can tell a white one with the best of us.

Lady C. [*Crosses to* R. C.] All this must be explained; but, for the present, I consent to be satisfied.

Charles. [*Aside.*] Here's an end to my sporting excursions.

Sleek. Then the birds he sent us from Leicestershire were from a London poulterer. They'll lie heavy on my conscience.

Mrs. D. [*Aside.*] I want to know who is the dupe? I

am determined to solve the riddle. [*Aloud.*] I thank you, ladies, for the honor you have conferred upon me, and I beg your acceptance of the widow's mite.

[*Crosses to Lady Creamly, offering her subscription.*

Lady C. Many thanks, dear madam, [*Taking the money.*] very many thanks. Come, my child, take your husband's arm.

Mrs. D. Perhaps good Mr. Sleek, in return, will cast his benevolent eyes over a little appeal that has been left here for my consideration.

[*Giving a paper to Lady Creamly, who hands it to Sleek.*

Sleek. [*Taking the paper, looking at it.*] Oh, dear!

Lady C. What is it, Mr. Sleek?

Sleek. A petition from the parlor of a profane public-house, in behalf of the widow of a laborer, who lost his life last week by an accident, that has left his widow and six children destitute—um—[*Looking at Lady Creamly.*]—I don't think we can.

Lady C. I am afraid not.

Sleek. Believe me, my dear madam, we deeply sympathize with the case, but we are now making a collection for the benighted Choktongs of Passamaquoddy, and haven't a farthing to spare. [*Returns the paper.*

Lady C. Adieu, my friends!

[*Exit* R. *Lady Creamly and Sleek, Torrens and Mrs. Torrens following. Captain Maguire and Mrs. Delmaine laughing, and the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Drawing-room.—Folding doors* C.—*Doors* R. *and* L.

Enter CAPTAIN MAGUIRE, R.

Capt. I've declared war; and here I am in the midst of the enemy's camp. Charley must be saved; Mrs. Torrens taught to know her own happiness; my young friend Emma rescued from the clutches of Aminidab Sleek; and Frank Vincent made one of the family. And here comes the darling little Emma.

Enter EMMA, L.

Well, darling, what has happened in my absence?

Emma. Oh, Captain Maguire, the house is in a state of mutiny and disorder. Mr. Sleek and Lady Creamly are furious at my brother. Mrs. Torrens is sobbing like a child; and as for me, I am very unhappy indeed; for I do not know what it is all about, or what is to become of me.

Capt. Ah, you shall be well taken care of.

Emma. I understand that Lady Creamly is determined to hurry on my match with that odious nephew of Mr. Sleek, and that we are all invited to dine to-day at his sister's, to settle the preliminaries.

Capt. Now stand at ease! attention! I am going to play a bold game, Emma, and I want your assistance; but you must promise complete obedience. Are we agreed?

Emma. Oh, yes, Captain. I will do exactly what you tell me.

Capt. Well, then, first and foremost, we are going to give a ball here to-night.

Emma. A ball!

Capt. Call it a dance if you will—to some hundred, or hundred and fifty particular acquaintances. So, go and look out your prettiest dress and make yourself as smart

as possible, for probably you will have a partner to your own mind. Here comes the person I expected.

Enter FRANK VINCENT, R.

Frank. My dear Emma, how long it is since I have seen you.

Capt. Halt, there! there's no time at present for tender protestations.

Emma. Oh, dear! I'm quite alarmed! — If Lady Creamly should come!

Frank. Who cares for Lady Creamly? I'm sure I don't.

Capt. Or old Sleek?

Emma. Who cares for Mr. Sleek? I am sure I don't.

Capt. [*Listening at the wing.*] To be sure, we all don't. Hush! here they come—Mr. Sleek and Lady Creamly [*Emma screams and runs about the stage, Frank appears confused.*] Sure, you are a pair of heroes! Come back, you little fluttering love bird! Mr. Sleek and Lady Creamly are better engaged. Now, Frank, have you executed all my commissions?

Frank. Punctually, Captain. The invitations have been all sent. Gunter has provided a first-rate feed, and Jullien's band is engaged. In the course of an hour everything will be ready.

Capt. And the note to Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine?

Frank. Here is her answer; I met Mr. Torrens in the square. He was furious that she was not at home.

[*Gives note.*

Capt. [*Opening the note.*] The angelic widow is all right; she understands me. Now, Frank, see that everything is in readiness for 10 o'clock precisely. [*Exit Frank,* R.] And as to you, Emma, you had better see after your toilette, as I see Mrs. Torrens coming, and I wish to have some serious confabulation with her. [*Exit Emma,* L.

Enter MRS. TORRENS, R.

Capt. I have waited to have the pleasure of seeing you, my dear Mrs. Torrens. Excuse my abruptness, but we must have a ball here to-night.

Mrs. T. A ball!

Capt. That's the second I've shot with the same ball.

Mrs. T. Impossible!

[*Enter servant, and announces Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine.*

Capt. And, *à propos*, she is the very first guest I have invited.

Enter Mrs. Delmaine, R.

Mrs. D. Well, here I am, Captain Maguire, an unexpected and probably an unwelcome visitor to Mrs. Charles Torrens; but when you tell me my presence is required to render an important service to my dear friend and schoolfellow, I cannot hesitate, even though I transgress a little the strict laws of etiquette.

Mrs. T. You are ever welcome to this house, madam, though I am bound to say that I cannot exactly understand in what way your services are required. Probably Captain Maguire, who undertakes the economy of my house, will be able to explain, or rather Mr. Charles Torrens, my husband, who, according to your own admission, is received as a claimant for your hand.

Mrs. D. My dear Eve, lay aside for a moment your feelings as an offended woman and apparently injured wife. I am convinced that Mr. Torrens, though gay and thoughtless, loves you sincerely, and that you alone possess his heart.

Capt. What you say is quite true, Mrs. Delmaine; and it is for the purpose of convincing Mrs. Torrens that it depends entirely on her own conduct to secure her husband's love and society, that I have ventured to take the liberty I am now doing, and that I have summoned you to my aid.

Mrs. T. It would appear that I am to be placed on my trial; well, I will submit with a good grace; so pray open the court and proceed to business.

Capt. Then, Mrs. Torrens, I charge you with driving your husband from his natural home, and forcing him to seek those pleasures abroad which every man of the world expects to meet in his own house. Are you not aware of the temptations to which your husband has been exposed? Do you not see that he was forced to play a false part in society, and even to declare himself a bachelor, for the purpose of securing a good reception?

Mrs. D. Yes, the wretch was so intensely agreeable,

that even I, who am horribly difficult to please, had nearly fallen an unresisting victim, and forgetting all the worth and honor that are combined in Captain Maguire's heart —[*Offering her hand to the Captain, who kisses it.*]—I had almost played him false and accepted your Mr. Fitz-Foley as a lover.

Capt. Now, Mrs. Torrens, the only way you can secure your husband's return to his duty is by emancipating yourself and him from the dominion of Mr. Aminadab Sleek, and, if I may be permitted to say so, of Lady Creamly.

Mrs. T. It is quite impossible, Captain Maguire, that I can forget the obligations which duty to my mother imposes on me.

Mrs. D. [*Crosses to Mrs. T.*] In that case, my dear, you forget your duty to your husband; and though I would not have you neglect your filial considerations, it also teaches you that your duty to your husband is to love, honor, and obey him.

Mrs. T. There is no danger of that, for I find that Charles has returned to his usual routine, and he and Mr. Sleek are at this moment occupied in the great work.

Capt. I will easily convince you to the contrary. At what hour this morning did Charles go out, and where to?

Mrs. T. At twelve precisely, to meet Mr. Sleek.

Capt. At a quarter past twelve precisely he was in Belgrave Square, where he found the door of our dear friend, Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, closed against him.

Mrs. D. Yes, my dear; your naughty husband would see me, but I was denied, and I am determined not to see him until he brings his charming wife to ask his pardon.

Capt. And where do you think he is going to-night?

Mrs. T. He dines with us at the sister of Mr. Sleek's, and will spend his evening in our usual serious and discreet manner.

Capt. Not a bit of it; he has accepted an invitation for dinner with the officers of the Guards, and he has asked me to present him in the evening at Lady Blank's, in Cavendish Square, with the hope of meeting our charming friend, whose pursuit he is not inclined to relinquish.

Mrs. T. What is to be done, and what do you require of me?

Mrs. D. The fact is, my dear Eve, Captain Maguire

and I have arranged it all. In order to show Mr. Torrens that you are no longer at the mercy of Mr. Sleek and Lady Creamly, we have determined that you shall give a ball to-night. We have issued tickets to all your friends and I will present you to several of mine. The music and the refreshments are ordered, and you have nothing to do but make yourself look as handsome as possible, and surprise your husband with an unexpected pleasure. [*Charles speaks outside.*] And, by the way, here he comes, just at the very fortunate moment when his presence is so desired. [*Maguire goes up and comes down* R.

Enter Charles, R., *seeing* Mrs. Delmaine *he starts, but quickly recovers himself.*

Charles. Ah! Mrs. Delmaine, I am delighted to see you in this house, and I feel obliged by your early returning my wife's visit. [*Crosses to Mrs. Torrens.*] Bon jour, ma petite! [*To Captain.*] Ah, Maguire! how are you? It is an unlooked-for pleasure to find you here.

Capt. My dear fellow, I just called to know at what hour we are to go to Lady Blank's to-night.

Charles. [*Aside to Captain.*] Don't be absurd, my wife knows nothing of my engagement.

Capt. [*Not heeding him.*] There is to be an immense squeeze. The Duchess de B., and the Countess de F., and the Spanish beauty Donna Inez de Valencia, and valses, and polkas, and to crown the affair, Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine will, I have no doubt, have the felicity to meet you. [*To Mrs. D.*] If I mistake not, Mr. Torrens is engaged to you for the first polka.

Mrs. T. Sir, my husband does not polk. [*Crosses to* R., *goes up and down* R. C.

Capt. [*Aside.*] Courage, Charley, now is the decisive moment!

Mrs. D. [*Aside.*] Fail now, and you are lost forever.

Charles. [*With affected courage.*] Yes, my dear Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, the first polka, the first valse, and a myriad of quadrilles.

Mrs. D. Oh, you unreasonable man!

Capt. [*Aside to Mrs. Torrens.*] You see, madam, the *only* chance of keeping your husband home at night, is to

claim him as your partner for the first polka, the first valse, and a myriad of quadrilles.

Mrs. T. [*Aside, hesitating.*] Have it as you will; I agree to everything.

Capt. [*To Charles.*] Huzza! we have reached the winning-post—the day's our own!

Charles. [*Dancing about the stage, aud snapping his fingers in the air.*] Bravo! bravo! that for old Aminadab Sleek and Lady Creamly!

In his transport he throws about the papers. At this moment LADY CREAMLY *and* MR. SLEEK *enter,* L., *she with bonnet on, and he with hat and umbrella.*

Lady C. In the name of goodness! what are you about?

Charles. Only putting the house in order.

Lady C. [*Seeing Mrs. Delmaine and the Captain, bows very stiffly, and scarcely recognizes them. They return her salute in the same manner.*] I am going first to dinner, as I have one or two commissions by the way. You, Mr. Sleek, will follow us as soon as possible, and—[*To Mrs. Torrens.*]—you, my dear, and Mr. Torrens will not delay. You know that our dear friend's hours are not those of fashionable life. [*Crosses to* R.

Charles. Dear mamma, my head aches so severely it is impossible I can go out to-day.

Sleek. Why, Mr. Torrens, I never saw you looking better in my life.

Capt. You're quite mistaken in your prognosis.—Charles's nerves are all shook to atoms.

Lady C. Well, then, daughter, you and Emma will come as soon as possible. I will send the carriage for you.

Mrs. T. Oh, dear mamma, my nerves are also much affected.

Mrs. D. Excuse me, Lady Creamly, but Mrs. Charles Torrens must stay at home to take care of her husband. The duty of a wife is superior to all other considerations.

Mrs. T. Be so kind, Mr. Sleek, as to make my compliments and excuses to your sister; my husband's indisposition prevents me the pleasure of waiting on her as I

intended. [*Crosses to Charles.*] Come, dear husband, we must see what can be done for you.

[*Exeunt Charles and Mrs. Torrens,* L.

Lady C. [*To Mrs. Delmaine.*] I suspect this is all your doing, madam.

Mrs. D. [*Affecting not to understand her.*] I would be very happy, but really I'm engaged.

Sleek. [*Going up to the Captain.*] I much fear, Captain Murphy Maguire, you are meddling with matters you do not understand.

Capt. [*Also affecting not to understand him.*] I am really very sorry, it's quite out of my power to oblige you.

[*Mr. Sleek and Lady Creamly look at each other with astonishment.*

Lady C. [*Aside to Sleek.*] There is something awful going on here, which I cannot understand. I will leave you to unravel the mystery if you can, and secure Emma as I much fear my son-in-law has some designs on her independence.

[*Exits* R., *disdainfully, not noticing Mrs. Delmaine or the Captain.*

Capt. [*Down* R.] Huzza! the enemy has beat a retreat without beat of a drum or blast of trumpet. Now Mr. Aminadab Sleek, you are our prisoner; at any rate we are two to one against you. Do you surrender at discretion?

Mrs. D. Mr. Sleek, have you the discretion to surrender?

Capt. I want you to inveigle Lady Creamly—

Sleek. I never inveigled any female in my life.

Mrs. D. The greater the honor, if you succeed with Lady Creamly. The truth is, that between you both you have converted the house of Mr. Torrens into a state prison, and the Captain and I are determined to release him.

Capt. Now, sir, in double quick time, or in no time at all—are we to treat you as a friend or an enemy?

Sleek. It is quite indifferent how I am treated by you; my interests are not of this house, nor of this hemisphere.

Capt. Of course not; nor have you any personal interest, except the getting of Miss Torrens's fortune

into your hands, by marrying her to young Straight-hair, your nephew.

Sleek. As a worm, I forgive you; as a man, I despise your hints and inuendoes.

Capt. Make up your pious mind that not a shilling of the young lady's property will pass your fingers. Her brother and guardian has already made choice of a husband—a decent young fellow, with a live heart in his bosom. And here comes Emma Torrens herself, who, if you should have any ugly doubts on the subject, will clear them up, I dare answer.

Enter EMMA *in a ball-dress*, L.

Emma. Captain Maguire, is it not a love of a dress? Do I please you?

Sleek. Heaven preserve me! what do I see?

Mrs. D. You are charmingly dressed, and I suppose you are ready to accompany Mr. Aminadab Sleek, who is waiting to escort you to his sister.

Emma. I fear, Mr. Sleek, you will have to make my excuse, as I am engaged to a ball this evening.

Sleek. A ball! an abomination! Lady Creamly will put a stop to these wicked mummeries!

Enter FRANK VINCENT, R.

Frank. [*Running in.*] Captain Maguire, we are all ready. Gunter's people have come with a hamper of silver forks; there are mountains of cream, and whole lakes of wenham ice; and Jullien, and Kœnig, and the band, are coming up stairs.

Sleek. What means this awful outbreak?—the house will be defiled!

Capt. We are going to have a ball to-night.

[*Sleek groans.*

Capt. You may stay and dance if you like. Mr. and Mrs. Torrens have resolved, as you will not let them go to the world, to make the world come to them.

Sleek. A ball here! oh! [*Groans.*] I will go for Lady Creamly, and make you all repent this conduct.

Mrs. D. It will be time lost, Mr. Sleek; and I would recommend you to compound with your conscience, as

you have often done before, and as I have already advised, come over to our side.

Sleek. [*To Emma, bursting with rage.*] As for you—Miss—Miss!—

Capt. Softly, Mr. Sleek, the British flag protects Miss Torrens.

Sleek. I see there is a conspiracy against us—I will speak to Mrs. Torrens.

Emma. No, Mr. Sleek; my sister is dressing for the ball, she must not be disturbed.

Sleek. [*Returns much mortified and puts on his hat.*] I will go for Lady Creamly! [*His hat falls off, he picks it up and puts it on again.*] Yes, for Lady Creamly—[*Going, his hat falls off again; returns—to Captain.*] I will make you responsible for everything!

[*His hat falls off a third time; as he is going out he picks it up, and exits foaming with rage. All laugh.*

Capt. Huzza! the coast is clear—but, I fear, for a short time only, as that old sinner will be sure to bring back Lady Creamly—so let us each to our respective posts to get the ball in train before her ladyship arrives. [*To Mrs. Delmaine.*] You and Emma will have the kindness to see the decorations are in order. You can accompany them, Frank, as their loyal esquire. The supper and wines I take under my especial charge. And, now, England expects that every man—

Mrs. D. And woman—

Capt. And woman—will do his duty!

[*Exeunt Captain* R.; *Frederick, Emma, and Mrs. Delmaine,* C.]

Enter CHARLES, *full dressed,* L.

Charles. No one in the way; I think I can get off to Lady Blank's without being perceived. That damned Maguire had nearly spoiled all my plans, but, fortunately, I escaped exactly in the nick of time.

Enter MRS. TORRENS, *elegantly attired,* L.

Good heavens! what do I see? Mrs. Torrens in full-dress? Well, my dear, what extraordinary fancy has taken you to-night?

Mrs. T. I may ask the same question, Mr. Torrens; for I see, by your costume, you are bent on conquest.

Charles. [*Tenderly.*] Eve, the only conquest I wish to make is here.

Mrs. T. Ah, Charles! you mock me.

Charles. [*Taking her hand.*] No, my dear. In truth, I never saw you looking so handsome. These jewels, and this dress, become you most admirably.

Mrs. T. If you are pleased, I am happy. But now, dear Charles, let us have a few moments' explanation, for, perhaps, on the experiment of this night all our future happiness depends.

Charles. Dearest Eve, I am all attention.

Mrs. T. Charles, you have not been sincere with me. You found me a young creature accustomed only to obey the voice of my mother, and ignorant that I had other duties, but those she imposed on me, to fulfil. You should have told me the little world in which I lived, was not the world in which you, and other reasonable creatures in our sphere of life, existed. I now find that I have been wrong—very wrong indeed, and that if you have gone a little on your side astray the fault is all my own.

Charles. Ah, Eve; you are too kind, too amiable; the fault is all mine. I should have known better what a treasure I possessed.

Mrs. T. I am now determined, dearest Charles, to give you no excuse for seeking amusement abroad, by giving it you at home. We have, henceforth, but one mind, one heart; and in spite of all Mr. Sleek or Lady Creamly may say, we shall be as gay and happy—with prudence, and in season, of course—as other people of our rank and fortune.

Charles. You are an angel, Eve; and from this moment I swear eternal fidelity.

Enter CAPTAIN R.; MRS. DELMAINE, EMMA, C.

Welcome! a thousand times welcome! I am the happiest of men; and here is the most angelic creature in existence. Ask no explanations, but we are now the happiest couple in the world. Your hand, Maguire; it is to your spirit and courage I owe this moment of liberty.

And to you, dear Mrs. Delmaine, I offer a true friend, in lieu of a false lover.

Enter FRANK, C.

Frank. "Sauve qui peut." Lady Creamly and old Sleek!

Capt. Stand firm, Charley!

Mrs. D. Courage, dearest madam!

Emma. Oh, we're lost! we're lost!

Enter LADY CREAMLY, *followed by* SLEEK.—*She throws herself in a posture of violent anger, Sleek stands behind her, hypocritically raising his hands. She does not perceive either of the three ladies, the three gentlemen standing before them.*

Lady C. [*Violently.*] What's this I see? What's this I hear? Who has dared to turn this house into a house of sin and iniquity?

Sleek. An abode of Agapemenons!

Capt. Why, my lady, I am afraid the blame must rest with me.

Lady C. [*Haughtily.*] I spoke not to you, sir; where is my daughter?

Sleek. Where is her sole offspring?

[*The Captain who has been standing before Mrs. Torrens, moves aside and discovers her.*

Lady C. [*Screams with horror.*] Oh! what do I see? Witchcraft—silk, satins, flowers, and jewels! Are we in Bedlam?

Mrs. T. Why, dear mamma, it is only a ball.

Lady C. A ball! are you mad, child?

Sleek. You can't dance without a license—call in the police, even Government cannot defer that tax on hops.

Lady C. [*To Charles.*] Explain this, Mr. Charles Torrens.

Capt. [*Aside.*] Stand firm, or you're lost!

[*Charles hesitatingly steps aside and discovers Emma.*

Emma. [*Advancing.*] It is only a nice little ball, Lady Creamly.

Sleek. Child of polkamania! Cellarius infant!

Mrs. T. It's only a ball, mamma, I give in honor of my husband's birth-day.

Charles. Yes, dear mamma, a little dance in honor of my birth-day.

Frank. [*Coming forward, discovers Mrs. Delmaine.*] Merely a valse and a polka.

Sleek. And that widow of profane Ephesus.

Mrs. D. Yes, Mr. Aminadab Sleek, for once in my life I am tempted to join the solemn circle of a serious family, but only in the hope of bringing cheerfulness and geniality, where hitherto have been groans and sighs and straight-laced formality.

Charles. To speak plainly, Lady Creamly, this is my house, and for the future I am determined to be master in it. I will have no longer puritanical faces and starched behavior about me. I'll see happy countenances, smiles and cheerfulness.

Sleek. Then look at us.

Mrs. T. [*Crosses to Lady Creamly.*] Yes, mamma, we love you very dearly; but Charles and I are commencing a new system.

Lady C. What do I hear? Support me, Mr. Sleek.

Sleek. Morally I would, but physically I can't.

Lady C. Must I renounce you for ever? Daughter, I command you to follow me!

Mrs. T. Dear mamma, one's first duty is to obey one's husband, and Charles has ordered me to stay.

Lady C. [*To Emma.*] As for Miss Insolence—come hither!

Emma. Pardon me, Lady Creamly, Charles is my guardian, and has ordered me to stay.

Lady C. [*To. Mrs. Delmaine.*] And you, madam, will inatantly leave my house.

Mrs. D. Pardon me, Lady Creamly, this gentleman, my intended husbaud, has ordered me to stay.

Capt. (R.) And the three pair of us will make a mighty pretty couple.

Lady C. Why, this is rebellion.

Charles. No, mamma, only a revolution.

Sleek. Insurrection, if it doesn't succeed.

Charles. [*The first bar of a polka is heard.*] Ah! there's the polka—partners and places.

Lady C. Vice and vanity! Ungrateful children, I banish you forever! Come, Mr. Sleek.

Sleek. Your wicked saltations won't last. No! though it's a long time, there's a good time coming!

[*Sleek gives his hand, and they walk off majestically. The doors at the back of the stage are thrown open, and disclose a ball-room, richly ornamented and lighted up. The Orchestra play Polka pianissimo. Captain gives his arm to the widow; Frank Vincent to Emma; and Charles to Mrs. Torrens. Guests dancing.*

Charles. [*Rubbing his hands.*] This is a capital day's shooting.

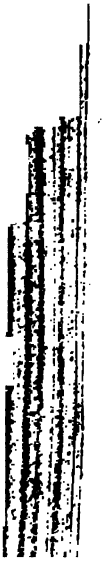
[*The following lines are spoken to the polka air while dancing.*]

Charles. Isn't this joy, my darling Eve?
Mrs. T. Joy with you the dance to weave.
Frank. Oh! may I really call you mine?
Emma. Partner for life, dear Frank, I'm thine!
Capt. I'll be the model for husband's lives.
Mrs. D. I'll be the pattern of faithful wives!
Capt. Charles, isn't this a heavenly scene?
Mrs. D. And angels we—that's what you mean?
Mrs. T. Gaily my husband's hours shall fly,
I vow it.
Emma. And I!
Mrs. D. And I!
Capt. And I!
Charles. Then, if we've pleased our generous friends,
Gaily THE SERIOUS FAMILY ends.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

MRS. D.	MAGUIRE.	MRS. T.	CHARLES.	EMMA.	FRANK.
R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.	

THE END.



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